THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAR. 8, 1913 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

CONGOLEUM

Something New In Rug Borders

AWAY with carpets—they're unsanitary and old-fashioned! Adopt rugs—you don't need expensive hardwood floors to go with them! Here's an inexpensive solution of the rug-border problem.

By a new process, a way has been found for making a tough, elastic material, similar to linoleum, which looks exactly like real oak. When laid in conjunction with rugs, its appearance is identical with that of a hardwood floor, and you can get this effect at one-fifth the cost of wood. Its low cost and beautiful finish have caused it to meet with instantaneous success.

The new product, Congoleum, contains no burlap, but has a *waterproof* base instead. It is a great improvement over similar floor covering. It is also sanitary and non-slippery and can be washed with soap and water without injury.

Anyone can lay Congoleum. It needs no fastening. It lies flat on the floor and never curls or kicks up.

Congoleum Rug Border is 36 inches wide and is sold by the yard. It may be had in Light Oak, Golden Oak, Extra Light Oak, Dull Finish, Parquet and Slate Gray. Call on your dealer and buy what you want. None genuine without name on back.

Booklet about Congoleum free on request

United Roofing and Manufacturing Company

Philadelphia **Chicago** **Kansas City** **San Francisco**

Illustrating the Lozier "LIGHT SIX," Six-Passenger Coronado Limousine $4450.

IN THIS, the sixth successful season of Lozier Sixes, even with Lozier production increased four-fold in its two great plants, there will not be enough Loziers to supply all those who want them. Every prediction made last fall has come true. Every forecast Lozier dealers made has worked out to the letter. Therefore, those who expect to get their Loziers this year will do well to place their bona fide orders now, just as more than fifteen hundred purchasers have already done.

To everyone who knows the automobile industry and the relative regard in which the several high-grade cars are held, there is nothing surprising about the sweeping success of Lozier this year.

The Lozier is the only American-built car that has commanded for eight years a price of $5000.

For six years the Lozier has been the most talked-of six-cylinder car in the world.

Up to the Fall of 1911 when, with the winning of the Vanderbilt Cup, Lozier withdrew from racing because it seemed that any further victories could add no higher honors and because the car had been brought to perfection by what racing had taught in years of grilling tests—up to that time every principal honor the American speedway could offer had come to Lozier.

Year after year these victories came because the Lozier was built right. A Lozier was never withdrawn from a race because of mechanical difficulties. Lozier strength, power, endurance and safety won these races, just as Lozier strength, power, endurance and safety have won the respect and admiration of all men who know motor cars.

And the Lozier continues to lead all American cars.

No wonder, then, that when the Lozier "LIGHT SIX"—a true Lozier for $3250—was added to the line this year, thousands wanted this car. Thousands who for years have wanted Loziers but did not feel they could afford to pay $5000 for one.

No wonder that dealers all over the country telegraphed or came to Detroit to secure the Lozier agency. No wonder that our branches in the principal cities received as many as fifty calls and letters in a single day asking them to arrange demonstrations.

The Lozier "LIGHT SIX" has simply swept everything before it in the high-grade field. No other car commonly reputed to maintain similar high-grade standards of construction and service offers a Six at anywhere near the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" price.

The Lozier "BIG SIX" will set a new record in the sale of $5000 cars—for men who know automobiles and can afford to take advantage of their knowledge are satisfied with nothing less than Lozier quality. And Lozier quality in its entirety—mechanical precision, power, luxury and comfort—is found only in Lozier cars.

Lozier leadership was never so firmly established as it is today.

LOZIER "LIGHT SIX"

Left-side drive, center control—streamline body design, Electric Starting and Lighting System. Touring and Runabout models $3250. Coupé $3850. Limousines $4450.

LOZIER "BIG SIX"

Left-side drive, center control—electric lighting. Smokeless oiling system, unequaled fuel economy. Touring models and Roadster $5000. Limousines and Landaulets $6500.

Catalogues mailed on request

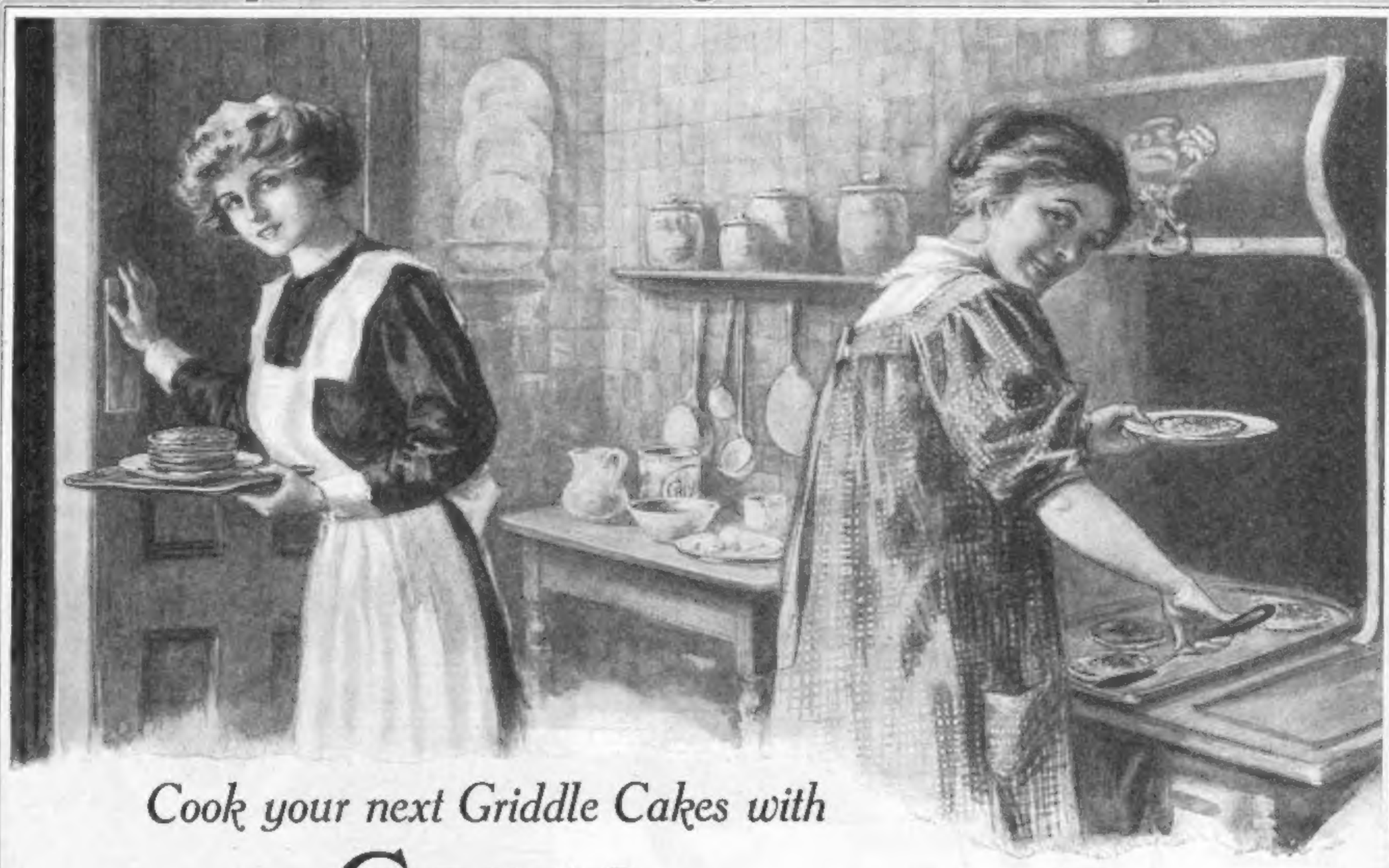
LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 2103 Mack Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Factories: Detroit, Michigan, and Plattsburg, New York

Branches in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco

Dealers in all other Principal Cities

LOZIER



Cook your next Griddle Cakes with

CRISCO

For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

and you always will want them that way

MOST people do not like griddle cakes cooked in lard. They find them too greasy. And, on the other hand, cooking them on a soapstone griddle leaves them so dry and tasteless that you have to use butter to give them some flavor.

You will find that cooking them in Crisco is the happy medium.

In Crisco they cook so quickly that very little of the Crisco is absorbed. But, at the same time, because of its vegetable origin and natural wholesomeness, it gives them a delicate richness and pleasing flavor. The result is, your cakes are free from any fatty, grease-soaked taste and are extremely appetizing, delicious and easy to digest.

The satisfactory use of Crisco for frying griddle cakes is simply an illustration of the results it gives in frying all kinds of foods. For any kind of shallow frying—eggs, waffles, meats, etc., or for any kind of deep frying—French fried potatoes, croquettes, doughnuts, etc., it eliminates all the usual objections to fried foods and produces as wholesome, delicate and flavory dishes as baking or broiling.

In addition, Crisco has other advantages in frying which mean a great deal to the cook. It stands a so much higher temperature than lard without burning that it does not fill the kitchen with smoke nor scatter black specks on the food. Then, its use means a great saving because it does not absorb odors or flavors and therefore can be used and re-used as long as a particle remains

You will find Crisco as good for making pastry, bread, biscuits and cake as for cooking your fried foods. But, as a beginning, try it for one of your favorite fried dishes. Then you will be eager to use it wherever you now use butter or lard.

The recipes below are from our Free Cook Book

which gives directions for 100 different dishes illustrating the best way to use Crisco in all kinds of cooking from soup to dessert. Send for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. K, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes

2 cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
2 cupfuls sour milk
1 teaspoonful soda
1 egg
1 tablespoonful sugar

Sweet Milk Griddle Cakes

2½ cupfuls flour
1½ tablespoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
¼ cupful sugar
2 cupfuls milk
1 egg
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco

(Use level measurements throughout.)

Sift dry ingredients, add milk, well beaten egg and melted Crisco. Cook on a hot griddle greased with Crisco. Serve hot with syrup.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1913,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 8, 1913 Number 36

BENSINGER'S LUCK

How it Began—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

BENSINGER compassionately danced the Virginia Reel with wall-eyed Miss Miller—who danced like an animated bundle of lath—but he kept looking round for some one else.

It was not an easy company to keep track of. The bright, clean floor of Joe Wilder's new barn was only large enough to accommodate the dancers. Some female non-combatants sat on the stairs leading to the haymow—some males perched on the horse stalls; but mostly those who were not dancing wandered outside, even as far as the apple orchard to the west and the oak grove to the north.

By slipping round the carpenter's bench on which the orchestra—a fiddle and a horn—was enthroned one could pass back of the stalls and out through a small, square door at the rear. This Bensinger did the moment the dance ended, leaving Miss Miller to look round for him with a spinsterly, long-toothed and simpering smile.

He Considered it Very Improbable That Eddie Skellenger Did Know His Name, But Elsie Knew

It was romantic outside. A high moon silvered Joe Wilder's apple trees and shone so brightly upon the unpainted wall of the new barn that one could see the grain of the wood. Bensinger wiped his moist brow on his coat-sleeve—to save the handkerchief—and wondered where she could have gone. Before this evening he had seen her several times—when he was delivering his vegetables and doing his marketing over at Three Falls. He had considered her a very pretty girl and had even asked who she was, as a humble shepherd might ask the name of the bright star above the western horizon. Thus he had learned that she was the daughter of George W. Plum, druggist and coroner, and thereafter had looked particularly at Mr. Plum's establishment when driving by it.

This evening he had seen Eddie Skellenger bring her out to the dance in that marvel of the county, Peter J. Skellenger's six-thousand-dollar automobile. Naturally it was agitating to see the far, bright star right down there in Joe Wilder's barn. Somewhat later he had seen her standing just outside the big door—looking a bit uneasy and lonesome, he thought. He had gone straight over, addressed her by name and asked her to dance. He had danced with her once after that and they had strolled as far as the apple orchard and back.

But this was only the beginning of his luck. Early in the evening Eddie Skellenger had discovered the barrel of hard cider in the granary. For the last hour he had confined himself there, exercising the one accomplishment that he brought home from a brief, inglorious college career. She would not be going back to her far horizon immediately.

Bensinger went round the corner of the barn and stood in the shadow, looking for her; but he did not see her until she was close beside him—a slim girl in a bluish street dress, with a bluish straw hat bearing a straight white feather.

"Oh, I was looking for you!" she said, bending eagerly toward him. "Will you take me home? I must go right away! Please do!" she added—tremulous, coaxing. She was frightened. He could see that even in the shadow as she looked appealingly up at him.

Looking a Bit Uneasy and Lonesome, He Thought

"Sure I'll take you home! You bet I will! Come on!" he said decisively; and his heart chivalrously expanded.

He understood her situation. No doubt it was an unauthorized adventure and Eddie had promised to have her safely home early in the evening. It was now half past eleven; and Eddie's voice, waveringly raised in song, issued from the granary. As it happened, Bensinger had come to the dance on foot—only a mile and a half; but that circumstance was no obstacle. He recalled just where Tom Gallagher's gray nag and new top-buggy were hitched. Tom also had spent the last hour and a half mainly in the granary. With Elsie Plum close beside him Bensinger retraced his steps along the shadowy wall of the barn and disappeared round the corner.

They had not had the shadow to themselves. Mrs. Wesley Prothroe occupied a bit of it near the front of the barn, where she could see much and be seen little. Her back had been to them; but her powers of apprehension were marvelously developed. She was a spare and wiry woman, round-shouldered and given to the gloomiest views. She watched the two youthful figures disappear, then slipped to the rear corner of the barn and peered after them. There must have been at least twenty rigs hitched to the fence and the trees back of the barn, but it would have been strange if Steve Bensinger could have taken one of them without Mrs. Wesley Prothroe knowing exactly whose it was.

Mrs. Prothroe deliberated a few moments after the rig was out of sight, then went to the house. She knew, of course, that the telephone was in the dining room; and very luckily the room was empty at the moment. She asked for Mr. Plum's residence in Three Falls, and was much pleased when Mrs. Plum's voice answered as soon as the connection was made.

It proved to her satisfaction that the Plums were waiting up for Elsie, which suggested that they did not know where she was.

"Is that you, Mis' Plum?" she called as dulcetly as possible, forgetting in her excitement that "Mrs." was the more polite prefix for a married woman. "Well, Mis' Plum, this is a good friend of yourn talkin'. I just wanted to tell you that your daughter is out here to Joe Wilder's barn dance with Steve Bensinger. They've just took Tom Gallagher's rig without his knowin' it and started off somewhere. No, Mis' Plum, excuse me. I don't want to tell you my name. I'm no hand to go mixin' up in other people's affairs, Mis' Plum; but I'm a good friend of yourn, and if my daughter was gallivantin' round with Steve Bensinger I'd thank some good friend to tell me. Probably you know what them Bensingers are—or if you don't your husband does. They're the lowest of the low, Mis' Plum! Yessum; they've just started off in Tom Gallagher's rig. I only hope they're goin' straight home; but I thought it was my Christian duty to tell you."

Mrs. Prothroe hung up the receiver and hastened out through the hall. When she was in the open again, and

nobody seemed to have seen her, she drew a long breath of contentment and even smiled. It was a real debauch—fairly an orgy—for Mrs. Prothroe.

Contentment never remained long with her though. A restless temperament ever spurred her on. Presently she began to have doubts as to whether she had done all that the circumstances required. The doubts grew upon her and she took to lurking round the granary—as much as a lady with a nice sense of propriety well could, for the gentlemen within were occasionally careless in their language. About midnight she managed to intercept Tom Gallagher and addressed him abruptly, for the opportunity might not last.

"Your rig's gone," she said. "Steve Bensinger's took it. He's took Elsie Plum too—drove her off in your rig. Nice way to use young Mr. Skellenger—runnin' off with his girl—and runnin' off with your horse and buggy too!"

Mr. Gallagher said nothing. He was much prejudiced against Mrs. Prothroe on general and particular grounds. Having stared at her a moment, while the ideas she sought to convey seeped into his mind, he turned impolitely and strode back of the barn to investigate for himself. Being assured the rig was gone, he returned to the granary in an unpleasant frame of mind.

The moon silvered the fruit-tree tops along the six miles of country road between Joe Wilder's and Three Falls, and even the rail fences, barns, henhouses, winter-wheat fields and pastures. Stephen Bensinger would have rejoiced to tarry; but the slim, fair girl beside him was aquiver with anxiety to get home, and he faithfully kept Tom Gallagher's gray nag to a fair trot.

Stephen stood six feet, weighed a hundred and seventy and worked too hard to carry any superfluous flesh. His round head sat close down on his square shoulders, and his lower jaw undershot the upper one just a trifle. His nose was merely a nose, and his ears were rather large; but he had fine teeth, fine, good-humored brown eyes, and his head was thatched with curly brown hair. He was not a handsome person by any rule, but attractive-looking; and an air of burly, good-natured masculinity overflowed from him. He was acutely aware that his companion agitated him, but he supposed she was solely intent upon getting home. He did not know that, in spite of that preoccupation, she was, as it were, cuddling into his warm, burly masculinity and peeping round there like a child in a new candy shop. She praised his horse.

"'Tain't mine," he replied promptly, twinkling down at her. "I took the first one I came to."

"The idea!" she declared, laughing and admiring. She speculated as to what the man who owned the horse would do when he found it out.

Steve rose to the rare height of a verbal gallantry. "What's the odds," he said, "so long as I get you home?" Being on the height, he added an honest boast: "I'd have taken Skellenger's automobile if I'd known how to run it."

She darkened at that and declared hotly that Eddie Skellenger was no gentleman. She would never have anything to do with him again as long as she lived. She had not wanted to go to the dance at all; but he had coaxed her and promised solemnly to have her home by ten o'clock—so that her little fiction of having been at a girl chum's for the evening would hold water. That reminded her, and she insisted upon his looking at his ponderous silver watch. It was twenty minutes past twelve!

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "It will be after half past when I get home"—they were then at the outskirts of the city—"and goodness only knows how I'll get in—or what I'll get after I do! You must let me out at the corner—because they'd be sure to hear the horse's hoofs; and ——"

They both heard the long, faint blast of a horn and looked round. Two huge, glaring eyes were bearing down upon them at a distance of only half a mile. Automobiles were not so common then. There were only four in all Three Falls, and Peter J. Skellenger's stood out from the others even as Peter himself outtowered all his competitors.

Elsie clutched Bensinger's arm and cried out hysterically: "Oh, it's Eddie! It's Eddie! He's after us! He's drunk! He'll make trouble!"

He knew she trembled, because her hand held tight to his arm. He considered it highly probable that Eddie's car was filled with hard-cider recruits. Instinctively he disliked running away, yet he plied the whip. The indignant gray nag broke into a smart gallop; the buggy swayed; Elsie gave a little tremulous sob.

The nag was doing nobly, but Steve saw it was no use. The car made four rods to their one. Moreover, they would soon be on pavement and the clatter of the horse's hoofs would rouse half the town. He drew the reins and pulled sharp on the right one. The horse swerved; the buggy rose high on two wheels, righted itself and shot through the iron gateway to the cemetery. A funereal row of cedars bordered the rear of the cemetery. To one of them Steve hitched Tom Gallagher's panting nag.

"They'll catch us sure if we stick to the buggy!" he said. "They can see it a mile with this moon. 'Tain't more'n half a mile or so straight across here to your house. We'll foot it." He extended his arms. The girl, rising in the buggy, laid her hands upon them and fluttered down to the ground, almost grazing his breast. His heart rose into his throat and exploded. It would be impossible to say just how it happened, but as they walked rapidly away from the buggy her hand was in his.

Behind the cemetery lay a plot of vacant ground sloping toward the next street and bearing here and there a clump of hazel brush. They had gone perhaps a hundred yards across it when a triumphal blast at the gate of the cemetery rent the night air. Glancing round they saw the light from the car's headlamps strike along a row of tombstones. Evidently the pursuers had seen them turn in.

Steve drew his companion behind a clump of hazel brush, where they crouched, peeking. Clamorous voices announced the discovery of the rig. Several figures sprang from the car. Tom Gallagher felt the breast of his sweaty nag and uttered several hundred words in a loud voice—the purport being that he proposed to discover Stephen Bensinger immediately and fix his countenance so his own mother would not know him. Tom and two or three others came to the fringe of cedars, looked across the vacant lots and shouted blood-curdling invitations to Steve to disclose himself. Elsie leaned a little against his shoulder and her fingers tightened upon his hand; but he whispered to her: "The big stiffs are just bluffing!"

After loading the air with insults for a minute or so, indeed, the challengers retired; and the pursuers stood in a knot about the gray nag, chattering.

"Come!" Elsie whispered, and gave a little pull on Steve's hand, dropped it and sped away. It was not exactly heroic, but Steve ran after her. They gained the next street and soon were hidden by the houses. The girl laughed a little breathlessly as they slackened their pace, and Steve took her arm.

It was only a few minutes' brisk walk and they said only a few words. As they neared the corner where they would turn to enter Mr. Plum's front yard Bensinger was so agitated that speech would have been a trial. Often, out in the country, when you took a girl home you kissed her "good night" at the gate; but this was not the country. There was not even a gate. And this girl ——

"It Being Saturday—I Thought Likely You'd be Going Over to Rondaltsville"

Nearing the corner, his heart thumped swiftly and his brain spun in a delicious turmoil. Would he dare? Yes! The high resolve came to him. He floated round the corner on air. One instant it seemed to him through a kind of half-born after-impression that a human figure had detached itself from the shadow of the lilac bush. The next instant he was certain of it, for his sturdy frame was jarred from top to toe by the impact of a heavy boot.

Regaining his equilibrium, he turned and squared off instinctively. George W. Plum, druggist and coroner, confronted him—a lean and sinewy figure, whose bony right hand clutched an implement known thereabout as a blacksnake whip. The whip was partly coiled and Mr. Plum so held it that the massy butt could be used like a club.

Upon this bony and belligerent figure Elsie immediately precipitated herself.

"Oh, papa! Papa! He's not to blame! He didn't deserve it! You mustn't!" she wailed, pinioning him with her encircling arms.

The two men confronted each other in an attitude of combat; but the slim figure superimposed upon the gaunt one rather confused Bensinger's belligerence.

Mr. Plum's homely face relaxed in a broad but not genial grin.

"Glad to know you didn't deserve it," he said. "You can take it with my compliments."

"If you'll just send your daughter away ——" Steve began grimly.

Elsie, releasing her father, turned toward him, her slim body gracefully bending.

"Oh, go away! Please do! Please! For my sake—do!" she begged.

Steve looked down into her pleading face an instant and replied shortly, "All right—I will," and turned on his heel.

Mr. Plum remained silent; in fact, he was profoundly relieved. He had remembered the elder Bensinger boy indistinctly as a chunky sort of stripling. An instant after delivering the kick, as a burly, deep-chested figure confronted him in the moonlight, he perceived he had miscalculated by about seventy pounds. The figure looked some seven feet high. He was much relieved when it departed.

Steve was clear at the other corner of the block before he remembered with humiliation that he should have lifted his hat. Tom Gallagher, of course, had driven off with the gray nag. He had seven miles to walk and he must be up at half past four in the morning. Moreover, he had been soundly kicked. For some minutes these facts—especially the latter—were uppermost in his mind.

But the moonlight seemed gradually to absorb them. They became faint and insignificant. By the time he reached the outskirts of the small city he was smiling absently to himself. Presently he opened his broad right paw and looked down with tender curiosity at its calloused palm, where the girl's fingers had rested. From time to

"I'll Have a Warrant Out for You 'Fore Sundown, Sure's You're a Foot High!"

time, as he tramped on, he whistled softly under his breath; and when he found himself in his own dooryard he was astonished that he had arrived there so quickly. He did not feel at all like going to bed. He had turned twenty-four only the week before.

. . . . . .

The Bensinger homestead contained eighty acres. Fifteen years of painful experience had finally convinced Herman Bensinger that the sandy upland was too light for grain. He had then mortgaged the farm and set out twenty acres to apples and peaches. Some years they had a fine yield, but in those years there was no market for apples and peaches. Then an affliction called the "littles" attacked the peach trees. Peaches brought a very good price, but the Bensinger orchard yielded only hard, bitter nubbins the size of hickorynuts.

The twelve acres of low muck land had originally been considered a blot upon the farm; but, the last four years, Steve—with the help of Tom, aged sixteen, and even of Maggie, aged twelve—had been making a truck garden of it. Lettuce, cabbage and onions grew there abundantly about three years out of four; but to sell them at a price that left any profit seemed almost impossible. Latterly, also, they had been going into beans on the lighter soil.

In the later, discouraging years of wheat culture Herman Bensinger had reverted to his early trade and set up a small blacksmith shop at the edge of the road. The smithy was still there—a weatherbeaten little shed containing forge, anvil and a stock-in-trade consisting mostly of cast-off horseshoes. Steve helped his father there when there was work enough for two; but only rarely was there work enough for one.

A standard form of sociability with Mrs. Wesley Prothroe consisted in wondering how the Bensingers managed to live. Herman Bensinger himself sometimes wondered. Only two persons—Steve and his mother—really knew. As a matter of fact, of late years they not only had lived, but laid by six hundred dollars to apply on the top-heavy mortgage.

Poverty was not the family's only disability, however. Herman Bensinger drank and dissipated—to wit, almost every year he attended the Turners' annual *Schützenfest* up at New Manheim. Several times he had come home singing. To this mortal vice Mrs. Prothroe attributed all his bad fortune, including the sterility of the soil and the "littles" in the peach orchard.

The "improvements" on the farm, besides the smithy, comprised a ramshackle barn, also unpainted and weather-beaten, and a story-and-a-half house, with an L. The previous autumn Mrs. Bensinger herself, with Maggie's help, had painted the house—which showed what the Bensingers really amounted to.

On a Saturday morning, two weeks after the dance at Joe Wilder's, Uncle Judson Prothroe peered into the smithy looking for Steve. Uncle Judson was such a spare little man that he seemed merely a small parcel of bones, and his right arm was gone from the shoulder. There was scarcely a wrinkle on his aged face because there was scarcely anything to wrinkle. He was bald, and wore a tattered alouch hat, a calico shirt open at the neck, and a pair of blue overalls much too large for him and held up by one suspender. Uncle Judson was seventy-five, and more innocent than most children of twelve.

He wanted Steve to go over to Randallsville—two miles—and get an express package that had come for him; so he began talking about the weather and crop prospects with all the transparent ingenuity of a youngster who is maneuvering for permission to go to the circus. Steve watched the nervous little old man out of the tail of his eye and chuckled inwardly. It tickled him.

"Yes, sir; it's going to be a hot one. We certainly do need rain!" Uncle Judson repeated, wiping his bald brow with his left shirtsleeve. "I suppose—I thought likely, now, it being Saturday—I thought likely you'd be going over to Randallsville." He peered up at the big young man with apprehensive wistfulness.

"What could I do for you at Randallsville, Uncle Jud?" Steve inquired, his brown eyes twinkling.

"Why, if you should be going over, you know—of course you mustn't put yourself out, Steve—but if you should be going over —— You see, that express package has come."

Steve chuckled aloud. He had known it all along, because the postcard notice from the express agent at Randallsville was sticking from the pocket of Uncle Jud's calico shirt. "Sure I'll get it for you. No trouble at all! I was going over anyway," he declared.

That is the way his next meeting with Elsie Plum happened.

He could not use the Bensinger horse and market-wagon because his mother and Maggie were going marketing at Three Falls that afternoon; but it was a main traveled road to Randallsville—on Saturdays he could always catch a ride. He caught the ride over without difficulty, but had no luck in catching one back. Nobody seemed to be going his way. He wished to return early, because he and Uncle Jud had an enterprise on hand for the latter part of the afternoon. He waited three-quarters of an hour, then tucked the express package under his arm and started afoot, hoping to be overtaken by some hospitable conveyance.

The sun was hot and the road dusty. His package was heavy and inconvenient. At the top of the hill half a mile out of town he put the package down and turned to see if a conveyance was coming. One was. Its horn blared in his ear. He had just time to seize the package and spring aside when it swept by, enveloping him in a cloud of dust. He had barely unsealed his eyes and caught his breath when a chorus of startled exclamations rose from the foot

(Continued on Page 68)

THE SPOON TUNE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

It Was Exactly What the Manager Wanted Her to Dream. And Here it Was, Like a Gift!

THE Slob played the clarinet in the Globe Theater orchestra. He played it badly, but better than he played the viola or the cornet. He was the worst pianist in the world. His fingers came down on the keys with the force of piledrivers. The hideous results he got were a matter of complete indifference to the Slob. He knew what his music ought to sound like, right enough. He played the piano at rehearsals.

So far as externals went, the nickname unanimously accorded him at the Globe is a sufficient description. To put it less inelegantly, he was fat, untidy, indifferently clean. His dull, near-sighted eyes, his thick face and his unwieldy body expressed nothing. He did not seem to care to talk. Eleven times a week—they played four matinées at the Globe, on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday—he took his place in the orchestra pit and played the clarinet. That was all anybody knew about him.

I do not know why they called it the Globe rather than the Hippodrome, or the Colosseum, or the Olympic. It seated, by a miracle of packing, six hundred and seventy-eight persons, and it seated the same persons oftener than any other theater in town; it seemed that finding one's way into the side street where it stood, wedging up the steep stairs, squeezing into one of its narrow seats, for which one paid a dollar, and breathing its indescribable air for two more or less rapturous hours was an easy habit for a large class of the population to get into.

How the Globe got past the fire and building ordinances is a mystery this story is not concerned with. And I hasten to add that this is not the story of how it was burned up at last and how the Slob rescued the beautiful soubrette. The Globe still plods its vulgar, artless little way.

Sometimes the Globe got through a whole season with one show, but more often it took two. This did not matter, because the shows were always exactly alike—not exactly musical comedies, whatever they exactly are; certainly not operettas or melodramas; just Globe shows.

There was a slangy, melancholy and misunderstood hero, modeled after George M. Cohan's blacker mood, and an alluring but cruel heroine, who sang two songs—one in each act—on a dark stage, with the calcium. There was a grotesque comic lady and a pretty soubrette. And the comedian was always a jovial soul, with a touch of pathos about him, who got into all sorts of difficulties in the process of trying to solve everybody else's.

These principals came and went. After playing a year or more before the doting favor of Globe audiences they generally succumbed to what the alienists call delusions of greatness, and went away to burn up New York. There were always plenty more where they came from. And, anyway, the real star of a Globe show was the chorus.

There were twenty-four girls in it—let's forget about the chorus men—twenty-four girls, graded in sizes by eights; and they were the most industrious chorus in the world. They demonstrated possibilities of underdressing that staggered the most sophisticated. It was nothing for them to appear at the rise of the curtain as a field of sunflowers, transform themselves into a pack of cards, and then flutter away *en masse* as an aëroplane. They were disguised quaintly as drawing-room chairs, or sailboats, or café tables. They were rolled on in beer kegs, spilled out of clothes-hampers.

What made it really marvelous was the fact that the stage at the Globe had practically no wings at all, and the backdrop was generally painted directly on the bricks; so that, in order to enter right, after an exit left, you had to charge down spiral iron stairs, thread your way through a crooked passage between the dressing rooms, and climb another flight at the opposite side. At that, the Globe chorus would do a caterpillar crawl across the stage, dressed to begin with as the duchess's daughters and then as bathing girls, keeping the line continuous all the time, while the wardrobe mistress gathered up the discarded garments down below. And all eleven times a week!

Still, you are not to think of them as weary victims of toil; sad, drawnfaced martyrs, summoning a brave smile with the thought that it was all to raise the mortgage or to

"Don't You Remember the Little Chorus Girl at the Globe Who Sang the Spoon Tune?"

send brother to college; keeping up a false gayety before the cruel, lynx-eyed audience and dropping it as they staggered into the wings exhausted. On the contrary, they giggled on the stairways, hummed little tunes while they dressed, pranced in the crowded wings. They really liked it. They were young, and it was pleasant to kick their legs and raise their indifferently melodious voices.

And, after all, the work was not so hard as general housework in the suburbs, or as stitching handkerchiefs on a scientifically speeded power machine, or as stamping eyelets in upper leathers. Some of them could have told you that authoritatively.

There was one girl in the chorus who could really sing. The Slob discovered this fact long before any one else did. Her voice picked itself out for him automatically from the ruck, whether on the stage or amid the racket below the stage before the overture call, when the orchestra was tuning up. It was clear, fresh, open-throated, with the head on it that comes from perfect natural placing. And it was always squarely in the middle of the note.

It never occurred to him to wonder what she looked like. Of course he could not see her from where he sat in the pit, and he probably would not have looked if he could. If he had he would have seen a snubnosed, bowlegged little thing, with an impudently big chin and a broadbeamed smile.

She did not know she could sing. And she would have laughed if any one had been crazy enough to tell her that there was something about that ugly little mug of hers that would some day charm men out of their wits. You will hear more about her presently.

The permanent staff of the Globe included a librettist and a composer in ordinary. Of the mental processes, if that is what they were, of the librettist I do not feel competent to speak. They are beyond my ken. But the method of the composer was simplicity itself.

In the evening he would drop in at one of the restaurants—a roof garden if it happened to be summer—order a good many drinks, chat with his friends and listen to the orchestra. You know what a restaurant orchestra plays—classic music as follows: Rubinstein's Melody in F, the Barcarole from the Tales of Hoffman, a potpourri from Faust, and the Overture to William Tell—oh, yes, and the Intermezzo from Cavalleria. And at the other end of the scale were the latest song hits, whatever they happened to be. Not infrequently they were the composer's own compositions. But in between this pabulum for the highbrow and the low lay a great mass of the comic-opera music of the early and middle nineteenth century—Auber, Offenbach, Von Suppé and, best of all, Johann Strauss—alone an inexhaustible mine for a recreative genius like the composer.

After he had listened for an hour or so to things like the Black Domino or the Light Cavalry, he would go home and go to bed, contented and tolerably drunk. By noon the next day, when the fog began to lift, he would find himself in possession of a tune or two.

The critics were fond of saying he stole them; but this was not fair, either to the tunes or to the composer. He tortured their rhythms, twisted their phrases, got a catch and drag into them, an insistent pulsation against the beat, as light as the last flicker of the rag over a polished shoe. He soaked them full of a sticky, sappy sentimentality until they fairly dripped—until their original composers would have fled from them in horror. When he was through with them and turned on the phonograph, so that they could properly be recorded, they might fairly be called his.

The records, with appropriate lyrics fitted to the tunes, then went over to the musical director—the one person in this tale who is presented as an object of pity—who scored them up for chorus and orchestra and arranged a mélange of them for the finales to the two acts.

And there you were!

The stage director thought up new and more impossible stunts for the chorus, the specialties of the principals were arranged for, and the owner of the stable began coming to rehearsals, sitting sphinxlike at the back of the auditorium in a haze of cigar smoke. Eventually the show was produced and ran anywhere from two hundred and fifty to five hundred times, at the end of which time the composer and the librettist were ready with another.

You might think the series would have gone on forever! But success bred discontent in the composer and familiarity bred contempt in the manager, and a sudden unfathomable abyss opened up between them. Before anyone had time to realize what had happened the composer had shaken the dust of the Globe—a peculiarly felicitous expression in this case—from his feet and departed. The Globe rocked to its foundations; but the manager was too pigheaded to confess defeat easily. He summoned the musical director to his office.

"Look through that," he commanded with a wave of the hand, "and find me a show."

"That" was a heap, the dimensions of which must have been ten or twelve cubic feet, of manuscript scores, hopefully submitted during the past half-dozen years to the management of the Globe. The legend runs that when the musical director went through them he found no less than three Broadway successes; but you need not believe that unless you like. Anyway, he did find a show that he thought would do.

"If there's anything in any of the others you think would buck it up any," said the manager genially, "just help yourself."

"No," said the musical director. "Ass it stants, it will be the best thing the Clope hass yet broduced." The manager might have recognized a portent of failure in this opinion, but he did not.

So the librettist fitted it out with a new plot and lyrics, and everybody went cheerfully to work; but the cheer did not hold very well.

A feeling of homesickness, of something gone, struck in and began to spread. The longer the thing was rehearsed, the higher the vacuum grew. And when, at last, the manager appeared in front, and the effluvium of his cigar, renewed phenixlike from its ashes, began drifting in thicker and thicker clouds across the footlights, you could have taken up the gloom with a shovel. For four days he listened and never spoke a word. Then, in the middle of the second act, he came down the aisle.

"You might as well quit," he said. "There's nothing doing! I've been here four times through and I ain't picked up a tune yet."

There was a tense little silence. The stage manager, with a masterly shrug, indicated that he had predicted this from the first. The comedian gave him a furtive nod of assent. The rest of the people on the stage—about half the chorus and a couple of principals—just held their breaths. The musical director laid down the lead pencil with which he alternately beat time for the chorus and marked changes in the score.

"Ass to the music," he said, "I gif you my wort, it iss good. Very nice. It huss charm and some orichinality."

The manager looked away and took a couple of heavy drafts on his cigar.

"There ain't an honest tune in it!" he said.

After that the silence was longer. On the stage they were shifting their feet uneasily, wishing the thunderbolt they saw gathering would strike. The director picked up his pencil again and balanced it on unsteady fingers. The manager drew faster on his cigar. Then suddenly:

"Listen!" he said.

Except for the abnormal silence it could not have been heard at all. It was not loud and it came from rather far away, down in the caverns somewhere below the stage. But it came up, clear, fresh, open-throated—a slow waltz tune, with a short of saccharine, sticky drip to it, like maple syrup on a cold morning.

It went into eclipse for a moment, as if the unconscious singer were suddenly diverted to something of more immediate importance; then it came again. There were no words to it.

The manager drew a long breath.

"That's it!" he said. "What is it?"

If they had thought to look over at the Slob, who had sat stolidly on the piano chair through it all, they might have seen a frown of perplexed recognition on his face. But nobody did. So they just looked blank.

The tune intermitted, then came again. This time the comedian began to hum it too. The manager checked him with a gesture.

"Listen!" he said again. So they waited while she sang it through.

"Who is she?" demanded the manager.

They all looked blank again. The Slob knew who she was well enough—that is to say, he recognized the voice; but telling them she was the one person in the company who could really sing would not have helped much. And he had no other identification.

"Well," said the manager after another silence, "why don't you find her and bring her up?"

The assistant stage manager, one of the chorus men, slipped away to the spiral stairs. At the end of half a minute the singing stopped abruptly. Two minutes more and he came back with her.

She was half dressed and huddled into a soiled kimono, half put on—and she looked frightened; but, even so, with her big eyes and her big, impudent chin, she looked funny. Made you want to smile at her and tell her not to mind.

The Slob never looked round. His piano was placed so that he watched the director, not the chorus; but most people would have risked a crick in the neck to see what she was like. That never even occurred to him.

"Was it you singin' down there?" asked the manager.

She was frightened. She had to swallow a couple of times before she could make the words come.

"Y-yes, sir," she said. "I—I didn't mean ——"

"That's all right," said the manager condescendingly from round his cigar. "What was it?" She could not make out what he wanted. "What was the song? What was the name of it? Well, don't you know?"

"N-no, sir."

"What're the words? Where'd you hear it?"

"I don't know," said the chorus girl. Then, getting the idea, that it was the tune he was interested in and not her delinquency in having interrupted the rehearsal, she added: "I've been singing it all morning. It's stuck in my head ever since I woke up. But there aren't any words."

"Call Lou!" commanded the manager. "He knows every song there is."

Little Jane Did Not Meet His Eye, but She Could Feel It Going All Over Her

Lou was the press agent, and as the alley saloon was hardly a dozen paces from the stage door there was little time lost carrying out that order.

"Sing it again!" said the manager.

The musical director turned to the Slob:

"Give her a chord!"

She had not heard the order, however, and did not wait. The fact that she had absolute pitch was no surprise to the Slob. She turned loose a little, just letting her body mark the rhythm. She did not really sing out, of course, because she had no words.

There was a momentary silence when she came to the end. Then:

"Where'd you get it?" asked the press agent. He'd never heard of it either! They explained the situation to him swiftly. "Perhaps you made it up yourself!" he suggested to the chorus girl.

"I guess I must uv; I sort of heard it while I was asleep this morning, and when I woke up, there it was!"

"We'll take a chance," decided the manager. He turned suddenly on the librettist. "Fit some words to it!" he ordered.

"Got 'em already," said the librettist. "A tune like that makes its own words. It's called the Spoon Tune."

He scrambled on to the stage. He and the chorus girl and the musical director gathered round the Slob at the piano.

"Can you harmonize it?" asked the director.

The Slob nodded and began. It was better than ever with the harmonies. He took it out of the key on the third bar and trickled down the dominant sept of the relative minor.

"That's right!" cried the chorus girl. "That's the way it goes!"

The librettist was saying over the words in time to the music. The manager and the press agent remained out in front.

"Let her sing it!" suggested the press agent. "She can cut figure eights round that other dame. And look at the story: 'Composes her own songs in her sleep!'"

"But look at her looks!" objected the manager, who did not know an ugly duckling when he saw one.

"I don't know," said the press agent thoughtfully. "Made up right, she'd be a ringer for Fritzi. You never can tell. She might just romp home with it! And the other one is a quince."

"Lou," demanded the manager earnestly, "are you dead sure it's all right? Suppose it's just something we haven't happened to hear?"

"I tell you," rejoined the press agent, "that song couldn't be uncovered a week before everybody'd be whistling it. Talk about your Merry Widows! It's a pipe—that's what it is!"

The girl had got the words by now, and she sang the song through once more. Only this time her body caught the lilt of it to the full and her voice rang clear and golden as a winter sunrise. The manager and the press agent exchanged joyously whispered blasphemies.

"Come down here!" said the manager when she had finished. So she came just as she was, looking funnier than ever—big-eyed, expectant and still half scared—in her scant little kimono. "You get that song in the show," he told her, "and we'll dress a chorus for it. You can come to the office after the rehearsal for a contract."

"Do I get my name on the program?" she asked with a sudden gleam of boldness.

The manager nodded.

"Sure!" he said.

"What is it?" asked the press agent.

"Amie Belleaire." She achieved it triumphantly.

The press agent took off his derby hat, struck a dent in it and knocked it out again.

"Let's have a try at your real name," he suggested weakly.

"It's Jane Gray," she admitted.

"I got you," said the press agent. "There you are!"

The manager had moved a pace or two away. Now he stopped and turned back.

"Look here," he said. "One song don't make a show—not any more than one swallow makes a drink, as they say. You'd better dream us another—tomorrow morning."

"But—but what if ——" stammered little Jane.

"Oh, well; day after tomorrow, then. Don't strain yourself. But come across with it. Remember, there ain't any time to lose."

He strode majestically back to the stage, where the stage and musical directors and the librettist were already deep in an animated confab. All the others had been straining their ears to hear the conversation out in front.

"Don't you worry!" said the press agent, interpreting her look. "There are more where that came from."

After the rehearsal and the thrilling five minutes in the office little Jane hurried straight home with her precious contract buttoned up for safety inside her blouse. It was not her habit to do this, because the old show was still running, and she had to be back at the theater at seven-fifteen in order to complete the dressing called for in the first half of the first act. The outer layer was as a guest at a fashionable hotel—in an elaborate, ankle-length ball gown which, as you know, the guests at fashionable hotels always wear in the morning. Under that came a pair of khaki-colored breeches for the taxi chorus; and under these had to be the silk fleshings for the Starlight Serenade, which came fifteen minutes after the curtain went up.

Her Body Caught the Lilt and Her Voice Rang Clear and Golden

The thought of eating dinner with the other girls tonight at their regular white-front restaurant made her sick. It was surprisingly uncomfortable to be too happy. Her teeth chattered and she felt all gone inside, and she knew it would be torture to try to talk. She wanted to be alone in her own little room for a while, with the door shut behind her.

The worst turn came as she passed the twenty-four-sheet stand at her own corner, for suddenly she had a vision of her own name on it in letters five feet high. This reconciled her, though, to the press agent's arbitrary substitution of her own name for Amie Belleaire. Jane Gray could go in much bigger letters. Perhaps he had been right about it.

When she had reached her haven and shut the door and sat down in her little splint rocker, and when the crackle inside her blouse gave comforting proof that the contract was still there, she let herself go. She called it thinking, but it was not that. Just remembering the events of that wonderful day—how sour the quince had been, and how jovial the comedian; and how sweet the other girls were about it—most of them!

The Spoon Tune came back into her head. What fun it was to sing it all by herself! To have that delightful clear strip downstage to move about in, untrammeled! And to have everybody else listening, swaying a little, unconsciously to her rhythm! They had done that today—even the manager himself.

The thought of him, though, brought back uncomfortably his injunction to "dream another." Had she dreamed it, really? Had she ever dreamed one before? There must, the press agent said, be plenty more where that one came from. She remembered a sort of penetrating flash in his eye when he said it that suggested doubts. She did not care. She had told the truth about it. But as to dreaming another ——

An interruption came just then—a familiar interruption that made her jump up with a rather inadequate little swear-word and slam down her window. It was a burst of hideous din, extracted from what must once have been a piano. It came from somewhere across the alley. One could hardly account for it except on a basis of malicious dislike for one's innocent neighbors, coupled with a perfectly inhuman ingenuity. It was no passing whim, either. The man who did it used to keep it up for hours—not only late at night, when it did not so much matter, but early in the morning, when a hardworking chorus girl needed her sleep. Why, only this very morning, before she was half awa —— Little Jane clapped her hand to her mouth, as if to shut off the admission before it was fairly made, and dropped limply back into her splint rocker.

That was where the Spoon Tune had come from! She could hear it now in memory, just as she had heard it this morning worming its way into her slumbers. It was being played on that awful brass piano!

She felt herself going a little giddy. She would have to go back to the theater and tell. They would take the song away from her and put her back in the chorus! And how wild they would be into the bargain! But what was she to tell? Could she be sure, after all? Perhaps the dream had really been hers and the noise of the brass piano had only got mixed up with it accidentally. Certainly she had never heard anything like a tune played upon it when she was awake. No—she could not be sure. Of course, if she should hear him play it again ——

At that she sprang up, pinned on her hat again with two frantic stabs of her long pins, and fled from the diabolical din of that pianist, like Eliza across the ice. When she was far beyond the pursuing sound of it she still hurried along breathless, and she did not feel really safe until she was on the Elevated.

She turned up at rehearsal next morning, triumphant but sleepy. Her expedient had been that of the little pig in the fable: She had risen at the crack of dawn—well, at nine o'clock, then, if you will be literal—and escaped before the demon pianist got started. And so completely had this new scare put the other worry out of her mind that she was genuinely astonished when the manager appeared in the midst of things, called her out by name and asked her if she had dreamed that other tune yet.

"N-no, sir," she said. "I d-don't believe I can."

"Why not—if you could dream one?" the manager demanded. "Joe"—this was the name of the departed composer—"Joe used to dream his tunes; but he came across with one whenever we wanted it." She had nothing to say to that; so he waited a minute. "You'd better come across too," he concluded.

"I'll try," she stammered, and the rehearsal went on. But the joy of it was gone for little Jane.

The next morning, of course, she overslept—slept like one of the original seven, until something coming in through the window made her turn and twist this way and that, and rub her little fists into her eyes; and finally, before they were half open, she sat straight up, huddling her nightgown up round her throat as if the invader's actual presence in the room, instead of just the sound of him from over across the alley, had been what roused her. The little pig had failed to get the start of the wolf this morning; for it was a tune the brass piano was playing this time—only not her tune—not the Spoon Tune.

It was quite the soundest, archest little tune you can imagine. It marched demurely up four steps scalewise, and then went back and marched up again, with a swaggering little insistence on the beat. And then it fell into temptation—caught sight of something amusing going by, most likely—and tripped and lagged into an alluring bit of ragtime. But the next minute, as if the eye of authority had fallen upon it, it straightened up and marched on again.

(Continued on Page 60)

Autobiography of a Mother-in-Law

By Mary Bain Wright

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

WHEN a woman becomes the mother-in-law of her own children it is time to explain.

I am a widow, with the parchment complexion, the double chin and the settled expression of a permanent widow. You cannot mistake it, the relict-look that a man leaves upon the face of his old and faithful wife when he dies. In my case it has been intensified, deepened, corusated by the fact that my husband left his whole estate to me and made me the sole executor of his will. I found myself, in the space of a few hours, bereaved of a good husband and burdened with the responsibility of investing a considerable fortune and assuming charge of a large business.

He also left me our two children, a son and a daughter, not in the will, but in fact they were ours at the time. I might have doubted anything else but this. The shares in the Tompkinsville Bank might have proved worthless; the stock in the Salem Street Railway and Electric Light Company might have depreciated in value, and the tannery might have failed; but if any one had said these children were not mine I should have regarded the assertion as too foolish to answer. When your son looks at you with his father's eyes, when your daughter is exactly the kind of girl you were at her age, it is natural to think and to feel that both of them belong to you.

New In-Laws in the Old House

DURING the twelve years that have passed since James' death I have kept the property so well invested that it has increased in value. I have managed the tannery successfully—and I have gone bankrupt as the mother of my own children. I do not say that they no longer love me, for they do; nor that they are less dear to me, for they are not; but I say they no longer belong to me. They have both been absorbed by foreign concerns. It is the effect of this outrageous performance upon them, and upon me, that I purpose to explain here, because it is an experience mothers go through often without getting through properly. No one need expect me to do it with any wisdom of words. Wisdom of words is a sort of artificial use some people have of them, without getting any working understanding of life. I never had much of this kind of superfluous wisdom. I have simply yielded to the force of circumstances, which in this case looks very much like the forces of Nature, just as I yielded some years ago to the trust, when I found I was losing money by fighting it. Never keep up a losing fight is as good a motto in dealing with your children as it is in dealing with any other combination. I am now conducting the tannery in the name of the trust; but I am not conducting the children under the control of their foreign combines. The point is, they are not conducting me either. This is the difference between being a mother and a mother-in-law. The former is much easier for children to manage.

After James' death I went on living in the home we had bought some years before. This is the largest residence in Tompkinsville and stands upon the principal street. It is not a fine house, but it is relatively fine. Tompkinsville is a small place, with few people in it who can afford handsome homes. It is so small, in fact, that upon occasion I have known the whole town to be filled with the scent of raw hides and tanbark. But no one objected. It was the aroma of an honest, well-conducted industry that accounted in some measure for the modest prosperity of the place. That is to say, no one objected until Emerly came home from a visit to a schoolmate in Salem engaged to Morbley Bruce. That was the first suspicion I had of the quality and character of the Bruce family, a suspicion I put out of my mind at the time for Emerly's sake. I was still merely the mother of her.

Coming back to the house. I say it is a nice house, good enough for respectable, industrious, God-fearing people to live in, even if they were sufficiently well off to afford a much handsomer one in a city. It has a veranda across the entire front which I have always admired, because the flat, elaborately sawed bannister boards remind me of the fringe upon an old-fashioned white counterpane. And it is comfortable inside, closets in every room, pantry back of the kitchen, where it ought to be, and no butler's hole in it, because there never has been a butler in Tompkinsville. It is carpeted throughout and the carpets are durable, of good quality and extremely cheerful in tone. When a guest enters the hall the first thing he is conscious of is that he is treading upon red roses larger than his head and green leaves to match, which should afford an agreeable impression to any agreeable person. The furniture is good also; not elegant, but of excellent quality—light oak that has not been scratched or abused, and I never suspected there could be any objection to it until Jimmy brought his wife home. She said it was all in very bad taste; that no one who could afford anything better ever used golden oak furniture any more. She thought the carpets were "horrid" and my green-flowered china "ridiculous," and the tidies in the parlor "absurd" and the architecture of the house "perfectly awful." She said Jimmy's mother was a "dear"—an "old darling," in fact—but that you could not expect a woman who knew as much as she did about cowhides and street-railroad bonds to know how to choose a house and furnish it in a manner that would not offend the delicacy of refined and cultivated people. I do not know what I should have done then if I had suspected her opinions, but I did not. Emerly told me about them after I had been rescued and brought to live in a fashionable flat in New York. I was busy trying to win her heart, trying to be a mother to her.

No one could have been prouder than I was when Jimmy won Belle Stuart for his wife. She belonged to one of the oldest families in Salem. She was beautiful and accomplished. My impression now is that the word accomplished does not signify the same thing in front of a young woman's name that it did in my young woman days. It generally means that she does not know how to do one single useful thing. That she cannot make bread, or her own clothes. That she never knows, and would scorn to find out, when the grocerman cheats her in weights or in the quality of vegetables he sells her. That she does not even know what a mothball is, that she prefers cut flowers to those she can grow in her own garden, that she likes a nice house, but does not know how to clean one or to keep it clean, and that she believes it would kill her to wash her own bedroom windows. Her accomplishments consist in knowing how to sing and to play the piano to distraction. In being able to dress herself in the most expensive materials, so that she may look like a Quakeress or an angel, and in being able to talk lightly or gravely upon any subject, from auction bridge to economics. In short, the modern accomplished woman is something we have made that we cannot use, but who has a gift for using us.

I am going too fast, because my mind leaps to its sources of indignation, and because I am more accustomed to dealing with columns of figures in ledgers than with literary compositions. I make no apologies. This is not a literary composition. It is an account book of the life I lived for two years, and it is no easy matter to get along to the place where I have been able to declare a dividend.

I Wanted to Know the Worst About Myself

"You're No Piker, I'll Say That for You, Mother!"

When the children were old enough I sent them both away to school in Salem, Emerly to a girl's college and Jimmy to the university. I do not say that this was a mistake, but I do say that most of the colleges and universities in this country are richly or poorly endowed mistakes. They do not fit girls for womanhood, but for spheres and hemispheres of living that they are not designed by Nature to inhabit. And they do not fit men for work, hard work, but for football and for ambitions to be something that they ought not to be or cannot be—and more particularly for wanting to live faster than they can earn. They are apt to send them home with convictions that make them unhappy in the places they must fill, and with feelings finer than they can afford. This is called inspiration. And it may be, but by the grace of God it is possible to overcome it and settle it like grounds in a pot of good coffee, provided you have the strength to do it. The foolish ambitions of sons and the futile inspirations of daughters are two of the worst evils parents and the old hard-fisted world have to deal with, when these young ones are actually harnessed into the traces and broken to the furrow work of real life. It requires a curb bit, a whiphand and considerable lathering of their young flanks to do it, and few mere mothers are equal to the bucking that follows.

The Tannery No Place for Jimmy

WHEN Jimmy came home from the university I naturally expected that he would take the tannery off my hands. I was pardonably proud of him. He was the handsomest young man in Tompkinsville, tall, dark, very distinguished looking, and he had made a record both in athletics and in scholarship. He was some kind of fullback in the football team, a position that had cost me more to maintain than all his other expenses put together, because he was laid up at least once a year with a sprained ankle or broken bones, which required doctors and nurses and medicine. I pass over the anxieties I suffered during the football season. I merely set down this, that the mothers of fullbacks and halfbacks and shock-headed youngsters who jerk their hips out of socket "kicking the goal" suffer for four years all the terrors and suspense that mothers formerly suffered in this country on the eve of battle and after battle when their sons were in the army.

Still Jimmy made up for that by taking first honors in his class. It never occurred to me that this distinction would or could unfit him for the tannery business; but it did. The sight of a carload of hides, to say nothing of their odor, is positively unbearable to a brave young man who has fought, bled and almost died upon the football field, and who has been openly referred to by the chancellor and other professors as the most promising man in the university. I think it would save much sorrow, shame and disappointment if these men would be more specific and say what they mean by the word "promising." Exactly what

does a young man promise, who has never worked except upon the gridiron in padded clothes, or in the classroom on a book written by somebody else from which he learns to recite?

Jimmy concluded that in his case it meant becoming a great financier. He was good at mathematics—that was his only qualification. He could extract a cube root from anything, let down a logarithm to the bottom of the deepest problem in trigonometry, and accomplish a romance in calculus with his extraordinary imagination. But there is no chair in any university I have ever heard of that thoroughly prepares a young man to know the degrees of value in preferred stock, and the difference between that and stock which is not preferred, but which offers a dangerously larger rate of interest; or that prepares him for the hand-to-hand conflict in the bullring of any stock exchange. It is only the theory of finance that he gets, which is about as different from the real thing as an old-fashioned hymn is from ragtime.

Jimmy Breaks Some Tender News

IT WAS a breathless night in August. Jimmy and I were alone in the house. Emerly, who had also graduated in June, was away visiting a schoolmate in Salem. We were seated in the parlor after supper. Jimmy was studying baseball quotations on the sporting page of the afternoon paper and smoking a cork-tipped cigarette. I was resting my feet. I had been out at the tannery all day. I was greatly encouraged by the prospects of better business, but I was tired. So I had taken off my shoes and sat with my stockinged feet elevated upon a comfortable footstool. It is a habit I have.

I looked across at Jimmy, very elegant in his white flannels, the green-shaded student's lamp casting a becoming pallor over his excellent features. I felt a supreme satisfaction with myself and my children. Emerly, it is true, had given me some trouble after she came home, saying indiscreet things about the narrow life of Tompkinsville and planning to start some kind of outlandish club for women in the fall. But she was at bottom a good and sensible girl, and so handsome, so tall and grave and fair, that I felt more pride than anxiety about her future. As for Jimmy, he had always been a good son, no bad habits, only a trifle extravagant, which was natural under the circumstances.

Altogether it was a peaceful moment, and I dwell upon it because it was the last peaceful moment I had for two years. Nature is a tremendous and accomplished dramatist. You may always suspect her when things grow very quiet and somnolent, when your stars shine clear, and you feel that the Lord has actually paused in his greater business of creating solar systems to bless you and yours. It is simply the sign that Nature has merely dropped the curtain long enough to prepare the setting of a new and unexpected scene in the drama, of which you are likely to find yourself the victim.

While I was still looking at him Jimmy folded his paper and cast it aside, took another cigarette and lighted it, then with a peculiar twist of his fingers that showed long practice he whirled the still burning match into the fireplace.

I suppose it was the conviction this excited in me subconsciously of his all-round accomplishments that led me to give the signal for the lifting of the curtain upon the next scene. I do not really know what it was or how I came to say at that moment the thing I did say. I only remember that my hands were folded in my lap, that I was working my toes comfortably in my stockings, and that I was as near content as I shall ever be in this world of account books, raw hides and growing children.

"Jimmy," I began, following the train of thought in my mind, "I hope you will keep Sam Waites."

He lifted his eyes, stared at me and said:

"Who is Sam Waites?"

"He is the foreman of the tannery, don't you remember? He is a good man and knows the business. I say I hope you will keep him when you go in there next month."

He uncrossed his legs, bent forward, leaned an elbow on one of them, and puffed the room full of smoke before he replied:

"That reminds me, mother. I want to talk to you about something—about several things, in fact."

I waited, not grimly as a father would have done, but in a kind of maternal suspense.

"The tanning business is extremely distasteful to me. It is—er—in fact revolting to me. I feel that I could never succeed in it because I could not bring myself down to it, you know!"

"Your father was a tanner," I replied, astonished.

"Father was not a tanner. He was president of the bank here, he was director of the Salem Street Railway and Electric Light Company, and one of the most prominent business men in this section."

"When I married him he had exactly the position Sam Waites has now, and it was a much smaller concern then. He worked his way up."

"That's it—he worked his way up, so there is no real reason for my starting so far down. He made it possible for me to get on faster than he did by beginning nearer the top."

"Which top have you chosen, Jimmy?" I asked, nettled. "Shall you be director of the railway and light company or president of the bank?"

"Now don't be sarcastic, mother, you know what I mean," he said, rising and going to the window so that his back was to me.

"I think I know what you mean better than you do," I answered; "but just tell me what you have in mind."

"Well," he answered, "the fact is I've been down to the bank to see Brown. You know him?"

"Yes, I know him. I was one of the directors that voted to make him president after your father's death."

"That is what he said, and that was one reason he was so willing to offer me the position of assistant cashier."

"Assistant cashier of the Tompkinsville Bank! Why, Jimmy, it will not pay you half as much as being manager of the tannery!"

"Of course not. That is exactly the point. We are well enough off, aren't we, for me not to be obliged to take a mere dollar-and-cent view of my position in life?"

I was silent and I was horrified. It seemed that Jimmy was not aiming to be a man after all; that he had chosen a polite occupation and would still expect me to pay the difference in his expenses. If the pause had lasted another moment I should have become decently angry; but it takes a longer time to make a mother angry with her son, than any other being.

"Besides I have something else to tell you," he went on. "I'm engaged to Belle Stuart. We expect to be married this autumn."

"My son!" I exclaimed with involuntary tenderness. Instantly my mind passed from business to the deeper regions of love and promulgated happiness.

"You know the Stuarts of Salem?"

"Yes. Come and kiss me, Jimmy. I never suspected this."

But he was for kissing on his own terms and remained with his back to me, waiting for my complete surrender.

"Belle is a brilliant woman, she has traveled everywhere. And you know her family, what they are—the best people in Salem; naturally they would not be expecting Belle to marry a tanner!"

I did know the Stuarts. They had their own coat-of-arms painted and framed and hanging in the parlor. The only blue books in which the Wright family can appear are Dun's and Bradstreet's, where they show very creditably.

"We—I have told Belle that we should make our home here with you for the present," Jimmy added, while I was revolving many things in my distracted mind. But I met the emergency like a mother, which is by no means like a sensible being.

"Of course you will, my dear boy. Now come and kiss me."

He came, took my face, which was wet with tears, in his two hands lovingly and kissed me.

"I knew you'd understand. You're no piker, I'll say that for you, mother!"

No piker! What was a piker? But this was no time to go into particulars.

Jimmy sat down upon the footstool from which I removed my feet and held my hand tenderly.

"Has Emerly spoken to you?" he asked presently.

"Spoken to,me? What do you mean?"

"Has she told you?"

"I do not know what you are talking about, Jimmy. I had a letter from Emerly last week. She wanted me to send her some money—a good deal too much, I thought—but I sent it."

He laughed.

"Then she hasn't told you that she's engaged to Morbley Bruce!"

"No she has not." I felt like an old house in a storm that has been built upon the sands. My foundations were giving away.

"You know Bruce. He's been coming here all summer to see her."

"So have half a dozen other young men," I retorted, defending my stupidity.

"Emerly ought to have told you. Anyhow we are all to be congratulated. The Bruces are fine people and Morbley has a future before him. Brightest young man in our class, I always thought. Editor of the University Bumble Bee, you remember."

I recalled the foolish college paper with its impudent caricatures and cartoons in which Emerly had showed a too passionate interest. I should never have thought of it again, but for this overwhelming sequel.

"They are planning to live with us too," he informed me.

"Don't 'Mother' Me, Jimmy! From Now On I'm Your Mother-in-Law!"

The Gifted Bruce

I TOOK a long breath. I do not know now if it was of happiness or of foreboding. But when I came to myself the thought that was uppermost in my mind was that my dear children did not mean to desert their old mother. The family would not be broken up, only enlarged.

After a pause my practical nature asserted itself with this question:

"What will Morbley Bruce do here? What is his profession?"

"Oh, something brilliant, you may be sure. He has it in him to do great things if he ever gets the opportunity. Needs capital, I suspect. The Bruces are poor, you know. Morbley ought to go into journalism."

"Tompkinsville doesn't offer much scope for him in that way. Maybe he'd like to take over the tannery."

Jimmy looked up at me drolly.

"Mother, you don't understand. Bruce is intellectually and esthetically incapable of tanning hides! Never make yourself ridiculous by suggesting such a thing to him."

"Well," I exclaimed, "somebody doesn't understand. Of that I am sure. Still, what will Morbley do here after he's married?"

"Oh, I believe he has got the associate editor's place on the Tompkinsville Star. It'll give him practice and experience until he can do better!"

I made a rapid calculation. I knew to a dollar what the Star earned. I knew the number of subscribers, and I was morally certain that it had not paid expenses for two years, but I held my peace. I referred the whole matter to time, being sure that time works out a good many things before we do; and I thanked God that I had a home to shelter and means to support my children while time was attending to this matter.

The preparations for the weddings, the excitement, expense and confusion attendant upon them, may be passed over without comment, since they only led to the experiences that I shall record. It is enough to say that before Christmas of that year we had all settled down

in Tompkinsville, Jimmy and his wife, Emerly and her husband, to live happy ever after—and I for better or for worse.

I suddenly found myself in the midst of a large family, but not the head of it. Looking back I do not know who was the head of it. At first it seemed that Belle would naturally take control. She knew so much, she had so many precedents to follow that the rest of us did not have, and she had a talent for offering advice. But in the course of a few weeks Emerly put her in her place, or somewhere out of place, and conducted the house according to her own mind and much stronger will.

"Belle doesn't know everything, she only thinks she does," my daughter confided to me one day, when they had passed through a radical divergence of opinion about preparations for a houseful of company, composed in equal parts of Bruces and Stuarts. The upshot was that Tommy Stuart, Belle's brother, had the back company room, and Clarissa Bruce, Morbley's sister, had the best company room—"to which she is entitled," said Emerly.

This left Belle in possession of the parlor and the piano, and also left her to do most of the entertaining, which was all she was fit for at the time. And it seemed to make Morbley the head of the house. But apparently he spurned the honor, to say nothing of the responsibility. He had a detached air and spent most of his time in his study writing a play, which Emerly declared was destined to make all of our fortunes. This left Jimmy at the head of the table, at least, with some semblance of authority.

I kept hands off, not only because it seemed best but because the tannery required more of my time with the increase of business, and because with the increase of expenses I felt obliged to stick closer to business. I am not complaining, you understand; but what with the family doubled, and what with company coming in from both sides of it all the time, keeping things going required about four times as much money as I had ever spent in household expenses before.

I will not say that I enjoyed the noise and confusion, having lived quietly so long; but I certainly wanted to enjoy it. I told myself that this was the ideal home, with my children about me, with the piano always going, with the house full of laughter and company.

Why Emerly Played Niobe

BUT there was one thing that troubled me, vaguely at first, then definitely. This was my relation, or lack of relation, to the situation. I felt out of it, not because I was old but because I was different. In the course of time I was aware of a humoring condescension in the manner of both Belle and Morbley. But worse than this, I had the feeling that my own children were defending me somewhere behind the scenes, and that they were gradually losing ground. Emerly showed signs of impatience about little habits I had acquired, such as drinking hot coffee at breakfast out of my spoon. And she positively forbade my sitting in my stockinged feet after dinner—dinner was now substituted for supper, and I was obliged to eat vegetables at night, which did not agree with me.

Still I bore with them. Young people are intolerant because of their lack of experience, just as old people are intolerant because they have had so much. I waited patiently for mine to settle down and discover their own limitations. But this is what no young person ever does of his or her own accord. So long as there is some one to protect them from the hardships and vicissitudes of life they are apt to remain overbearing and unconsciously tyrannical. There is nothing like poverty and sickness and an immediate anxiety about the present month's grocer's bill to bring young married people to their proper senses and make them patient with the crankiness of their elders. This was an advantage of which I deprived my children, and it led up to my crowning folly.

In the latter part of the summer of that year a sort of drouth settled over the family. Everybody in the house showed signs of depression and discontent except myself. I was too busy to know whether I was contented or not contented. I spent most of every day in my office at the tannery, superintending the sale of leather and buying raw hides.

One morning, just as I had tied on my bonnet and was leaving the house, I came upon Emerly seated upon the old sofa under the staircase in the hall, weeping like a young Niobe, in a blue breakfast gown. Now unless a woman has children, or a profligate husband, tears are always superfluous. And Emerly had neither of these. Morbley was not profligate, he was simply brilliant, which does not come to exactly the same thing, though of course it is a frightful handicap. But I have observed that women weep most easily when they have the least cause for tears. So Emerly sat, the picture of refined and exquisite woe, her blond hair ruffled, her cheeks flushed, her blue eyes glistening like April skies, her fine white handkerchief moist as a cloud with her tears.

I stood and stared at her, tying my bonnetstrings. I was not alarmed or even distressed. I knew that Morbley had not lost his fortune, because he didn't have anything to lose. I knew that he was not drunk, because he was extremely temperate except in the act of literary composition when he often told the truth so that it became a lie. And I knew that Emerly was not ill, because she was the picture of health.

"Oh!" sobbed Emerly, reaching for her handkerchief, "I'm so sorry for Morbley!"

"Sorry for Morbley! What is the matter with him?"

"That horrid man in New York has sent his play back—said it was bad enough but not good enough, the impudent thing!"

I let go her hand and stood up. Secretly I had some sympathy with the "impudent thing" in New York. Morbley had complimented us one evening by reading his play aloud after supper, and I must say that I considered it indecent and shocking at the time—certainly bad enough. The leading lady in it laid Solomon in the shade when it came to marital scandals, and the leading man in it was a fool. Morbley explained that the only way to dramatize life was to break it up, sink the foundations of accepted customs. I do not remember all that he said, but it meant that virtue was not profitable on the stage except after all the characters had broken all the Commandments.

I was thankful that he did not ask me what I thought of it. He naturally concluded that I was not in a position to give an intelligent opinion.

Emerly went on weeping and explaining as she wept:

"Morbley is so discouraged. He says that what he needs is to get into the thick of things, to feel the pulse of the times and the friction of a keener intellectual life. He says he's just stagnating here, and that's what's the matter with the play. Oh, I do wish he had a chance, just a chance to do something; he's so gifted!"

I will not admit that I was mad, but I felt volcanic.

"Well," I said, starting for the door, "why doesn't he get up and get the chance, then, instead of staying fastened up in that stuffy room all the time? Chances live in the open. A first-class chance never dashes into the house, runs upstairs and knocks at your door, hat in hand, like a flunky to black your boots!"

With that I went out and banged the screen door after me, leaving Emerly with her eyes rolled up and her hand pressed to her side as if I'd stabbed her.

I was miserable all day. I felt like an old ruffian that has by mistake brained the wrong party in a free-for-all scrimmage. I had wounded the tender heart of my own child instead of Mrs. M. Bruce's child. I was ashamed, repentant. I resolved that if there was anything in the world I could do to give Emerly's husband a chance I would do it. Still I did not know of anything. If he'd been a wheelwright or even a blacksmith I could have placed him before night; but I was obliged to admit, with Emerly, that there was very little future for a playwright in Tompkinsville.

During the week that followed I was an outcast in my family. Emerly treated me with a gentle daughterly forbearance, a sort of "she-is-my-mother-and-I-must-make-the-best-of-it" air; an air which Morbley accentuated, frosted with a lofty dignity that would have made his fortune if he could have dramatized it. Belle was away visiting her mother in Salem, and Jimmy sat at the head of the table like a young Ichabod from whom every glory has departed. He was always like that when Belle left him. His kindness to me never failed, but it had become strangely absent-minded. I used to feel when he served me with the back of the fowl, which was my favorite portion, that he was really thinking about something else, that he was revolving in his mind a tremendous matter, and that in the course of time I'd find myself involved in it and overwhelmed by it. The suspense began to tell on me. Every evening we gathered about the dinner table in a kind of pregnant silence which each of us in turn tried to break, only to feel it settle again; and every evening I was tempted to lay down my knife and fork with the sort of surrender an old warrior feels when he gives up his arms, then to look into the faces of my unhappy children and say:

"What is it? What is it you want me to do now? I am ready, anxious to give up everything, even the tannery, anything for your peace and advancement!"

The Awfulness of Tompkinsville

AT LAST one afternoon Jimmy came down to my office from the bank and walked home with me. He looked older, downcast, but one cannot expect a young business man to keep the buoyancy of a football fullback. I attributed my son's sober expression to the growing sense of responsibility, and I was pleased to have him come for me. We had rarely had a moment alone together since my boy's marriage.

"Awful, isn't it!" he remarked as we started down the shaded street.

"Yes, hottest summer for years," I answered.

"Oh, the summer is all right. Can't expect anything this far south but depressing heat. I'm talking about Tompkinsville."

"What's the matter with Tompkinsville?" I asked, too tired to think.

"It's such a narrow little place. Offers so few opportunities for real success. And society —— Well, you know there is none. Belle says she feels as if she were buried alive."

"At any rate she's alive. I do not know a livelier young woman," I answered cheerfully, not seeing the drift of his thoughts.

"Still I wish we were all out of it, mother."

"Out of Tompkinsville!" It was as if he had suggested my getting out of my skin, my nature.

"Yes, I'll never amount to anything here. It may be ten years before I can even be cashier at the bank, and I'm sorry for Belle. She'd shine in society anywhere, you know that."

I did know it. Shining was the only thing so far that I had discovered she was fitted for. But it was not the thing to tell him. I passed it over and went for the main issue.

"You should have taken the tannery, Jimmy. I told you how it would be. A salaried man is always the victim of the situation, never the master of his future. Now as manager of the tannery ——"

"The tannery be ——" He caught his breath inwardly just in time.

"I'm not talking about raw hides and leather; I'm ——"

We had reached the door of the house by this time, and I did not learn until later what he really was talking about, for Belle, who had returned from Salem sooner than any one expected, dashed out.

"No Wonder She's Crying! Here, Emerly, Take That One"

(Continued on Page 45)

HOTHOUSE AMERICANS

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"You are Losing a Great Deal, Mr. Anson. Why Don't You Let Me Teach it to You?"

I WAS tired and lonely and sad and out of heart when that beautiful letter arrived like a ray of sunshine. What did it matter whether The Heart of Élise had sold only thirty-one thousand copies, if Mrs. Ormsby Melton—I deciphered the name with difficulty—had loved it with such a wealth of flattering adjectives? It lay by her bed at night; it was her inseparable companion by day; she gave it to people right and left and judged them by their verdicts. She had ordered all my other novels, and had been shocked to find so many out of print; she declaimed hotly—in purple ink on the glossiest of paper—against this lack of appreciation, making her resentment almost personal and asking "Why? Why?" with a certain incoherence.

But do not expect an author to criticise an unknown admirer. That letter was all cream and I licked it up like a kitten; it was only at the end that I felt the least misgiving. It seemed that she was having a few friends up at her Adirondack camp, and might she be so unconventional as to ask me to join them from the sixteenth to the twenty-first? She would not bother me with any timetables—she wrote—or trespass unduly on time she knew must be very precious. All I had to do was to accept the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered and telephone "Yes" to 2249 Plaza, whereupon "my son Lawrence" would take charge of me and bring me up.

I must confess I am much more energetic in my books than I am in real life; it is far easier for me to move my hero to South America or Japan, and even to shipwreck him on the way, than to take personally a surface car to the general post-office or call on people at West End Avenue. My first impulse, as a literary barnacle, was to telephone "No" to "my son Lawrence."

Besides, I had altogether decayed as a society man; the moths had eaten my frock coat two years before and indirectly my frock-coat acquaintance; my evening clothes, thanks to the great Rupert, still had form—were spiritually perfect—but in body and substance were sadly lacking, not to say threadbare and shiny. To answer "Yes" to 2249 Plaza meant a vast amount of agitation and expense, of waiting interminably in department stores for nine cents change, of hopelessly seeking Ajax collars or Hercules something-else, of exposing one's forlorn toes to a tickling young man in a shoe store. If it had not been for my friend Charles, the poet, who happened to drop in as I was turning over these thoughts in my mind, I should have stuck where I was, rather mournfully no doubt, but still—stuck.

In spite of the general opinion to the contrary, poets are a sternly practical race. If I were in trouble I should never consult a lawyer; I should consult a poet. It is generous of me to say this, for on being shown the invitation Charles was very impatient with my backwardness and insisted heatedly that I should accept it.

"You are like all old bachelors," he declared; "you are desiccating and blowing away in dust and, as for the talk of expense, you make me tired. Ten years ago you were rich if you had a hundred dollars; now you are whiny poor with three thousand in the bank. You are becoming a wooden Indian of literature, and this solitary life is telling on you. We writers are all cannibals anyway: we have to eat people for our living. Think of all those nice juicy swells up there in the Adirondacks—why, it makes one's mouth water—pink, delicious girls; stall-fed men; marrow-fat matrons! Good heavens, Arnold, you mustn't forego a chance like this; sit right down there and answer her note, and say you are coming with leaps and bounds."

Now what lawyer could have had half this insight or such force and picturesqueness of expression? I could have listened to a lawyer for a week and then have gone on desiccating quite cheerfully; but Charles was a fizzling bomb of a man and when he threatened to explode one had to run for one's life. These friends that "believe in you" are sometimes a dreadful nuisance however; friends who believe in you are entitled to kick you about like a football and make you do all kinds of things you don't want to do. It was every bit owing to Charles that I accepted Mrs. Ormsby Melton's invitation and meekly answered it at his dictation. There had been a time in my early thirties—I was now on the wrong side of thirty-seven—when I was tolerably familiar with such places and people and went out a great deal; but I had slumped since and felt as twittery, though far from being as gay, as a girl going to her first ball. Charles commented on it approvingly.

"It shows you are still young inside," he said. "Trepidation is a sign of green sap. You will come back with flowers all over you."

Lawrence Melton was an extraordinary young man—a type of the new generation wholly unknown to me. He was tall and slight and fair-haired and faultlessly groomed, with the most agreeable address and manners, and of a pale, thoughtful cast of countenance. One began by thinking he was twenty-seven or so, and then gradually stripped off the years like the wrappings off an April Fool's parcel until he was revealed a seventeen—and what a seventeen! A consummate little man of the world, with a poise and understanding, a tolerance and benignity that would have become a bishop! It is strange how the two extremes of society resemble each other in one way—the premature aging of their children. This singular youth entered his own horses at the Horse Show; drove his own motor; drew checks and had important engagements. His assurance, the easy way he called me Anson, his almost crushing kindness, made me gasp. He was so kind that it hurt. He seemed always to be saying: "I know you are only a poor, brokendown, starving author; but to a gentleman like myself, with sympathy and heart, you are a human brother just the same and, unashamed, I clasp your honest hand."

He was forever clasping my honest hand, so to speak, with that compassionate expression in his blue eyes; and on our long trip together in the train I even suspected him of heaping my plate. Yet it was impossible not to like him; his kindness was so sincere and he strove so earnestly to put me at my ease. It is my misfortune to fall instinctively into any character people give me; if I were arrested as a horsethief I should instantly look furtive and horsethiefy; I became now the happy slum child going with the kind gentleman to the country.

Incidentally I learned several things—that he was the only survivor of a family of three, a brother and a sister having died in infancy; that dad was "just a great big kid"; that mother was a clever, impulsive woman, who was always taking up people and getting "stung"; that at a pinch the camp could accommodate thirty guests, though for this party they had nineteen or twenty—he couldn't remember them all.

Did I know Jimmy Van Voght?—he was there. I had to confess I did not. Or Mr. and Mrs. Windle?—no? Or Felix Sethadine, the banker, and his corking wife?—no? Or Henrietta Dalton or the Maxwell Protheros or Mary Bennett or the Hubert Pardees? It was a wilting moment for a slum child. Lawrence's air implied that they were all immensely fashionable; that even at Mulberry Bend or Chatham Square one ought to have heard of the Windles—the Baltimore Windles. His eyes grew more compassionate and he tactfully changed the conversation to Dickens. Then, feeling this to be rather sudden, he exclaimed with that disarming, shy smile I found so attractive: "We all think our own little world is the only world—don't we? Though of course they will all be tremendously impressed to meet Arnold Anson."

"Let us hope so," I agreed jokingly.

"It is a great privilege," he murmured, ignoring my interjection and staring somewhat absently at the foliage. "Yes, it is a wonderful privilege—to know you."

It is never very agreeable—at first at least—to drop into a party that has grown familiar and friendly before you intruded into it. That is what you are, an intruder, and it is twice as difficult to make a place for yourself as it would have been in the first instance. Nicknames have been given; history has been made; jokes and allusions that provoke bursts of merriment fly over your head and leave you grinning sheepishly like a new boy at school.

Having spent the night on the train, we arrived horribly early—at nine or so—after a long drive through the woods. It is hard to reconstruct it all now—to recall from the general blur and bewilderment of that first day anything like individual impressions. Mrs. Ormsby Melton was an effusive, rather silly woman with watery blue eyes and an animated, kittenish manner. One felt sorry for her without knowing exactly why. Perhaps it was because she was so silly and wore such excessively juvenile clothes. Of course I do not know anything about women's clothes, but there were certainly too many screamingly pink rosebuds on Mrs. Melton's hat and she was altogether too gauzy, flouncy and brilliantly colored for a dumpy, middle-aged lady of forty-five or so. And she was almost pathetically sprightly, running up to one with little birdlike cries and shaking her dyed curls as ingénues do on the stage but nowhere else, so far as my limited knowledge goes. But she had a very kind heart. People with watery blue eyes usually have.

Ormsby Melton was one of those imposing, fresh-looking, big-shouldered men that seem naturally to gravitate to the presidency of corporations. There must be physical standards for trust magnates, I suppose, just as there are for policemen—rules of beauty, line and proportion as exacting as those of Greek art. Ormsby Melton was as sure to be a trust magnate as the Apollo Belvedere to stand upon a marble pedestal. Just as the Red Sea opened for the passage of the Israelites, so did the social fabric open for Ormsby Melton, and all he had to do was to keep walking. I thought I detected in this urbane personage a slightly mocking expression whenever he gazed at me. I could feel that an inner voice was saying, quite for his private ear: "I wonder where on earth Molly dug you up?" I did not resent it; I confess I rather shared his wonder. What business had I among all these smart, fashionable people, who were so largely known to one another by their first names and who represented a compact little aristocracy of social exclusiveness?

They treated me with more respect than I cared for—there is nothing chillier than being respected. I was too evidently regarded as a celebrity—a giant of intellect whom it was a "privilege"—to use Lawrence's word—to meet and an even greater to escape! But Sethadine, the Jewish banker, a charmingly cultivated man, paid me a more gratifying attention; and his statuesque wife, with the raven hair, was also exceedingly kind. Besides these two there was a friendly young fellow with large ears who seemed to find entertainment in my company. At least he kept coming back like a chicken for a drink, and each time with an increased access of good will. I was astonished to learn that he was Windle—the Baltimore Windle of whom Lawrence had spoken with such awe—and I was proportionately flattered.

On the whole, even to the jaundiced eye of an outsider like myself, very conscious of being regarded as an intellectual killjoy, they all seemed to me remarkably pleasant

people—unaffected, good-humored, likable and gay. The men had a vigorous, manly, outdoor look; the women, especially some of the younger, had a touch of boyishness that was delightful. To see Mrs. Pardee, for instance the prettiest little blonde imaginable, all curves and rolypolyness—standing up before the fire in riding boots and breeches was quite enchanting.

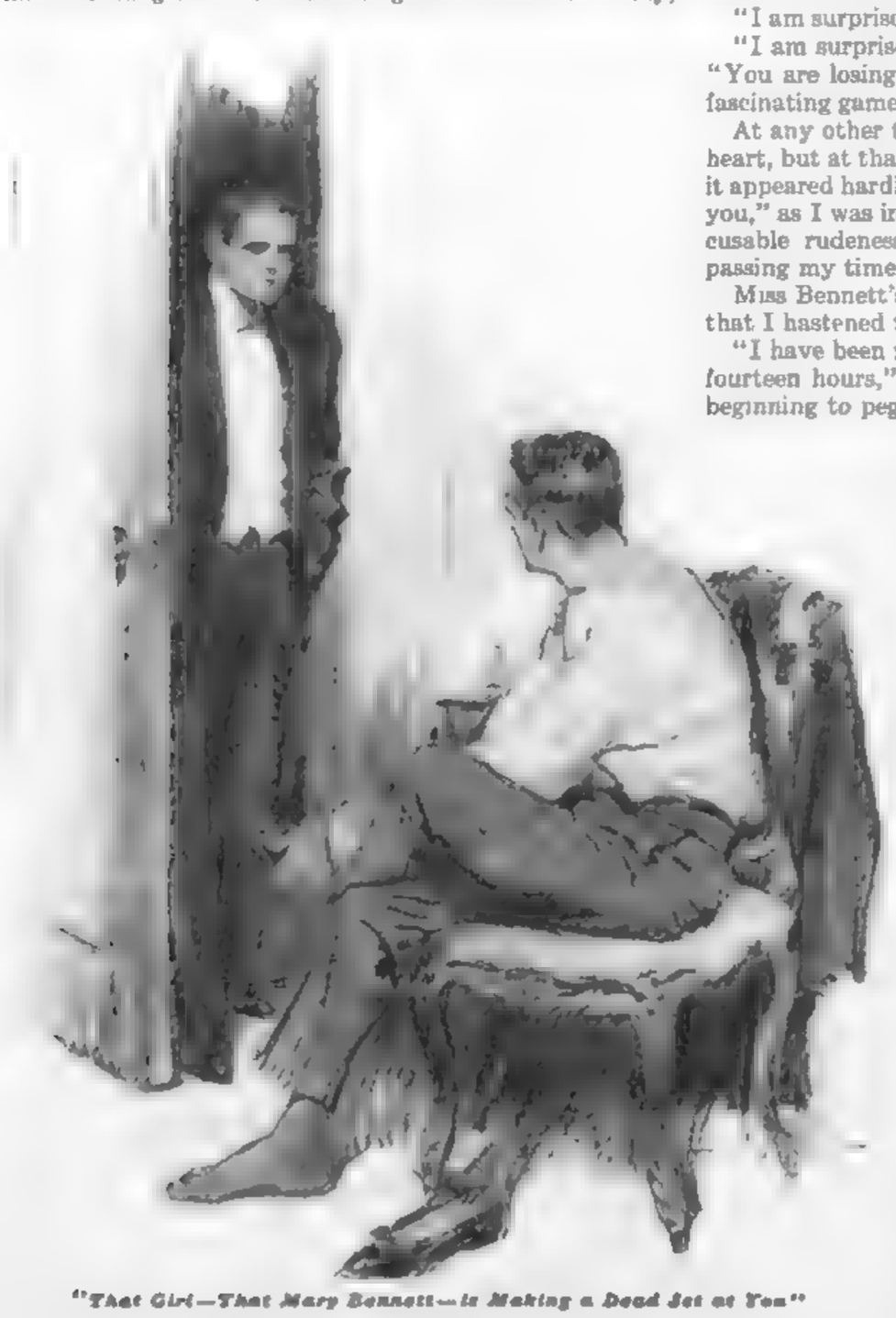
Henrietta Dalton, too, was a glowing creature, with her fine eyes and flashing smile -which, alas, never flashed for me! Mrs. Pardee and she were the acknowledged beauties in a number of unusually attractive women. Mary Bennett, elegant and willowy, with her highbred air, penciled brows and delicately disdainful manner, was certainly extremely piquant if not pretty; while Emily Blin, Prothero's stepdaughter, a hullabaloo little bacchante, with tousled hair and superabundant vitality, was captivating in her very youngness. She was always taking dares to climb something or kiss somebody; and when things lagged she would romp with the dogs and roll with them on the floor, as flushed and panting and indecorous as a child.

I ought to say something about the place itself however. It was on a bluff, overlooking an exquisite little lake some two miles long by one wide, with a drop-curtain islet in the center—such a steep, rocky, romantic gem of an island—and the trackless autumn woods stretched away in every direction to dark, mist-topped mountains beyond. The property was very large—it was described in square miles, not acres—and it was a matter of pride that it took two hours to reach the nearest camp. Of course it was just like a trust magnate to have bought it years before for half of nothing; I was told how little, but I cannot remember the figures—a few thousands, at a time when lakes were thrown in as practically valueless except as channels for floating out timber.

The house was comparatively new, having taken the place of another that had burned down a few years previously. Mrs. Ormsby Melton had told the architect the keynote of the plan must be simplicity, and he had nobly responded with more logs than I ever saw in my life. It was a log dream, and gorgeously bulgy and overhanging, and so Swissly-Swiss and Old-Nurembergy that you felt a Hans Andersen fairy must have waved her wand and transformed a forest hut into her notion of a castle.

Inside it was really beautiful, with such a prodigality of antique brass and oriental rugs, of blazing fireplaces and paneled woodwork, of tapestries, windownooks and glittering trophies of arms, that no subsequent familiarity could dull the delight of one's first impression.

It was a wonderful house, and my estimation of its mistress rose accordingly. Capacity—talent—always commands homage. Mrs. Melton might be effusive and silly, dyed and gushing, but she knew how to furnish log castles and reflect the spirit of the woods in the unexpectedly rich mirror of her fancy. My praise sent her into raptures; she was a simple soul and childlike in her love of appreciation—my appreciation! She would ask me in the same worshiping breath what I thought of George Bernard Shaw and what I thought of Siamese cats. Our conversations, in fact, were largely directed to what I thought of things. She once said she could go to sleep listening to me talk, which was supposed to be a compliment to my voice, though it might be interpreted more mortifyingly. I am afraid I talked a dreadful lot, but apparently I had been invited there to talk; so I talked and tried to explain the universe in words of one syllable to this insatiable inquirer. I blush to remember it, but after all what else could I do? I had to pay for my bread and butter hadn't I?



"That Girl—That Mary Bennett—is Making a Dead Set at You"

But, alas and alas, my moment of humiliation was at hand! My first evening revealed me as the social impostor I was. What little toleration I might have earned by my inoffensive demeanor and anxious affability fell with the dullest of dull thuds. I did not play bridge! Every one gazed at me with irritation—with surprise and disapproval. Mrs. Melton, whose partner I was to be, had hurriedly to seek a substitute for my unworthy self, amid such bustle and confusion, such a rearranging and general resentment, that I felt utterly disgraced.

I effaced myself, slipping into the music room adjoining to hide my pariah form. Why had I ever come to the infernal house? These people and I had nothing in common; all they were interested in was horses and dogs and their confounded bridge, which took on the solemnity of a religious rite. They were purseproud and insolent, dull and overbearing, and I hated them with a burning hate. Altogether I felt cross and hot and hurt and resentful—and crosser, hotter, more hurt and more resentful when a silken rustle warned me that my refuge had been invaded. I looked up and saw it was Mary Bennett.

"Not playing?" I asked, not because I wanted to know but merely to seem polite—and rising as reluctantly.

"Somebody had to be sacrificed," she explained; "and as I don't play very well I was weeded out."

It was an inflaming remark, though sweetly enough uttered, and I was filled with a sudden dislike for this elegant worldling whose very presence was a reproach. She spoke rather oddly, with a little touch of constraint that I ascribed to overweening pride. I had been struck before by her air of delicate disdain, and it seemed to me now there was something of it in her voice.

"I am surprised you do not play well," I observed.

"I am surprised you do not play at all," she returned. "You are losing a great deal, Mr. Anson; it is really a fascinating game. Why don't you let me teach it to you?"

At any other time such an offer would have melted my heart, but at that moment, in the grumpy humor I was in, it appeared hardly less than an insult. I answered "Thank you," as I was in duty bound; and then added with inexcusable rudeness that I had too many better ways of passing my time than to take up bridge.

Miss Bennett's offense was so evident, and so justified, that I hastened to apologize.

"I have been making myself continuously agreeable for fourteen hours," I said. "Be indulgent with me if I am beginning to peg out—to show brassy spots on what was once a dazzling silver surface. I referred to the game itself—not to your extraordinarily kind offer to teach it to me."

"Oh," she murmured noncommittally.

"Accept the apology of a deeply jaded spirit," I hurried on; "but if an angel from Heaven at this moment offered to teach me the harp and guaranteed proficiency in six easy lessons I fear I should be equally ungracious. I am sorry; I apologize; I pour ashes on my head. If necessary I will even grovel."

"One ought not to be rude—especially to an angel," she said.

"That was what I meant," I returned quickly.

Miss Bennett smiled. The most elegant worldling is susceptible to compliments.

For a time the conversation languished while I asked and received permission to light a cigarette.

"It is exciting to meet an author—a man who writes novels and stories, and stirs so many people in such a strange, intimate sort of way," she remarked at last with a pretty impulsiveness and an air of being greatly daring. "Do you know, I never met anybody before who ever did anything—except an aviator! I can hardly believe I am really sitting here talking to Arnold Anson."

"If I were not so tired I would say something modest," I returned. "After all, when you can buy such a lot of ink for five cents there is nothing much in being an author. It was different in the old days when we used goldleaf and wrote on vellum."

That Letter Was All Cream

"But ink has to be mixed with brains hasn't it?"

"Not necessarily—oh, dear, no! Most of us use ink plain. Brains as an ingredient in ink went out ages ago; they were found too clogging for fountain pens. My dear young lady, writing—my kind of writing—is a knack, not an art. There are only seven original stories in the whole world and all we can do is to give them a little twist—call Cinderella, Arabella Green, or Jack the Giant-Killer, Victor L'Estrange, or the Sleeping Beauty, Patience Fosbrey. This is not modesty; it is the dreadful, secret, innermost truth of what we call fiction."

"You have a depressing way of stating things," she said; "clever, but awfully depressing. I believe you are doing it intentionally because—you don't like me."

"That isn't a very fair remark," I protested. "To let it pass would be an insult and to deny it requires an ardor, an outcry and general hubbub that I am quite unequal to."

"But you don't," she persisted. "It is strange how you can take one look at a person and *know*."

"Frankly I am not eager to like anybody," I said, edging off from such a direct challenge. "My ideal is a comfortable indifference that makes no demands on anything save one's sense of humor. I like to see this great flashing and sizzling of human pluses and minuses, of men and women passionately seeking one another out in the vast hurly-burly of life—from a nicely padded little bombproof with slits in its three-foot-thick walls."

"A coward," she said.

"Yes, Bombproof Johnny," I agreed. "I like the fighting, but I like to see it from a safe distance."

"And a skulker," she observed with a curl of her lip.

"Oh, yes."

"And vain and cold and egotistic—all head and no heart," she went on pitilessly.

"But that is the only kind of person who ever gets through life unscathed," I commented in a tone of philosophic reflection. "It is not such a bad thing to be a live dog and watch dead lions stacked up in heaps—and recognize some of their skins afterward made up into the swellest of automobile coats."

"I prefer my aviator a thousand times over!" exclaimed Miss Bennett. "I wouldn't give his little finger for the whole of you."

"Oh, please let us be impersonal and calm," I pleaded. "You are ruffling the peace of my bombproof."

"I am going to tell you something," she broke out. "I was piqued at first because you did not like me, but now I am glad of it. I hope you will suffocate in your horrid bombproof or be hit in the eye by a stray bullet. I hope you will die forlorn and lonely, and without any one near you except ——"

"A faithful editor," I put in, smiling; "or a single old and devoted publisher, with scanty white locks and tottery legs. Yes, I can picture it—the unloved author's end—with his sad, wan face hidden beneath a black cotton typewriter cover, and rejected manuscripts laid about him like flowers!"

Miss Bennett laughed in spite of herself, but there was exasperation in her glance.

"I only meant I prefer a man," she said with a very unkind stress on the last word.

"So do I," I returned with a double entendre I regretted the moment I had said it. But that is the worst of disagreeable remarks—once they begin they breed like rabbits.

Miss Bennett rose and moved slowly over to the piano, where she lingered as though uncertain whether to sit down or not, and struck a few low chords. Then she turned toward the door and passed quietly out, leaving me not a little disconcerted. Evidently I had driven her away and this was her form—and a most effective form—of the last word. I really felt very crestfallen, though not exactly repentant. Womanlike, she had taken me seriously when I had only been joking; but the illusions of the young are what nurslings are to mothers, and woe betide any one who seems to assail them! Well, one of Melton's excellent cigars could console one for a great deal—even perhaps for the alienation of Miss Mary Bennett.

The next day was largely taken up with Mrs. Melton in the morning and Lawrence in the afternoon. I rather clung to Lawrence. Lawrence appreciated me so sincerely

and atoned for the somewhat wounding consciousness of my having become air—so far as Mary Bennett was concerned. Studying her more intently I began to appreciate she was prettier than I had thought—very much prettier and it troubled me in a vague, curious way. Lawrence took me for a long paddle on the lake, which included a climb to the summit of the little rocky isle and a singular talk under the pines at the top. Lawrence was a strange creature—so old and so young in bewildering alternations and with a pent-up, romantic nature that belied his man-of-the-world exterior. Stretched out there beneath the pines, with his blue eyes shining, and after many preambles and hesitations, he gradually unfolded what was closest to his boyish heart.

It began, if I may use so definite a word about what became so indefinite and dreamlike, by his explaining how much he hated to go to college. He said that the college spirit, as exemplified by hoisting a cow into a church loft or putting live frogs into a freshman's bed, appealed as little to him as did the "idiocies" that formed the serious part of the curriculum. He despised the whole silly business, he declared. A college education was stultifying; it was medieval; it was, in fact, all rot! Why should I not be his college? he asked. Why should he not take a three-year course of Arnold Anson? Financially—and here he flushed—it would be all right. Yes, I should stimulate and develop him; give him the right point of view—the old Greek idea, you know, of disciples and sage.

I did not smile. To have smiled would have been to shiver this filmy fantasy, like the touch of a finger on a soap-bubble. I almost held my breath lest he should stop. The heart of a boy is the timidest thing in creation; to see it revealed for a moment was a touching experience. The writer within me was alive to the privilege. But seriously to be called a sage! It was hard to stifle that inner entertainment; but I did—resolutely, for the delight of what was to come.

We were to go away together—he and I—to travel, to read and contemplate, to gather imperishable memories. We were to take our guitars—I wonder what I should have done with mine, but no matter!—take our guitars and on foot strum our way through Spain and Portugal, joyous vagabonds in cloaks and sashes. We would buy a felucca and, with a crew of red-capped Greeks, explore every nook and cranny of the Ægean Sea, tracing the ancient gods and the ancient people who had conceived them, to the very fountainhead. We would join the heroic Macedonians and help them fight for liberty as Byron had done for Greece; and then, for the sake of contrast, return to that Venetian palace which was always to be kept up in faded splendor as the spot from which we sallied forth on our wanderings.

I was more touched than ever; it was all very captivating and irresistible; as a dream I accepted it with enthusiasm and enlarged on some of the details from my richer experience. I can only think it must have been an enchanted little island where people temporarily lost their wits, or was it merely that incurable good nature of mine that can never say "No"?

In the retrospect it all seems very mad—quite incredible in fact. I remember we shook hands on it. We would make it come true, we said. I uttered some profound remarks on life in general—the platitudes of a sage to a reverential disciple—and felt greatly uplifted and sagelike. It never occurred to me how I was to extricate myself again; how I was to resume my normal self. My normal self clung to the neighborhood of Times Square like a limpet; my normal self was incapable of joining the heroic Macedonians, who might all have perished off the earth, for aught I cared. My normal self was an inveterate stay-at-home, anchored to a radiator, who got all his traveling from the department stores—uncut. Yet here was I, when a word might have saved me, deliberately deluding that unfortunate lad. Yes, Charles had been right when he said we writers were cannibals, conscienceless cannibals. I had eaten Lawrence—patent-leather shoes, silk shirt, monogram socks and all—and sooner or later I knew I was going to pay for it!

After dinner the hateful little green bridge tables appeared, and in the ensuing bustle and arranging I watched with considerable curiosity to see who was to be my partner. Somehow I had prepared myself for its being Lawrence and was more than surprised when Mary Bennett declared her intention of staying out. A group instantly formed about her, expostulating with a warmth and animation that afflicted me with a curious suspense—a twinge almost of jealousy lest, after all, she would allow herself to be overpersuaded. I tried to say to myself that I did not care what she decided; that she probably would not speak to me anyhow; that she was disdainful and supercilious, and with all her charming air was essentially a horrid, scornful young woman who disliked me as much as I did her. Yet when she won her point against all this outcry I felt a sudden dart of pleasure.

As she lay back on a sofa apparently oblivious of my existence while the others chatteringly took their places and began to deal and receive their hands, I went over to her and had the assurance to propose a walk on the terrace.

"After the way you have treated me all day?" she said with an amused expression that was not without a touch of asperity. "Why, Mr. Anson, isn't this rather astonishing of you?"

"I would call it more natural than astonishing," I returned. "Why should two such nice people be estranged? I hardly know how it happened or whose fault it was—but can't we begin all over again?"

"Mary, I Believe You Love Me," I Whispered Again

"You were very unkind last night," she remarked in a softer voice. "I fully thought you would be conventional enough today to ——"

"It was a clash of moods," I interrupted. "One cannot apologize for the intangible, and it is stupid to try."

"One can always be sorry for having hurt people's feelings," she retorted.

"Well, I should certainly be unutterably wretched if I have forfeited your good opinion," I said.

"There is only about this much left of it," she returned, showing me the precise length on her little finger.

"One could judge better by knowing what it had been in the first place," I said.

Miss Bennett smiled enigmatically.

"That might be too flattering," she murmured; "too flattering—and statistical. You cannot tabulate a woman's preferences; they can jump up and down in such a wild, crazy way. The trouble is that we cannot always gauge them ourselves when it is terribly important that we should."

"That makes my little finger all the more important then," I said.

"Oh, none of it is yours," she protested. "I never meant that for a minute. It is only a tiny little bit of good will—nothing more. It has to do the same duty for every one in the house, poor thing, except ——"

"Except?"

"Oh, that's a secret!"

"A secret—up or down?"

"Oh, up, of course."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say Jimmy Van Voght, but I refrained. Jimmy Van Voght was very devoted indeed; it did not take any wizard to see that he was head over heels in love with pretty Mary Bennett. He had been almost insulted when she would not play bridge, and had sulked publicly. His sullen glance was more often on us than on his cards, and this espionage grew so irksome that I again asked Miss Bennett to stroll with me on the terrace. She accepted readily, sharing my own disinclinations, I suspected, at being thus spied on.

It was an ideal moonlit night, and so balmy and warm that I tossed my hat into the nearest chair, feeling happier without it. The lake was a joy to behold; never had I seen anything more beautiful, more entrancing, more exquisitely mysterious and fairylike. For a moment we could talk of nothing else.

"What a night for indiscreet confidences!" I exclaimed as we began to pace up and down the empty silent terrace, with my companion's arm slipped through mine. "They say, *Cherchez la femme*, but is it not as often, *Cherchez la lune?* Moon-madness—how I love that word! I feel I could caper like a fawn or leap on the balustrade and drum like a glorious cock partridge; but the poor human animal is so restricted. All he can do is to talk—and usually only about himself."

"Or herself," agreed Miss Bennett. "Tell me, since we are to be so delightfully indiscreet and moon-maddened—what do you really think of poor little me? How I strike you, I mean—what sort of person I appear to you to be how I am mirrored in that queer, fanciful mind of yours. Please, I want you to."

"Let me drum a moment and collect myself," I answered. "What a staggering question! And one is met right off by that most irritating fact in life—that to say you like people always sounds patronizing."

"Oh, skip compliments," protested Miss Bennett impatiently. "I meant character—individuality—the real me!"

I paused, rather nonplused.

"You are what I would call a hothouse person," I said at last.

"A hothouse person! I don't understand."

"You have been grown under glass like a beautiful little cucumber," I explained. "Nothing disagreeable has ever been allowed to come near you. Night and day the artificial warmth has been adjusted by experts; and the weather to you has always seemed summer, no matter how bleak and cold it may have been outside. You associate only with other beautiful little cucumbers and hardly know that a real, bug-biting, sun-withering, devil-take-the-hindmost-cucumber world exists. You hothouse people all band together in a compact little coterie, and are as much remote from ordinary American life as so many Polish princes and princesses set down in our midst inside a wall. The European aristocracy, with all its defects, owns such a vast portion of the land that it cannot get altogether out of touch with those who live on it. But our hothouse Americans usually own nothing save a sheaf of bonds in a safe-deposit—a bale of crinkly paper that entails no obligation whatever to the community at large. Sometimes one wonders what is to become of you all; it is so easy to smash glass houses, you know, and both bricks and inclination are so plentiful."

"I a cucumber and you a Socialist—is that it?"

"Oh, no! I have no recipe for making the world better; I wish I had. I am only a poor devil who exists by selling opium to tired-out people."

"Opium?"

"They come home weary from work—all these toilers and moilers—and then I lull them to rest with my literary opium. The shopgirl, with her aching feet and pale face, sinks into my dreamy country of elegance and beauty, of ease and all-coming-rightness; the shabby clerk, the jaded superintendent, the careworn, ill-paid teacher pick up my opium and in a whiff or two all their workaday troubles

(Continued on Page 33)

The Kaiser's Debating Society

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

GERMAN affairs are conducted largely by means of signpost instructions. When the authorities want the people to do a thing they put up a sign telling the people to do that thing. Then the authorities see to it the people obey the sign, which isn't hard, for the German, when you get at the bottom of him, loves to be bossed and admires the exercise of vested official functions. He may protest turgidly over his beer, but he does what he is told just the same, and is glad of the chance. He likes to be governed.

They label every entrance, every exit, every doorknob, everything else. A German would as little think of going in under an *Ausgang* sign or out under an *Eingang* sign as he would consider breaking into the imperial palace. The sign they dote on, though, is "*Verboten!*" That is the instruction the German admires—Forbidden! It is forbidden to do this and that and thus and so. It is forbidden to play the piano after certain hours, to clean rugs except on certain days, to cook cabbage except at cabbage-cooking time, to do a thousand other things, and the German obeys every instruction literally. He has to or pay a fine. They waste no words about it, these men who run Germany. They decide on a course and stick up a sign, and that settles it. Obey the sign or take your punishment. They do not say: "Please keep off the grass!" They say: "*Verboten!*" And that effectually prevents the straying of any German feet on the sward.

He Read as a Man Would Read a Laundry List

When a government finds it so easy to direct its internal affairs by the sign method it is not surprising to see that government attempting to direct its external affairs in the same manner. For although the German writer and the German speaker are the most prolix on earth the German official is officially the most sententious. He believes in sticking up signs. Why parley when he can get results with his emphatic "*Verboten*"? Not that he won't parley, you understand, if he thinks there is any German advantage to be obtained, but that he will not parley if he can avoid it and can attain his end by the brusque sign method.

Putting Up the Government Sign

THE chancellor of Germany, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, is a tall, thin, Charles-W.-Fairbanksian sort of man, with an expression of deep melancholy and a general attitude that makes you think he hasn't had anything to eat for six weeks that agreed with him. However, that makes no particular difference so far as his position is concerned, for he is—nominally, at least, and next to the Kaiser—the head of the German government and the mouthpiece of the Kaiser in the Reichstag and elsewhere. He wants to be everywhere, but occasionally the Kaiser has a few words to say on his own account, which always grieves Von Bethmann-Hollweg and his associates, and leads them to remonstrate with the loquacious war lord and to tell him that his business is to be imperator, not orator.

It so happened when I was in Berlin recently that it was necessary for the German government to stick up a sign for the especial benefit of England, Russia and France. Quite naturally when England, Russia and France are concerned the only sign the German government thinks covers any case or every case is: "*Verboten!*" And that was the sign the German government determined to erect, so all the English, all the French and all the Russians might read and reflect upon it and what it meant. Because of his position as chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg was accorded the billboard privileges, and a certain afternoon early in December, at the crisis of the Balkan War, was selected as the date for the ceremony.

There had been many interchanges in the press over the probable attitude of Germany in the jockeying the Great Powers were indulging in, especially Austria, Germany's ally, on the one hand, and Russia, Germany's enemy and the ally of France and England, on the other. Without going into tiresome details the question all revolved about the demands of Servia, backed by Russia, for certain territory Servia claimed as spoils of the war, and the stern refusal of Austria to allow Servia to take what she wanted in a particular place. All Europe hummed with talk of another and far bloodier war that should involve the Great Powers, and there came continual stories of mobilization and preparation by Russia and Austria, backed by circumstantial details of financing operations and other warlike preparations.

It is hard for an American, living in peace with all the world and threatened at no time by any other country, to get into the spirit of the men of affairs in these European countries where war always is a possibility and many times a probability. Europe was intensely excited. The victorious rush of the Balkan allies had upset a lot of notions that had been held, and even the amateur at the politics of war could see the time was an acute one and that war might come—not that it would come, but that it could come. And it would be a war that was a war, if it did come, involving, to a great extent, France, England and Russia on one side, and Germany, Austria and Italy on the other.

The great capitals were excited. They were speculating in London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg on what would happen. No nation was showing its hand, but the chancelleries were busy and the general staffs had been put on guard. Austria continued firm in her stand against Servian demands, and the time came when it was necessary, politic, imperative indeed, for Germany to show how she felt about the matters under discussion. Two days before the announcement was to be made all Berlin knew it was to be made, and on the certain Monday fixed for the official announcement the crowds that tried to get into the Reichstag were larger than they had been in years. It was to be the great day of the session, the great day of many sessions. Germany was to put up her sign.

I had been instructed to be at a certain entrance at two o'clock, and I was there; and the matter of getting to the press gallery occupied only a moment or two. There was none of the red tape of the House of Commons or the Chamber of Deputies. Germans work in another way. They said I could go in at two o'clock and I went in at two o'clock, and that was all there was to it. No fuss or trouble. All I had to do was to follow the signs, and presently I was in the gallery. Incidentally, I may say, the arrangements for the dissemination of the news of what the Reichstag does are much superior to those of any other capital in the world, and make the arrangements in the Capitol at Washington seem like no arrangements at all.

The lobby outside the chamber—a long, richly furnished room—was crowded with constituents of members trying for tickets for the galleries. The big restaurant where the members eat was crowded also with members who sought to escape the importunities of their constituents, for that place is sacred to members. The galleries were filled long before two o'clock, and hundreds could not get in by any subterfuge or by the exercise of any pull. It was exactly like a big day in the House of Representatives at home, and when it comes to working dodges for gallery admission the whole world is kin, for the Germans made precisely the same sort of pleas the Americans make and harried their members in the same way.

The chamber of the Reichstag is a great rectangular room done in carved oak. In many ways it resembles the hall of the House of Representatives, and has almost the same number and the same kind of desks and seats for members as are in the House at home. The galleries are more ornate, the chamber itself is longer and not so wide as the House, but the general effect is similar.

How the Reichstag Is Arranged

THE president sits at one side—on one of the long sides—and the desks of the members run in semicircles before him. The platform of the president is elevated, and just beneath it on another platform is a sort of a pulpit, in which the speakers who address the Reichstag stand when talking. On a level with the speakers' pulpit are the ministerial or government benches, on the right hand of the president; and the seats for the Bundesrat, or higher body, are on his left. The chancellor sits at the end of the front ministerial bench nearest the president and quite close to the speakers' pulpit. The secretaries and clerks and stenographers are ranged below on the floor level.

The Reichstag Is the Froth on the Beer

The press gallery extends across the room at one of the short sides of the rectangle, on the left of the president; and the diplomatic, imperial and privileged galleries are at the other side, directly across from the press gallery. The public galleries run along the long side of the room opposite the side on which the president sits on his elevated chair, and back of him is a series of richly carved oak panels, with the coats-of-arms of the principalities of the German Empire high on the wall above him and the imperial double eagle in the center. The press gallery was crowded to the walls, the public galleries held every person who could be put therein, and the ministerial benches and the seats for the Bundesrat, usually sparsely occupied, held their full quota. The naval and military representatives in the cabinet were in uniform, and there was a glint of gold lace in the court gallery. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg sat in his seat, gazing moodily at the floor. He spoke to no one and no one spoke to him. He fumbled with a few sheets of paper, arranging and rearranging them.

"He's going to read it," whispered a Russian correspondent who sat near me.

"Why not?" snapped a German reporter. "It's worth reading, you may be sure."

The papers had been forecasting the announcement for several days. It was imperative that Germany should declare her attitude, and the wise pressmen said Germany could do nothing but stand by Austria. Of course that seemed true; but there was a great to-do to see just how far Germany would go in standing by Austria, none the less, and every eye in the place rested on the chancellor, who fumbled his sheets of paper and stared at the floor.

The beginning was so abrupt as to be almost startling. The president came on his platform and rang a bell exactly like an American dinner bell, clashing it vigorously three or four times. He is an old man with a patriarchal gray beard. The members took their seats. The ministers settled into their places. The members of the Bundesrat crowded to the front. The Socialists, who occupy the extreme left with their one hundred and ten votes, leaned forward. The Conservatives on the extreme right sat back smugly content. The chancellor still fumbled his papers. The president said a few words in a slow monotone, and as one man the press gallery almost shouted: "He's going to read it at once!"

Instantly the chancellor unwound himself and straightened up to his six-feet-two or so. He held his papers in his hand. The room became quiet. He began to read slowly, in a monotonous voice, with not the slightest attempt at oratory, with no gestures, but as if he was bored to death and would be glad to get it done and over. His delivery is poor. His voice is unmusical, almost guttural. He did not raise it once from the dull, even tone in which he began. He did not look up from his paper, or lift his right arm from his side, or stop when there were a few cries of "Bravo!" from the Conservatives.

German Affairs are Conducted Largely by Means of Signpost Instructions

Warned to Keep off the Austrian Grass

HE READ as a man would read a laundry list, or the report of a meeting of a church society. Viewed as a spectacle, it was about as exciting as a man standing up and reading a list of the contributions to the foreign missions. But it was a great occasion, for here was the chancellor of Germany telling the whole world that the rights of Austria must be respected, or Germany would go to war instantly to help Austria maintain those rights as she saw them.

He was putting up the German national: *"Verboten!"* All other Powers, and especially England, France and Russia, were being warned to keep off the Austrian grass. Stolidly, unemotionally, with absolutely no expression this man read from his typewritten sheets of paper the word which, if disregarded, would mean war that would, in Germany alone, send nearly five million men to the colors if all were called out, and that would undoubtedly remake the entire map of Europe.

"If," he recited, much as a boy would recite his geography lesson, "in the assertion of their interests our allies"—Austria and Italy—"should be attacked from a third side"—meaning Russia, the ally of England and France— "and their existence be endangered, then, true to our alliance obligations, we should have to take our stand on their side firmly and unflinchingly." He did not stop for the cry of "Bravo!" that came here. Calmly, stolidly, in that same monotone he continued: "Then, too, shoulder to shoulder with our allies we should fight for our own position in Europe and for the defense of the security and future of our own country."

There it was. There was the sign: *"Verboten!"* There was the warning for England and France and Russia—and especially Russia—to keep off. It was forbidden. Russia must not interfere, or Russia would get into a fight that would have Germany in it on the other side, and that meant millions of men involved and billions of money, and all the horror and suffering and tragedy of a great war. And this tall, gaunt man made the announcement to the whole world as quietly as if he were reading a page out of an agricultural report. It didn't take fifteen minutes. He finished and sat down and stared at the floor again. In a minute, a Socialist, named Ledebour, was in the pulpit and began to talk about the address. He talked for an hour or so. The chancellor listened gravely and laughed silently once or twice. The ministers drifted out. The members of the Bundesrat went down to the restaurant. The aged presiding officer put a younger substitute in the chair and sought refreshment. It was all over and there wasn't a thrill in the whole performance. The sign was up. The chancellor had put it up himself. England and France and Russia were invited to read: *"Verboten!"* Then, that being done, everybody had some coffee, and the Socialist hammered along to an almost empty house and to rapidly emptying galleries.

That was a big day in the Reichstag. Occasionally they have these big days, but not often, for, to tell the truth about it, the Reichstag isn't so impressive in Germany as it is out of Germany. Outside, we look at it superficially as a popular branch of a government that originates laws and helps to govern. Inside we discover it to be nothing more or less than a debating society—a Kaiser's debating society, but a debating society none the less. To be sure, there are times when the Reichstag does a little something off its own bat, but these are rare. Notwithstanding the fact that the Reichstag is there to legislate it does precious little legislating that is not controlled, directed, wanted and advocated by the government. It can hamper to some extent any governmental program, but it cannot originate anything: and if it should try to go off on its own hook and do some legislating that the government did not desire the government would immediately tell it to go home, dissolve, get out, and see to it that the right kind of a Reichstag was elected in its place.

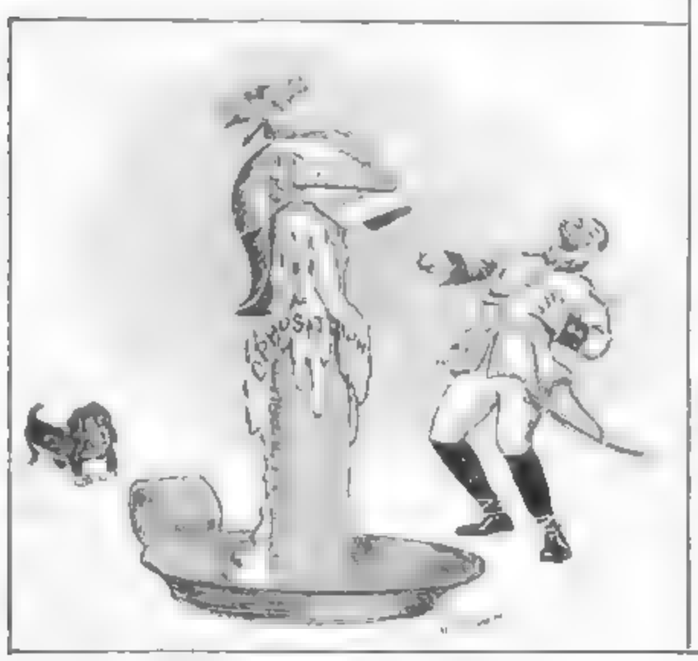
The Conservatives and the old-line Royalists call the Reichstag the Joke House. None of the so-called ruling classes take it as seriously as it takes itself, which is the way of the world; but it is not exactly a joke house for all that. It may be a pun house, or a bon-mot house, but not exactly a joke house, for there are times when it can make trouble for the government and modify governmental policies. Ordinarily, however, it is a debating society where long-winded orators split hairs of theory with thin little wedges of fact, and hammer the pulpit into splinters and hurt nothing but their own fists.

A Personally Conducted Government

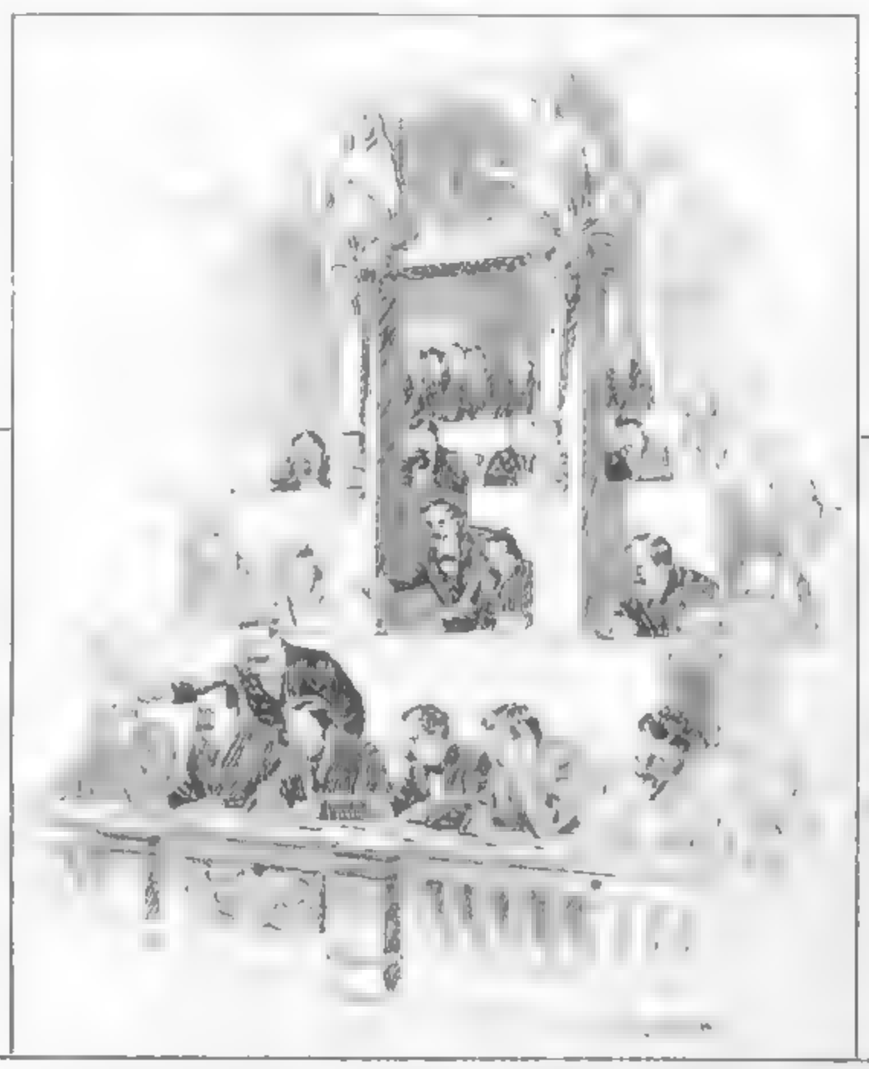
YOU see the government is the ruling power and the Kaiser is the government. It is so apparent as to be almost obvious that if the Kaiser is the government he is the government, with no appendages or appendixes or appanages in the way of a Reichstag hitched on and helping him govern. Nevertheless and notwithstanding the constitution for popular government made and provided at the time of the formation of the present empire, such popular government as there is is at the will and behest of the Kaiser and none other, with such modifications as the ministry can get him to take, if so be the ministry wants him to take any, which ordinarily it does not.

This Kaiser of Germany is a real king. He runs his government. He appoints his ministers and he runs the ministry as he sees fit. Likewise he appoints about everybody else worth appointing, but he allows the people to elect the members of the Reichstag. This doesn't hurt him any, or deprive him of any of his kingly prerogatives, for he has his ministry there to tell the Reichstag,

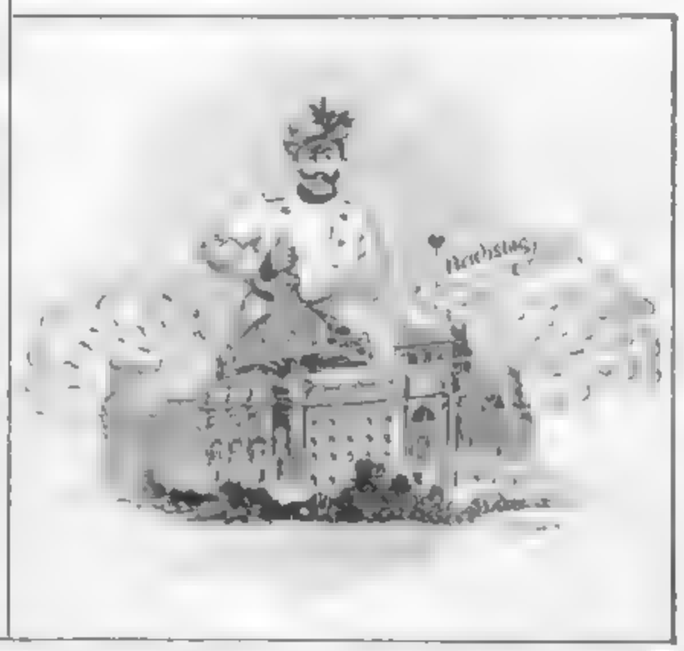
(Continued on Page 65)



The Kaiser is the Boss



"He's Going to Read it," Whispered a Russian Correspondent



They Can Talk Themselves Black in the Face

ON THE UPGRADE

The Knowledge Route

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHEN I was a boy back on the farm I got a jackknife one Christmas. The handle looked like bone, but I determined to find out for sure. I held it against the grindstone and gave a few turns of the crank. The way that bogus bone handle faded away was amazing! It was made of some soft composition that was all right to look at, but it would not stand up under real use.

So, you see, right here at the start my bump of inquisitiveness was strongly developed—and this trait, I believe, has boosted me along to my present position as buyer for a New York department store.

My parents were Swedes, and we lived on a bleak little farm in Minnesota. Of my early years I remember chiefly poverty and discomforts that amounted to hardship. With all his hard work and self-deprivation my father never secured more than the barest of necessities. It seems to me, as I look back, he was always getting the worst of everything he undertook. Our crops were pathetically scant, the hogs mean little runts, and the chickens habitually afflicted with some molting disease. I understand now why these things were so: Father lacked knowledge of the very occupation out of which he was trying with tremendous labor to build success.

One day father caught me tying a knot in a hog's tail.

"Hi!" he shouted at me. "What you ban doin'?"

"I'm trying to find out why his tail doesn't curl up nice and kinky," said I; but he drove me off.

At another time I had a rooster strapped down to a board and was minutely examining a bald spot on his back when dad got me by the ear. He wouldn't let me finish my inquiry.

Then one day old Pete, our big bay horse, got a fit and kicked daylight through the stable. Father had a gallon of colic medicine he'd got from a quack horse doctor, and he made old Pete drink it all. Now I'd been observing the curious actions the horse made with his jaws, and I told dad the beast had the toothache. But dad couldn't see it. That night old Pete got his legs tangled up kicking, and was cast in his stall. We found him dead. I made a post-mortem and discovered a badly ulcerated tooth—I was always curious to get at the how and why of things—but dad beat me with a martingale strap for desecrating the dead.

Trying Out Salesmen's Samples

YES, father was a farmer, but he hadn't curiosity enough to find out about soils and fertilization; he had never heard of entomology as applied to agriculture; he did not know anything about nitrogen-fixing bacteria or about treating diseases of potatoes. He seldom investigated anything; so, in spite of his toil, the farm gave back the worst possible result.

"It's a Poor Slipper; the Sole is Made of Paper"

And then somebody or other was always putting over some kind of swindle or shrewd bargain—with the shrewdness eternally against us.

I have a vivid recollection, for instance, of going with father to purchase my first suit of store clothes. Up to that point mother had made all my garments. I think dad gave up six or eight dollars for my "all-wool" new suit. Inside of a month the suit was crumbling to pieces. When it came to telling wool from shoddy father was as guileless as some people are today.

My name is not Ole Oleson, but assume it is.

"Ole," said my father one day when I was fourteen, "Aye tank you ban fool round long 'nough. Aye skall get you a yob." He did get me a job—in a country store four miles from our farm. My hours were from five-thirty in the morning to nine at night, and I had to walk both ways unless I was lucky enough to pick up a ride. For my services I received two-fifty a week.

One day a salesman from Minneapolis drove up with a new brand of celluloid collars; he was introducing them at a very low price. My employer had never cultivated a habit of curiosity, so he ordered six dozen. Meanwhile I had been examining one of the collars. Something about it suggested varnish, so I tried a little turpentine on it. I found the collar nothing but cotton inside.

My boss was very angry and kicked the salesman out the back door. This, however, was a poor way of handling the situation. The buyer who is imposed on is often more to blame than the salesman. The latter may even be innocent of intent to defraud. Still, it is always hard for a salesman under such circumstances to establish an alibi, and the plain fact remains that salesmen ought to know what they are selling. The salesmen who do know, and hold their honor high, are the ones who draw the big salaries. Likewise the buyer who knows what he is getting is the one who draws big pay—bigger than the salesman's.

This was my first experience at buying. Not long afterward a drygoods salesman from Chicago hove in sight with some pretty blue calico with white polka-dots on it. Now I knew my mother had often found calico unreliable, so I cut off a sample of this goods and washed it while the salesman was expounding to my employer the remarkable qualities of some ginghams and other goods. I was not quite prepared for the result I got from my experiment at laundering, for every one of those white polka-dots dropped out of the goods and left a neat little round hole!

This, of course, queered the salesman and raised my wages to three dollars a week. By the time I was eighteen I was virtually running that store. It was common knowledge among salesmen that Ole Oleson would not take any old thing that was offered him, and a lot of the frauds stopped coming round.

I was now getting forty dollars a month, but I grew dissatisfied with my progress and went to Minneapolis to hunt a better job. I had thought myself pretty smart up there in the country, but when I saw the city stores my first impression was one of hopeless ignorance. Our crude little stock back at the crossroads really measured my knowledge accurately. However, I made the rounds time after time, applying for a clerkship. One day the assistant manager of a department store got out of patience.

"You back here again!" he demanded.

"Yes," said I; "and I wish you would give me a chance. If I don't make good you can fire me at the end of a week."

"You're from the country, I believe," he observed, with a suggestion of sarcasm that riled me. "What do you know about city merchandise?"

"There are a lot of city salesmen who've discovered that I know enough not to be swindled!" I exclaimed rather hotly.

He looked at me sharply; then he picked up a slipper from a table in his office.

"What do you think of this?" he asked. "Is it a good slipper or a bad one? If you were buying it what would you say?"

I had gone through some illuminating experience with shoes, and now I took my time in the examination, using my knife on the sole. I did not propose to be caught.

"It's a poor slipper," said I, at length; "the sole is made of paper."

So it was, and the assistant manager knew it; he had already refused to buy it. I got a job in the stockrooms.

"If you find anything there that isn't what it's supposed to be," he said, "let me know."

From the start I was thrown into touch with the store's buyers, and it wasn't long before my ambitions began to take the direction of buying. But the thing that discouraged me most was my narrow knowledge. The weight of my ignorance about this great merchandise stock weighed me down with despair. After floundering in this problem for several months my logical course gradually grew upon me, and I made up my mind to do some systematic studying. It is strange that more boys—and men too—do not reach this conclusion instead of floundering all their lives.

Circumstances had placed me among the textiles, and textiles I resolved to study. In this undertaking I was almost wholly undirected. Millionaires were giving huge sums to the colleges so that boys might study Latin and Greek and the like, but no rich man apparently had thought of guiding boys who wanted to be buyers.

I Kept a Close Watch on the Gowns of the Leading Actresses

A Boarding House Laboratory

AFTER a long search I got on the track of a few books; but the cruel thing about it was that the ones with the most suggestive titles were written in German and French. However, it occurred to me that if ever I became a foreign buyer I should need these languages anyhow. So I went to board with a German family and took up French in the evenings without a teacher. In later years these foreign tongues proved immensely helpful—but I'll not anticipate.

With such meager facilities as I could command I now began a systematic study of cloth. Without instructors and with only an excuse for textbooks I grouped and analyzed and dissected all the various fabrics made of wool, cotton, linen, silk, and so on. My little room in my boarding place was littered with samples, and my pine table beside the bed was filled with charts and other homemade data; in fact, I went to school there by myself, because I wanted to learn as much as I could about the goods I handled down at the store. There was scarcely a night that I did not work until after midnight.

In a primitive way I got into chemistry, and one day my landlady's baby came near drinking some hydrochloric acid I had been using as a test for silk. After that I built a high shelf and put my chemicals on it—sulphuric and nitric acids, caustic soda, coloring matters, and so on.

And then I delved a little into mathematics, for I found that the science of cloth meant fractions and square root, and all sorts of equations. After a while, however, I saw I was getting too deeply into technical detail, which I never could hope to master in all its intricacy and learning; so I began to compress my textile education into a general knowledge of each division, such as spinning, weaving, dyeing and printing, and raw materials.

By the end of my second year in Minneapolis I knew the pedigree of every piece of goods in the store; I knew how it was made and where. I could tell the genus, species and relationships of damask, dimity, alpaca and cambric, for instance, and all their points of excellence or mediocrity.

All this time I was working alongside men who had the same opportunities I had, yet could not tell, for example, whether a linen tablecloth was related to buckram or whether a wool blanket could claim descent from an Oriental rug.

The surest route to a better job, in my opinion, is a route few men seem to take—knowledge of the things that make up the particular business involved. Because the colleges do not provide just the course necessary is no reason why a boy or a man should remain all his life a blank! There isn't one buyer in a hundred who ever saw the inside of a college—and those who were fortunate enough to go to college never learned cloth there.

It was natural almost inevitable—that I was made head of one stockroom and then of several rooms. One day when I was twenty-two the dressgoods buyer came along through my part of the store.

"Oleson," said he, "run out home and pack your grip in a hurry. I want you to go down to Chicago with me tonight to help buy goods. Hustle along now, and meet me at the six-thirty train."

Thus I grew into an assistant buyer and later a department manager. I never asked for these jobs, but I got them simply because I knew goods.

I went to New England on one of my buying trips, and after I had completed my purchases I wired my superior something like this:

"May I have two weeks' vacation in which to study textiles at the mills?"

In the evening I got this answer:

"Take a month. The house will pay your salary and expenses."

This was happiness indeed!—the more so because of the confidence displayed by my employers. Yet I believe that most mercantile or manufacturing houses are not only willing but anxious to further the efforts of reliable men to get knowledge. There is nothing that pays such big dividends in the end.

I want to tell you a little incident that brings out an important point in this subject of knowledge. The following year, when I was down East again buying some cotton piecegoods, I was shown a pattern that had a lot of vermilion in it. Instantly a danger signal flopped up in my brain.

"Bill," said I to the salesman who was trying to sell me the goods, "I don't think I'll take this pattern. It's mighty pretty, but I don't want it."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because vermilion is an expensive color," said I, "and the printworks couldn't afford to use so much of the pure stuff. The chances are that this vermilion has been badly adulterated, which means that the color will prove fugitive when it gets out into the light or is put in the wash."

This, remember, was a good many years ago; I don't mean to judge the patterns or colors of the present day, though situations very similar occur even now. I refused to buy these goods, but soon afterward along came another Minneapolis buyer who grabbed the vermilion.

"It's a beauty!" he declared. "It'll go quick!"

Well, it did go quick—both the goods and the color! The store that had bought the stuff had to refund a lot of money to indignant customers, and the buyer was fired. He had betrayed his lack of knowledge once too often.

The point I want to make is this: I didn't understand all the chemistry of that color, but I did know the visible result of such chemistry. Subsequently a dyeworks chemist tried to explain it to me, and said something about the acetic anhydrid having too little affinity—or something of that sort; but I cut him off.

"We can't all be technical specialists," said I; "yet from every specialty a buyer must gather certain groups of vital facts and have them on tap in his memory. You look after your chemistry—but if you do it wrong, remember, I'll catch you at it in a hurry!"

This is an important thing in the philosophy of practical knowledge. The knowledge that counts most in getting and retaining good jobs is that which holds other men strictly to account, and does it intelligently.

It was not long afterward that a certain dressgoods fabric was brought out and introduced with much hullabaloo. I'll be charitable and refrain from naming it. Now my knowledge of textile manufacture led me to believe that this material could not withstand moisture. Securing a sample I soaked it in a bucket of water over night. Next morning I could not find the sample. I said nothing about my experiment, but, of course, saw that none of the goods went over our counters. Then I awaited developments at a store across the street that had plunged on the stuff.

One Sunday a heavy rain came up suddenly and soaked a lot of women who were caught without umbrellas. They went home in their petticoats; their dresses had melted away!

The buyer who took this stuff for his house was one who had got his job through mere circumstances rather than knowledge. But it didn't do him much good, for the concern ultimately went into bankruptcy. It could not find sufficient men who were competent to run it.

This may sound like a broad statement, but it is literally true. And today there is many a concern going to the wall for the same reason—yet we hear croakers saying that opportunity is a thing of the past!

I tell you the demand for men who know their business is practically unlimited, but you can't ring in bogus knowledge for the real thing. Bluff and good clothes may count some, perhaps; but not when it comes to the goods themselves.

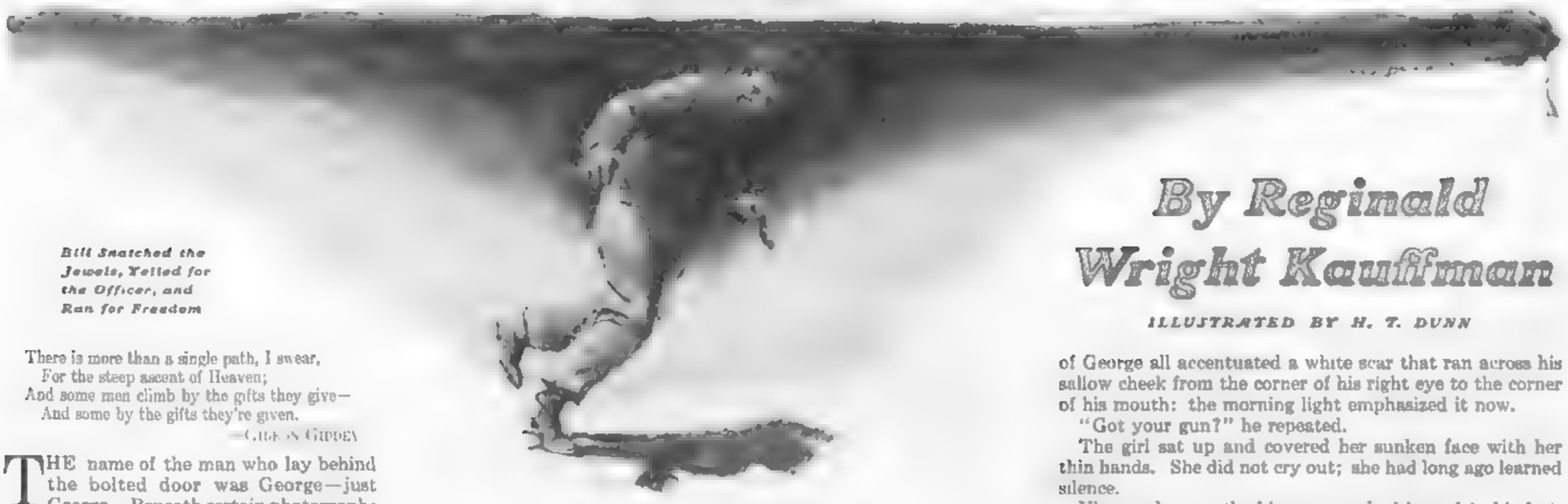
When I was still a Minneapolis buyer I made my first trip abroad, and in one of the linen-spinning mills of Ireland I met a shriveled-up, measly-looking little man named O'Fogarty, who was the firm's buyer of the raw flax. I wondered how such an unimposing character came to hold a job so vitally important, and I asked him for the reason.

"Durin' the twinty-odd years I worked in the mill," said he, "I studied flax fiber all the toime; an' whin me boss wanted a buyer he sint for me. 'Mike,' says me boss, 'you know fiber. Get over to Ghent an' buy us some.'"

Thus O'Fogarty became one of those sentinels, called buyers, who protect their firms and the ultimate consumer. I was proud to be one of the men in O'Fogarty's class—men picked for knowledge. By reason of diligent study we

(Continued on Page 41)

The Stranger Within His Gates



Bill Snatched the Jewels, Yelled for the Officer, and Ran for Freedom

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

There is more than a single path, I swear,
For the steep ascent of Heaven;
And some men climb by the gifts they give—
And some by the gifts they're given.
—GELETT GIBBEN

THE name of the man who lay behind the bolted door was George—just George. Beneath certain photographs of him, preserved in interesting collections by certain officials in several certain cities—photographs that did not at all resemble him—the provided blanks, which gave his age as thirty-six, his weight as a hundred and seventy pounds—the one in England called it "twelve stone two"—and his height as five feet ten and a half, had been filled with a few other titles separated by the word alias; but to George himself he had always been plain George—very plain George, and nothing else. His sole friend, Big Bill Viney, had sometimes called him Black George, as an expression of affectionate admiration; but Big Bill was dead now and George was wanted for the killing.

Not that anybody had just cause to regret Mr. Viney's demise. On the contrary, based upon his past record, a conservative calculation would have shown that, had George not relieved it of the expense, Bill's continued existence for a term in accord with the insurance tables would have cost the state a small fortune. Besides, the fight—and the police must now know this—had been as fair as most fights and a good deal fairer than most international conflicts. Nevertheless that was something which could not be proved—and what concerned the police was the Mallard jewels.

George and Viney had gone into the Mallard job on their usual understanding of share and share alike. They made a first-rate clean-up; there were several lots of silver, three gold watches and all of Mrs. Mallard's unbanked jewels, to a gross value of, say, several thousand dollars. The getaway, moreover, was as clean as anybody could wish; the operators left the house undetected and crossed town from Riverside Drive to Second Avenue. And then, when George tripped on a foolish curb and twisted his ankle, Bill, seeing a policeman in the offing, dropped his burden, which consisted of the watches and silver; snatched George's, which was the jewels; yelled for the officer, and ran for freedom.

It was a nasty trick—so nasty and so out of character that George concluded it must have arisen from an uncharacteristic motive. Accordingly when, in spite of his bad ankle, he had evaded the pursuing policeman in the purlieus of the upper East Side and passed the remainder of the night beside an area-grating, George paid an unexpected visit to his sweetheart. The watches and the silver had been left by the nocturnal curb to divert the pursuing policeman; but, with his sweetheart, George found the jewels—and Mr. Viney.

"Got your gun?" said George.

He was standing with his back to the entrance of the room that was the woman's home. The police descriptions of George all accentuated a white scar that ran across his sallow cheek from the corner of his right eye to the corner of his mouth: the morning light emphasized it now.

"Got your gun?" he repeated.

The girl sat up and covered her sunken face with her thin hands. She did not cry out; she had long ago learned silence.

Viney, who was the bigger man, had leaped to his feet. His puffed countenance was covered with a black stubble.

"George ——" he began.

"You'd better get your gun!" said George.

With a quickness that was surprising in a man of his size Viney thrust a hand under the mattress of the bed and, in one motion and without warning, turned and fired.

George had not had time to draw. He drew now.

"You skunk!" said George—and shot Viney through the lungs.

When the smoke cleared Viney was discovered crumpled on the floor, dying; the girl had pulled a washstand from the wall and was crouched behind it; George was bleeding from a nasty cut where Big Bill's bullet had plowed across his rival's forehead. Viney's aim had been too sudden; his treachery had been his own undoing. The girl was still silent.

"Where's the goods?" said George.

"In here," said the girl.

George opened a door in the washstand and drew out the little bag that contained Mrs. Mallard's jewels. He slipped the bag under his coat, pocketed his revolver—he used a side pocket of his coat, where access would be easy—and prepared to depart. Then, perhaps because of some half hint of what was soon to befall him, he stooped to Viney and began to run his hands over the dying man's clothes.

The dying man looked at him with filmy eyes. He opened his mouth, but no words issued—only a thin trickle of crimson.

George paid no attention to this. He turned Viney over as if his one-time comrade had been a bag of coal. He took a key from somewhere in Viney's clothes and deposited it about his own person. He let Viney fall back loosely and stood up. The girl spoke

"You ain't goin' to shoot me then?" asked the girl still crouched behind the washstand. Her tone expressed incredulity rather than fear.

George mopped his wound with a towel.

"Tie me up," he said.

"You ain't goin' to shoot?"

"Tie me up!"

The girl came from her hiding-place; she had the habit of obedience. She bound a dirty cloth about George's head. The man on the floor coughed, drew up his knees and died. George pulled his soft hat over his bandage.

"No," he said, "I ain't goin' to shoot you; you ain't worth it."

With no second look at the living or the dead he limped out. He took a Second Avenue car downtown. He intended to strike for the Cortlandt Street Ferry; but he felt something warm on his cheek, put his hand to his face and drew it away red—the wound was still bleeding. He left the car and went into an alley.

There he tore a strip from his shirt and came forth holding this as a man with a severe toothache might hold a handkerchief to a swollen face. He could thus avoid attention for a short time; but his ankle hurt him, he was weak from loss of blood, and he began to feel dizzy. So he made his way westward, stumbled through Greenwich Village to a spot near the waterfront and, apparently unobserved, entered a rat-eaten tenement that he knew, climbed its steep stairs and found shelter in the small room that stood alone at its very top, just beneath the roof.

It seemed the only wise course. He had some money, but the ferry threatened a tax upon his strength. On the other hand this single room, like an eagle's nest on a mountain, was, he then reasoned, almost sure to be the last place in which they would look for him. He could stay here for a day and recuperate; it was the room of a man whose long absences were known to the other dwellers of the big house, but whose business and name they did not know—a man whose associates were all denizens of another portion of that jungle called New York; whose acquaintances, save George, were never told of this haven; it was Big Bill Viney's, and George entered it by means of the key that he had stolen from the body of his dying comrade.

That is how George came to be lying behind the bolted door, his head bandaged, his face unshaved, a revolver beside him, and his ear to the crack below, ready to catch any step that might announce a slip in the calculations that had directed him to this retreat. It was a mere cage, this room—fifteen feet by ten. There had never been any paper on the walls; and the plaster had crumbled in many places and fallen here and there upon the uneven floor. The ceiling sagged, and, since a cold November rain had for some days been descending, a grimy puddle had formed in one corner. There was a spotted window, through which a man could just squeeze his body; and this window opened upon a narrow balcony that communicated with the corresponding room in the next house and was pierced by a hole down which ran the straight iron ladder that, cutting balcony by balcony through every floor below, answered the deadly legal requirements for a fire-escape and stopped at a sufficiently dangerous distance from the pavement of the cluttered slum street below. The only furniture in Mr. Viney's room was a single cot and one heavy mahogany chair, once the ornament of some Colonial gentleman's dining room, now the strayed reveler from some Bowery pawnshop. George had left the chair in its corner; he had dragged the mattress from the cot, put it before the door, and was now lying upon it.

He did not look out of place. Indeed, according to

She Looked Like a Frightened Dog—a Dog That Coughs

prevailing notions, the only other place appropriate to his appearance would have been a prison cell which, though most cells are worse than even prison reformers imagine, would, however, have been more comfortable. George was a stocky man, with broad shoulders and a stoop. On his head, which was as small and round as a Napoleonic cannon-ball, the bristling red hair grew so low as almost to meet the thick eyebrows. His eyes were shifty green lights, set in small patches of muddy white. The jagged scar on his cheek did not improve that sallow surface. The stiffly stained bandage on his forehead did not lend him the air of an interesting invalid. George's neck was thick; his mouth and chin were like a bulldog's; and his teeth—what remained of them—were large and yellow.

He looked like a bad man. He was a bad man. He had been born, quite casually and to a woman who had excellent reasons for overlooking the fact, in an East Side alley. According to the beneficent custom of our individualistic republic, with its proud theory of equality and opportunity, he had been allowed to bring himself up, which he did in the only environment permitted him.

The forms of the statutes protecting property presented themselves to George's childish eyes only in the person of the policeman, who stood between him and obedience to that primal law of humanity which demands that a stomach have food. At the age of six George stole milk bottles from the hallways of tenements; at the age of ten he hung about saloons and picked the pockets of those befuddled artisans of whom the fear of poverty demands the courage of alcohol. Once he had a legitimate job in a necktie factory, carrying boxes that were too heavy for him, at a dollar a week. Then the owners, shocked at the demand of their employees for a living wage, declared a lockout; and George, still obeying the law of the stomach, began that course of study which graduated him as a first-rate second-story man.

He had a record in which drunkenness and petit larceny alternated with felonious assault and burglary. There was excellent reason to suppose that he knew more about the fight that ended in the killing of Senator O'Farrell than he cared to narrate. He was crafty, violent, pitiless, cruel; he was precisely what society had made him—he was an enemy of society. Now, not because he had slain a fellow burglar but because he had stolen Mrs. Mallard's jewels, society wanted him on a charge of murder.

He knew this and he was at bay. The police had, of course, found Viney's body. The girl—she must save her own life—had equally, of course, told all she knew. Moreover, she had undoubtedly seen George secure that key. There was a slight possibility that Viney, who was generally even more reticent in his loves than in his business, had mentioned this retreat to her. Consequently George came to realize that every minute he remained here was pregnant with fatality. Yet he had already been forced to remain here forty-eight hours.

His wounds had been a trifle worse than he had at first supposed. The swelling of his ankle was now decreasing, but for some time its pain had been too dreadful to make more walking possible. The flow of blood from his forehead had long since subsided, but he was still abominably weak. Without proper feeding he could not be sure of his ability to clear the city before late that night, and he dared not crawl out after food until twilight. It must now be no more than three o'clock in the afternoon.

George lay behind the door. He lay there with all the forces of his being directed toward the sharpening of one faculty—he was listening. He knew the alarm was out. He knew the manhunt had begun. He knew this attic room was the only room in this house at the head of the last flight of stairs, and that any step which might ascend those last stairs would be the step of a pursuer.

He heard many sorts of steps farther below. The street was full of noises and the street was loud; but above all this his intent ear seemed to hear every footfall. There were the feet of children returning from saloons with kettles of beer; the feet of women thumping across the lower floors with household burdens in their arms; there were the feet of men—weary, drunken, despondent. George would hear them dragging up one flight and stopping at their homes; up two flights—three. Twice a step came to the fourth floor, and then George sat upright on his mattress, his revolver in his clenched hand—not a pretty picture. But these steps stopped at the fourth floor: they did not essay the attic. He was beginning to feel drowsy when he heard a new step downstairs—an entirely novel sort of step—a step that did not belong to a tenement.

George crouched behind the door.

That step was alert, elastic, purposeful. It came up the first two flights and paused. It came up the third.

George tiptoed to the window, wiped its spotted surface with his sleeve and looked out. There were two policemen at the corner—they might or might not be

The Alien Step Grew Suspiciously Softer. It Was Ascending the Attic Stairs

there because of him; but they made flight by way of the fire-escape impossible. Somewhere in the bowels of the house a child cried and a door slammed. He went back to the door.

The new step—the step that didn't belong had ascended to the fourth floor.

George debated: a shot would be dangerous; so would a smashing of the door. He lowered the hammer of his revolver and grasped that weapon by the muzzle. He pushed, with his good foot, the mattress far enough away to leave the door free, and yet left it near enough to trip an unwary newcomer. Then he carefully and quietly unlocked the door.

Now the alien step grew softer. It grew suspiciously softer, confirmatory. And it ascended. It was ascending the attic stairs.

George unlatched the door. He let it hang open two inches. The door would give an outsider the impression that beyond it there was nothing but unstudied emptiness.

If you crouch well to one side, and close to the wall, you can snap a door shut after anybody's entrance and bludgeon your visitor before he sees that you are there!

II

WHEN, rather late that morning, he came to his office at detective headquarters the chief had sent for Edgar Wells.

The chief was fat and slow and conscientious. A reform administration had promoted him, and he was at last, after years of poor pay and political assessment, just seeing his way to paying off the mortgage on his house in Brooklyn, when the opposition newspapers began to feature every daily minor offense against the law and play up the results as a crime wave. They were already beginning to demand a housecleaning at headquarters. So the chief was worried.

"Look here, Wells!" he said—like most fat men he hated the mornings anyhow—"What about this Mallard job?"

Edgar Wells was slim and wiry and aged about five-and-twenty. He had dishonest blue eyes, the lax mouth of a coward and the strength of a laughing hyena. Born to poverty and its ignorance, he was an inevitable by-product of the same wasteful system that produces the Georges and the Big Bill Vineys of this world. He had begun life as a poolroom tout; and when he found that it would pay him better to tell what he knew than to learn more he had passed naturally into the detective force. He possessed the skulking air of two professions.

"I'm not on that case," he now protested.

"I know you ain't," said the chief. "What I asked you was: What about it?"

"We got the watches and most of the silverware."

"Sure we have; but what we've got to get's the jewels an' the man."

"He's dead."

"Viney is; but you can bet he had a pal."

Wells shuffled his feet. His feet were small and his boots had rubber heels.

"I'm not on the case," he repeated.

"Yes, you are," said the chief—"from now! What do you hear of the girl?"

"Locked up for a witness."

"What does she say?"

"Nothin'. Conroy tol' her the cop seen two guys when the silver was dropped, but it ain't no go. Conroy's been at her steady for the last day, but he can't ever make nobody talk."

The chief bit his upper lip until his yellow mustache touched the edge of his rounded chin.

"Well," he said, "she's got to talk! Here's the Clarion with a front-page column givin' us the merry ha-ha! An' there's an editorial in the Dispatch callin' for my resignation if we don't stop every back-alley theft in the three boroughs. We've got to do somethin' somewhere, an' do it right away. This Mallard case is the handiest. The girl's got to talk!" He brought his fat fist down heavily on the desk, blinked at Wells and concluded: "See?"

Edgar returned the blink.

"You're handin' the case over to me?" he asked.

"Yes," said the chief; "entirely."

"I'm to go it alone?" gasped Wells.

"Yes," said the chief once more. He eyed Edgar narrowly; unlocked a drawer in his desk; took out some papers; glanced at them, and returned his gaze to Edgar. "I'll tell you why," he said. He leaned forward, accentuating his periods with taps of his big finger. "We're up against it! We got to make good. We can't have any one on this case that's too nice—an' you just answer requirements."

Wells flushed a dull red.

"What's wrong with me?" he demanded.

"A whole lot's wrong!" said the chief. "For one thing, it costs your family too much to live, Wells."

"We don't live no different from what we used to."

"Then you ought to live less decent than you used to. Price of livin's goin' up. Oh, I know you've had sickness; but—where do you get the money?"

"I——" Edgar's mouth worked. "I don't know," he said.

"Well, I do," said the chief. "These here papers are complaints from the Tenderloin. I don't want to use 'em. You go out and get the man that has the Mallard jewels an' that killed this fellow Viney. See?"

Edgar understood.

"I see," he said.

The chief calmly restored the threatening papers to their place and locked the drawer.

"All right!" he pursued in businesslike tones. "Now, then, what's your guess?"

"That's easy," said Wells, still gulping at his fear. "Viney's pal was that man George. It's his work all over."

"That's what they all say," nodded the chief. "Well, if it's so your job will be diamond cut diamond. The fellow has a bad record an' he's a gunman. He never done a decent thing in his life—nor did you. Now I'm givin' you fair play an' a free hand. No reports 'less you need more money or quick help. If he's left town go after him. An' don't bother me; I've got troubles of my own. Don't let me hear from you till you've got him or are just goin' to get him."

"Yes, sir," said Edgar.

"An' Wells——"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't want to lose you; but if you don't get him, out you go!"

As soon as Edgar left the office his manner changed. His chin went up; his chest came out; his mouth assumed the badgering quality that men of small minds consider the token of authority. In the next room he encountered Conroy.

"Say——" began Conroy.

"Don't stop me!" said Edgar. "I'm busy. An' by-the-way, Conroy, you're relieved from that Mallard case. I'm in charge of it now."

He did not hesitate. He at once sought in her cell the girl the police had found beside the body of Big Bill.

"You let me alone with her," he said to the turnkey; and the turnkey locked him in the cell and went away.

Viney's Treachery Had Been His Own Undoing

It was an ordinary cell, with a bed and a chair in it. The girl sat on the tumbled bed. In the morning light that came from the corridor window through the barred door she looked haggard and ill. She was haggard because Conroy and his associates had shouted her awake every half-hour during the night and browbeaten her; and she was ill because—well, because her life had made her so. Her loose hair hung down her back and over her damp forehead. Her black-rimmed eyes were sunken, but bright with fever, and her hollow cheeks were bright with fever too. She looked like a frightened dog—a dog that coughs.

"Now then!" said Edgar.

He came toward her with his hands on his hips and his jaw set. The girl looked up. She shrank back.

"Where's Viney's pal?" asked Edgar.

The girl put her frail hand to her flat chest and coughed.

"I dunno," she quavered.

"Oh, yes, you do," said Edgar.

"I dunno," said the girl.

"Why'n't you tell me? He done for your friend."

"He didn't!" There was some spirit in her reply.

Edgar took counsel with himself. He smiled grimly.

"I know that," he granted; "but I didn't expect you to say it. Is this a confession?"

The girl quailed. She had all the ignorant mind's fear of verbal traps.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean," said Edgar, and he came forward another step and spoke slowly—"I mean Viney's pal only knows about it, but that you done it yourself."

"That's a lie!" wailed the girl. She quite patiently tried to put defiance into her speech, but only fear entered it.

"Wasn't George there?" demanded Edgar.

"No."

"You'd better tell the truth."

"He wasn't there."

Edgar spoke more slowly still:

"He says he was."

The girl's only answer was a cry that ended in a choking cough. Edgar put his hand upon her shrinking shoulder. He gripped it.

"Do you want us to send you to the chair for this job?" he shouted.

"I didn't do it!" cried the girl. "So help me, I didn't! You can't prove it!" Her face was hidden in her hands. "You ain't got no right to do this! I'm only held for a witness."

"They're just changin' the charge," said Edgar. "An' we'll prove it, by George, unless you can prove it was him that done it—unless you come back at him. He's downstairs making his affidavit against you right now."

What followed was what generally follows. The girl had forgotten her lesson of silence at last—it was scared out of

her; and from her hysterical denials Edgar rapidly gained what facts she knew. They were most of the facts that you know now—George had done the killing; George had secured the Mallard jewels; George had been wounded; George had taken from Viney's pocket the key to Viney's room.

And Viney's room was—where? Edgar had it out of her. She wasn't sure, but she was almost sure that the room was at the top of one of a particular row of tenements. But why did Edgar want to know where Viney's room was if George was now downstairs in charge of the police?

"Why d'you want to know?" she cried.

Edgar only laughed. That question had come too late. He hurried away to the part of the city the girl had indicated: he meant to save his job and keep the clothes on his family's several backs. The cross-examination of even a stupid girl is, however, time-consuming, and it was three o'clock before Edgar reached his destination.

The quarter that he sought is not a pleasant one. It is a quarter of damp and narrow streets, from which open blind alleys and dark courts buzzing with a furtive life, poisoned and poisonous. Silent men, perpetually frowning, move slowly along its pavements; women, with shawls thrown over their heads, scuttle in and out of ominous doors like so many cockroaches; little lumps of dirt and rags, more or less animate, squat beside the curb and when the stranger has passed look after him with pale faces that are something like the faces of children. By day the policemen enter it only in pairs; by night they do not enter it at all.

Edgar entered it with more trepidation than could be wisely shown; nothing less than the chief's threat would have driven him. He found the street the girl had indicated. Two policemen in uniform stood at the corner of the larger street that ran at right angles to the one into which Edgar turned, but the detective was afraid to be seen addressing them; so, as they were at any rate unknown to him, he passed them without revealing himself and wandered into the first likely tenement, ready to explain that he was looking for a friend.

Nobody, however, openly objected to his intrusion. He shouldered by a man in the lowest hallway; and when he had passed he realized that the man was standing still and peering after him. On the second flight of stairs he stumbled over something that set up a feeble wail. From one of the landings a door opened and a questioning face appeared before the door slammed tight again.

Edgar, after a few hesitations, came to the last flight of stairs. Out of twilight into twilight they rose at an ugly angle. When he set foot upon the first step it creaked loudly. He tried to proceed softly, but his progress was not soft. Nevertheless he went forward. He had to go forward. He drew his revolver. He had the physical courage of the coward forced to the last ditch. His mouth had tightened over his dry tongue and his lithe body was tense.

Almost before he realized its nearness he was at the single door to which the steep stairs led. The door hung partially open; it gave him a sudden relieved sense that there was nothing behind it—only unstudied emptiness. Edgar gave it a gentle push and as it swung clear stepped swiftly inside.

The next instant the door had banged behind him; and Edgar, with a heavy man upon his back—a man he could not see—had crashed face forward to the floor.

The heavy man was raining blows with a revolver's butt on the top of Edgar's head.

III

IT MUST have been quite ten minutes later when George came out of his stupor. He sat up slowly, aware that something he had attempted had been too much for his still weakened powers. He was sitting on a soft object that, when he lazily looked at it, proved to be the body of a man.

He remembered now. Once more alert he turned the body over and flung back its sackcoat. There, under the right shoulder, he found, as he had expected to find, the glittering badge of a detective.

George dragged himself to the door and bolted it. He listened, but heard no sounds without. He went to the window, looked out and saw the two policemen still unsuspectingly lounging at the corner. Only after he had taken these precautions did he spare another glance for his victim. Then he saw that, though the detective's black hair was wet with blood and his face a chalky white, there was still life—there was even the threat of returning consciousness in the man.

George debated rapidly. He argued that a killer has, after all, this advantage over the law—whereas if he be clever the lifetaker can take several lives, the law if it succeeds in capturing him can take but one; so that for a person in George's present position, whose primary offense was technically first-degree murder, there was everything to be said in favor of removing further dangers from the detective's quarter by the permanent removal of the detective. There could be no resistance—one good blow would finish a task already well begun, and the question of what the detective might do would be answered forever.

"Why didn't I do it right in the first place?" grumbled George, his yellow teeth showing in a snarl. "I must be as weak as a cat!"

He seized the mahogany chair that stood in its corner and, exerting much of his remaining strength, wrenched free one of its heavy legs. With this in his hand, and having picked up and pocketed Edgar's revolver and his own, George returned to the detective and hovered over his unconscious form.

"If you could only fight!" said George, pining—like the best of us—for the unattainable. "You skunk! I'd snap

(Continued on Page 50)

THE MISSISSIPPI MONARCH

King Cotton on His Throne—By Harris Dickson

THROUGH all the long moist mornings of time old Father Nile patiently builded that fecund Delta beside the sea whereon he set his children. Their wealth and accomplishments come faintly down to us in songs of palaces and legends of temples, in records of scientific achievement and tales of human tragedy.

The story of Father Mississippi no troubadour in song has told, no historian has written. Those who in the dawn of creation lived within his Delta have left no such monuments. Their history is for the future.

With Memphis at its northern horn and Vicksburg at the south, the crescent of Yazoo hills bends away from the Mississippi River, like the rim of a ragged bowl, inclosing sixty-five hundred square miles of black and mellow land, a bowl full of fertility, leaf mold and decayed vegetation from the washings of a continent. This land belongs to the Mississippi River; the river put it there and the river dominates it.

Weighing the Cotton Pickers' Work in the Field

Ages ago before the Mississippi joined the Ohio, these two rivers emptied by separate mouths into an arm of the sea, whose waters covered the southern portion of Illinois. Their combined deposits of mud built steadily ahead, until they came together at what is now Cairo, Illinois. Southward the Mississippi flowed, dumping its burden into the narrow sea, building up an alluvial country through which to wind its tortuous way. Still farther southward was a vast basin, a huge settling pool into which the river poured its richest silt. Century after century Father Mississippi deposited this treasure, as in a savings bank, to be drawn upon by his children of future generations. It was a tedious process filling this enormous Yazoo-Mississippi Delta—as big as Delaware added to Connecticut, half the arable area of Egypt. Slowly the bottom rose and drove back the Yazoo River to its hills—Let there be land. And there was land. But not a land to brag of; nothing but mush, too thick for fish to swim in and too thin for a mosquito to stand on.

The land grew. Each successive overflow added layer after layer of fertility, until definite ridges showed themselves upon the edges of the streams where the first and heaviest deposits were dropped. In time the banks became firmer; greenery began to grow like weeds in a stable lot, cane thicker than a man's wrist, cypress, oaks, luxuriant jungle vegetation. Beyond those banks lay that lower marshy region between the Yazoo and the Mississippi of which nothing was known, inhabited by alligators, deer, bears and catamounts. In solitude the awkward *poule d'eau* flapped across the bayous and the lone crane dreamed.

No matter where molasses may be hid the flies will search it out. Pioneers came and made their homes. For a generation or more their planting was confined to the highest ridges next to the stream. These lands could only be cultivated in a precarious sort of way, for even they were liable to be under water. Farming was a gamble and the harvest a chance—a long shot for big stakes.

He must have been a visionary, one of those first young settlers who came down the great river on a flatboat during the period of its highest floods. On either side for interminable miles he saw only the treetops of submerged forests, except—after he ran his boat ashore—a certain ridge which held itself above the water, flaunting its fertility and its mammoth trees. Hurrying to the land office at Jackson, this young visionary entered those acres which stood above the flood, and came to live upon them. Years afterward he sold this same magnificent plantation, with its accumulated personal property, for more than a million dollars.

Along in the middle thirties white families had so multiplied in Virginia and the older states, plantations had been so divided and subdivided, that the planter found his acres becoming insufficient to support his rapidly increasing negroes. His soil was wearing out and he faced the serious problem of providing work for his people. Many masters were forced to look for new fields and a virgin soil. This turned a tide of emigration from the Old Dominion through the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama; Kentucky sent many adventurous sons to the semi-tropical lands along the Mississippi. The Virginia gentleman would have preferred to live and die upon Virginia's sacred soil. It was uprooting his innermost heart to leave the graves of his fathers and the hallowed memories of his youth. But he must think of his family; the family in the great white mansion as well as hundreds of black folk in the quarters. Great caravans traveled westward on foot and in carriages, making merry sport along their pilgrimage. When this family of five hundred, white and black, reached the far country, they had left every personal association behind and must look only to each other for sympathy and aid.

All for one and one for all, they smote the forest and hewed out a home. They built their quarters with a roadway between. Negroes laughed and sang as the walls of

the big house rose beneath their willing hands, leaving only the ornamentation and finish for artisans of greater skill. The woods were conquered, the swamps subdued; forest gave way to field; the green canebrakes of springtime whitened with cotton in the fall.

Remote from all the markets of the world, these people were forced to depend upon themselves for every daily necessity. A well-managed plantation rarely had to go beyond its own borders, except for a few luxuries. The field and garden supplied food of every kind. Sheep gave up their wool, cotton grew rank as weeds, the busy silkworm wove its shiny web. The corncrib burst with bounty; the smokehouse, full of hams and sides and sausages, had no lock upon its doors. There were looms to spin the thread, women to knit the socks and a tannery to provide the shoes. These early settlers had their own carpenters, blacksmiths, farriers, shoemakers, cooks and tailors. Ridinghorses were foaled on the plantation. Mules that pulled the plows had never been beyond the pasture fence. Pigs farrowed in the swamps were eaten upon the plantation. The world might wag as it would, but their daily bread and their nightly comfort were secure.

These pioneers lived in isolated communities along the Mississippi River, with no communication except the waterways. Once a year the planter and his family went to Mardi Gras at New Orleans to sell his crop, settle up with his commission merchant and buy supplies. This was the patriarchal system which endured until the war came.

The old Southern spirit was a queer medley—the chivalry of the cavalier, the stalwart self-reliance of the frontiersman and the lawless braggadocio of the bad man. The great Southwest, from the Georgia seaboard straight across the continent, was a new land where laws were feeble and where men were strong. During the period of expansion and inflation their ideas puffed very big. Men drew unlimited drafts upon the future with exceedingly vague notions of repayment. Flush times, wildcat speculation, happy-go-lucky negligence of the law attracted every known type of adventurer and outlaw.

The cross-roads groggery became their lounging-place, the gunfight a casual incident of their day, while for more genteel and formal slaughter the code duello laid down its reasonable rules. It was a region of lynch law, mob law, of law in a leather holster; but not a land for courts, juries and the orderly administration of justice.

When Dollars Looked Liked Moons

BACK from the river lay dense brakes of cypress which the ax converted into gold. Timber thieves cut at their pleasure, making logs into rafts and waiting for high water to float out their plunder. No man said them "Nay," for the careless landowner had no knowledge of his own boundary. Why should he not let them cut? There was plenty of timber for everybody.

Then the war passed over the land, subverting the labor system and impoverishing the planter. Mules and horses were carried off by both armies, negroes scattered to the four winds of Heaven, the houses and fences burned. Nothing remained except those marvelous lands, a basic asset that no calamity could destroy.

Millions of Such Acres Have Never Known the Plow

The mills of the world begged for cotton at a dollar a pound; operatives in far-off Lancashire were starving because they could not get the raw material to run their spindles. Those lands would produce the very best and silkiest fiber eagerly demanded by the spinners. Every acre in the Delta was capable of maturing five hundred pounds of lint at one dollar a pound. In those days, to the old Confederate soldier a silver dollar looked bigger than the moon, and as far out of his reach. He had more of this land than he could walk across in a day, but he could not get his fingers on that dollar.

Cotton is not a crop that can be planted tonight and realized on tomorrow morning. It takes months and muscle and money to produce. The planter had the months, but he lacked the muscle and the money. The planter's wife and children needed an occasional dinner, and he had none to give them. Neither did he have mules, or plowgear, or labor, or rations to feed that labor from planting time in April until selling time in September.

Upon this dilemma the "crop-and-credit system" fastened itself like the old man of the sea. The system worked like this: The planter had a friend, a commission merchant, in New Orleans. This merchant was doing no business, because no cotton was being produced and business depended entirely upon cotton. The planter would say to the merchant: "I have five thousand acres of land in the Delta; it is above the ordinary high-water mark. It will produce a bale to the acre, and a bale of cotton is worth five hundred dollars. But I cannot plant that land, because I have no seed, no mules, no farming implements—and no rations to supply the negroes, if I succeed in getting negroes."

The commission merchant, being somewhat of a sport himself, would advance all necessities to make a crop, charging a high rate of interest to cover the risk. Of course he took a mortgage on the crop and also on the land.

The Fallacy of Forty Acres

THEN the planter skirmished round the town and corralled a few negroes, a precious few, for it was only the hungry ones that could be induced to work, having got the fixed idea that as wards of Uncle Sam the nation must take care of them. Carpet-bag adventurers led these big black credulous children to believe that every ex-slave would be provided with forty acres and a mule out of the confiscated property of his old master. They crowded into town, playing and laughing, waiting and starving. Reiterated proclamations by military commanders failed to convince them that they must work for their own living, failed to disabuse their minds of that forty-acre-and-a-mule delusion. In spite of every warning the negro continued to enjoy the novelty of loafing round, talking politics and toting transparencies in the torchlight parade. From these new-freed people the planter must find labor to cultivate his fields.

This general demoralization was the prime reason why cotton sold at one dollar a pound and why so little of it was produced directly after the war. The crop of 1866-67 amounted to only a fraction over two million bales, while fourteen million bales will be marketed this year.

At that time there were practically no small white farmers in the Delta. The country had been settled by large slaveowners who commanded an organized labor necessary to clear its tangled forests and redeem its swamps. This condition of labor chaos after the war applied with peculiar hardship to the Delta planter who was confronted with more than ordinary difficulties. His lands were rich beyond the dreams of agricultural avarice, but presented obstacles proportionate to the rewards for overcoming them. There were no levees worth speaking of and there was no drainage to carry off the stagnant water.

With the gradual return of prosperity, little clearings pushed farther and farther away from the ridges, eating deeper and deeper into the lower woods until disconnected patches appeared in cultivation throughout the Delta. Annually the Mississippi arose, covering everything, except here and there a ridge. Generally these overflows would go down in May, giving time to plant and mature the cotton. In some seasons the water remained as late as August and practically no crops would be gathered. Long before the war individual planters had made efforts to keep off the water by throwing up ridges of earth next to

Colored Hands, Cotton Pickers, "Weighing In"

The Beauty About This Land is That it Never Wears Out

the river. These proved unavailing, because there was no system; a levee to be efficient must be high, strong and continuous. The planters combined and joined their individual levees. First the counties and then the state took hold, building an unbroken line of breastworks to fight the common enemy. Then the National Government became a partner, and the modern leaven of the levee idea commenced to work. These levees have proved efficient to protect the fields, except in cases of excessive overflow and excessive floods. Without these there would be an overflow every year. Of course they break at times, but these crevasses are fewer and fewer, farther and farther apart. During the flood of 1882 the levees broke in two hundred and eighty-four places. In 1903 there were seven breaks. For eleven seasons between 1882 and 1903 the levees held intact from end to end.

It is a fact, however, that a single crevasse does more damage today than a single crevasse did in 1882. The water being closely confined rises higher and pours in with tremendous force, tearing up the fields and sweeping away everything in its path. These calamities are growing fewer and fewer; planters look forward hopefully to a day when they will become part of the Delta's ancient history.

The marvel of the Delta is its recuperative faculty. Last year a disastrous overflow occurred. None of the wiseacres believed that the flood would go off in time to let them make a crop. As the waters receded there was nothing to do but plant cotton, and hope. Barefoot negroes followed the flood, sticking seed into the ground with their big toes. Cotton sprouted and throve throughout an ideal season for growth and picking. Planters who in June and July despaired of getting money to pay their taxes were paying cash for automobiles in September.

The Halcyon Days of the Delta

FOR a generation after the war the Delta continued to be a sparsely settled country of large landowners and absentee landlords. The tropical growth upon those wild lands required a considerable outlay of capital to bring it under the plow. The capital was furnished by men who dared not take their families into a region where it was supposed white people could not live—lakes of stagnant water, with sloughs and bayous meandering through intricacies of rotted vegetation, breeding clouds of poisonous mosquitoes. It was supposed that negroes could resist malaria and whites could not. The few white men who lived in the country were managers of more or less adventurous character, staking their health and lives against the chance of making fortunes. There were no schools to speak of, and churches were luxuries rare as mountain air. Unsoftened by the influence of good women and little children, it became a land of bad men, bad water and bad whisky. Water cut little figure, except that it overflowed the lands and bred mosquitoes. Every man carried a pistol; he might get separated from his pants, but never from his artillery. They believed that no white man could live in the Delta unless he kept his hide full of whisky. Nobody ever proved that assertion or disproved it, for nobody ever made the experiment of keeping sober. Plantation managers strenuously maintained that negro labor could not be held without a grogshop to entertain them. This was never proved or disproved, no one being rash enough to try. Every plantation store had its saloon with crap-game attachment. Here the negroes drank, gambled and caroused, which was considered the only method of keeping them satisfied. Desperate men carried their lives in their hands—for short distances; gun-shot wounds being the most fatal of all swamp diseases. But the country had its virtues. Old Jesse MacFarland rode fifty miles to a river landing, then missed several boats. "See here, stranger," he exclaimed, "I've been hanging round here for three days. Hit this town with a five-dollar bill and a clean shirt; these gents ain't 'lowed me to change neither one of them." All of which, except the hospitality, is a nightmare of the past.

The stories of value in this Delta read like the fairytale of Jack's beanstalk, which up to that time held the juvenile championship for climbing. And this suggests another story: There was a foresighted and eccentric woodsman who had married a Choctaw woman. He ranged those woods and paddled in the lakes, knowing every canebrake as the Indian knows it; and with the white man's keen intelligence he knew which lands were susceptible of cultivation. Looking to the future, he saw that inevitable day when every acre would be required to supply the world with cotton. In this opinion he stood practically alone, and without competition bought up tax titles—of which more hereafter. Using every dollar he possessed and every atom of energy, he acquired vast tracts of selected land. This man's faith never wavered. He paid taxes and paid taxes and paid taxes; he waited and waited and waited. His day would come and he never doubted it; no one doubts it now. He died. The Choctaw woman inherited one-half of his estate, the other half going to various nieces and nephews. This wide domain, bigger than some of the principalities of Europe, was treated as a joke and parceled out by chance. Bits of paper, containing the numbers of the sections, were deposited in a hat; alternatively the Indian woman and the other heirs each drew a slip. These slips representing these acres were considered absolutely worthless and every acre of this land was forfeited to the state for taxes. At the present time it is worth many millions.

During the seventies and early eighties practically every foot of ground in the Delta was forfeited to the state, as nobody was willing to pay the taxes, amounting to about nine cents an acre. Much of the land was then held by the old liquidating levee board, which hoped from its proceeds to pay levee debts which had accumulated before the war. The state, being anxious to get these lands back into the hands of private owners and restore them to the assessment rolls, where they would produce a revenue, passed what was called the Abatement Act, which provided that by paying the taxes for the year 1874 the owner would get a clear receipt and have his land returned to him. Under this act thousands of acres were redeemed, but hundreds of thousands remained. After many unsuccessful efforts to sell, the state finally found a purchaser in the promoters of a railroad enterprise who bought a job lot of more than a thousand square miles, at ten cents an acre. This railroad—now known as the Yazoo-Mississippi Valley, a part of the Illinois Central—ran its line from Memphis to Vicksburg, through tangle, marsh and canebrake. So wild was the country that a negro hunter agreed to furnish sufficient bear meat to feed the construction gang while the railroad was being built. And he did furnish it; it was easier to get bear meat than it was to get cattle meat.

After having provided transportation and carefully inspected the various lands, the railroad put them upon the market at prices ranging from one, two or three dollars, up to as high as twenty dollars an acre where there were particularly favorable locations. The average and generally accepted price was about six dollars an acre. This was the first move in the direction of smaller farms. Thousands of acres were bought by negroes in forty-acre tracts, little or none of which remains today in their hands. The reason for this, however, lay in the negro and not in the land. Note the history of one forty-acre tract purchased by a white man at five dollars an acre. He contracted with a negro farmer to clear it up and put the land in cultivation. The white man agreed to furnish the negro with a good house and supply him with rations on credit, giving the negro the land rent-free for four years. The negro's profit out of the transaction was to be the cotton that he could raise. The white man's profit would be in the additional value of the cleared land. Under this contract the negro began cutting down bushes, killing the trees and planting a little cotton between them. The first and second years he did not make enough cotton to pay for his rations, and so fell in debt to the white man, but the third year that negro brought into market $2475 worth of cotton. That forty-acre tract, under the haphazard cultivation given to it when its timber was being cut down and its brush cleared out had actually paid for itself twelve times over in one year. Thousands of similar acres were bought by negroes and never paid for at all, or lost because of debts contracted while the ground was being cleared.

Many of these identical lands, which a few years ago went begging at ten cents an acre, have during the recent year yielded a profit to their owners of $35 an acre rent. Instances of such returns could be multiplied. These instances, however, were of lands rented upon the "share system," where a bale produced upon an acre was of the very best long staple, selling for upward of twenty cents a pound—say $100. The seed from that bale would be worth $15, making the acre produce $115 in value. This, under the share system, would be divided between the planter and the tenant at one-third to the landlord, or half and half, making the landlord a profit upon his acre of $57.50. Bear in mind that this identical acre was sold a few years ago for ten cents, and thousands of such went to the state because the owner would not pay a nine-cent tax.

At the beginning of the season nobody can guess whether it is to be a good year or a bad one. The tenant often prefers to work on shares; if the worst comes to the worst he gets his own and his family's living out of the landlord. If it be a good year, with an extraordinary yield and high prices, he can pay a big rent and have plenty left for himself. A tenant working on the share system furnishes nothing but the muscle in his arm. The landlord supplies him with a house in which to live, mules, plows, all farming utensils and the land. The landlord feeds the tenant's family and feeds his stock. At the end of the year the produce is divided on a basis ranging from one-quarter to one-half to the landlord. The tenant out of his portion pays the store account for supplies which he has consumed in making the crop. These are advanced by the landlord and lost by the landlord if the crop runs short. There is no place in the United States where a man with no asset except his personal labor can make as good a living as by working lands on the share system in the Delta. Rain or shine, crop or no crop, he gets a year's support.

Wages in the Land of Cotton

SOME landlords and some tenants prefer the basis of a fixed money rent, so much cash an acre, crop or no crop. Other lands are leased for so many pounds of lint cotton eighty or ninety pounds—an acre, in which event the landlord and tenant alike take a chance on the ultimate value of the rent. That cotton may sell at ten cents a pound, or it may be long staple selling for upward of twenty cents, according to commercial conditions throughout the world. A few places are worked in part by wage-hands. Agricultural labor is paid from fifteen to twenty dollars a month, board and lodging, according to the skill and industry of the laborer. He is usually employed until the crop is laid by in August, then discharged. This being the season for picking cotton, the laborer finds himself very much in demand. Any planter will give him a job and everybody is scrambling to get him. The price for picking cotton ranges from sixty cents to one dollar per hundred pounds. In the early part of the season, when it is thick, he is paid sixty cents, increasing to one dollar as cotton grows scarcer and more difficult to gather. A good cotton picker can make from two dollars upward a day.

What will a well-managed plantation produce? Glance at the books of this little farm—the owner does not call it a plantation because there is no mortgage on it. He bought it in the year 1900 for $8500. There was nothing on the land except some old rotted houses. It was not ditched or fenced. The former owner had to sell because he seemed to lack the faculty of managing labor and could not keep his tenants. Besides that he had fallen into debt. The new owner rented it out to negro families for six dollars an acre. These negroes, of course, came to the place practically naked. Everything had to be supplied, houses built, mules bought and farming utensils of

(Concluded on Page 38)

A Quiet Lake in the Delta

THE SULTANA

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VII

DR. THOMAS MILLS was considered by the friends whose cars he occasionally drove as an exceedingly careful and prudent chauffeur, but after the first kilometer or two of the pursuit of Count Strelitso it is doubtful whether either Basia or Robert would have voluntarily suggested that their driver be presented with a medal for caution.

Fulton's powerful motor liked night air and settled down for the race with a steady, droning hum that told of great reserve force and a conscientious sense of duty. They tore through the sleeping village, the cottages on each side of the narrow street flinging echoes angrily after them. Across the bridge they shot in a manner that seemed to say: "Oh, never mind the bridge—we could jump this ditch if the bridge wasn't here!" Then on up the winding slope they rushed, taking the sharp curves in a way that could not have been by any chance good for the tires; but Mills counted on the fact that they were new and of the heaviest quality.

Presently the road forked, and Mills slowed and stopped; but the glare of the searchlights showed the tracks of a car that had turned to the right, so he started off again. Presently, coming to a stretch where the road had been recently mended with cracked flints not as yet rolled and sanded, Mills was forced to slow down, for experience had taught him that the jagged fragments would cut through a shoe like broken glass.

Of those in the car, Virginia's little dachshund, Pelleas, appeared to be taking the most pleasure in the excursion. Sitting in Basia's lap, with his long, thin muzzle raised at an angle of forty-five degrees and his ears flapping about his head, he watched the road ahead with the keenest anticipation.

"I believe the tyke knows we are chasing his mistress," said Mills to Basia.

"Of course he knows," she answered. "He was tied up to a kennel in penitence for having killed a young duck this morning, and he must have heard Virginia go out. Look—he gnawed his cord."

"I wonder she didn't take him with her."

"Pelleas doesn't like Strelitso. Besides, you can't take dogs into England without leaving them in quarantine for several weeks. Virginia knew that. Do you think we shall catch them?"

"Hard to say. That's a husky wagon of Rimbert's and if he's got much juice in his after tank he may get a long way, with the start he's got."

The road improving, they tore on in silence, Mills driving fast but carefully, for he did not want to risk tire trouble. He judged they must have made at least twenty kilometers, when suddenly on rounding a bend they saw the blaze of a searchlight on a bare hillside.

"There they are!" said Mills. "And I believe they've stopped."

He slowed down, and a moment later the car ahead fell within the range of their own lights and they recognized it as Rimbert's big roadster. Standing in the middle of the road beside the car were two men. Mills braked gently and looked over his shoulder at Robert.

"Haven't got a gun, have you, Sautrelle?" he asked.

"N-no!" answered Robert unsteadily.

"Then reach under the seat and you'll find a big wrench. Give it to me. This pirate may get nasty."

Robert tremblingly obeyed. Mills slipped the wrench into the pocket of his ulster and turned to Basia.

"You stay in the car," said he, "and let me do the talking. Can't tell how this fool may behave."

He slid quietly up and stopped just behind the other car. Strelitso, unable to see behind the searchlights, stepped forward. His face looked grim and savage. The chauffeur had moved to the side of his car and was leaning against the mudguard, like a man who is ill. The side of his coat was covered with dust.

Mills squeezed past Basia and got down. Pelleas struggled to follow him and gave a couple of excited yelps. Basia held him by the collar. Robert slipped out of his seat to the road.

"I don't see anything of M-Miss Lowndes," said he.

Strelitso had come forward to discover the character of the new arrivals, and as Mills confronted him he stopped and stood for an instant, silent and glaring. Mills opened the conversation.

"Where is Miss Lowndes?" he asked harshly.

"How do I know?" Strelitso's voice was a growl.

"Don't try to give us any bluffs! We know that she went with you. Where is she?"

"I don't know where she is," snarled Strelitso, "and this is none of your affair. You'd better get out!"

Mills took a step closer. Strelitso's hand went to the side pocket of his coat. Mills' quick eye did not miss the act. He was taking no chances with a desperate criminal and he thought it certain that Strelitso was reaching for a weapon. There was no time to pull the wrench from his pocket, as the other man could have drawn and fired before he could have got in a blow; but Strelitso was only a step away, and Mills, without wasting a word, sprang forward and struck. His fist landed squarely on the Russian's chin and down he went in the dust of the road. Mills jerked the wrench from his pocket and stood over him.

"None of your tricks now!" said he. "We're on to you and one shady move and I'll beat your head in." He shot a glance at the chauffeur, who had not moved.

"I'll have your life for this!" snarled Strelitso chokingly.

"Shut up! Sautrelle, look in his pockets and see if he's armed."

Robert came forward and passed his trembling hands over Strelitso's pockets. The latter did not move. The square figure bending over him with the heavy wrench half raised would have been enough to cow anybody. Robert straightened up with an automatic pistol in his hand.

"I thought so," said Mills. "Keep that, and if he or the chauffeur tries to get funny pour it into him. Now then, we'll just tie up this handsome gentleman. The chauffeur doesn't look as if he had any fight in him." He glared down at Strelitso. "Get up, you!"

Strelitso struggled to his feet and stood glaring like a devil brought to bay. Shock and rage seemed to have robbed him of his speech, but he managed to say in a choking voice:

"Just wait, you Yankee upstart!"

Mills' only thought was of Virginia, however. For a moment he stood staring at the savage face in front of him, then said:

"Listen to me now! You give up Miss Lowndes and that tiara you stole from Mr. Sautrelle and I'll let you go—savvy?"

Strelitso stared and his jaw dropped.

"Well," said Mills impatiently, "what d'ye say?"

Strelitso gulped.

"You accuse me of having stolen the tiara from Mr. Sautrelle?" he asked in a strangling voice.

"That's what! We're on to you, my boy. We know that you and your precious friend Rimbert and two others held up Sautrelle and stole the tiara. And after that you held up a jeweler from Monte Carlo and went through him too. Now you're trying to steal Miss Lowndes. All we're interested in is Miss Lowndes and the tiara. Come across with them and we'll let you go—and be quick about it too!"

Strelitso's face worked.

"You are a fool and a liar ——" he began; but Mills raised the wrench and he stopped.

"We haven't time for compliments," said Mills. "Well, are you going to, or aren't you?"

"I tell you," snarled Strelitso, "you are making a mistake that you will suffer for. And I don't know where Miss Lowndes is. She had agreed to go with me to England to be married, but we got *en panne* here, and while I was helping the mechanician with the motor she disappeared. She must have lost her courage and taken the opportunity to run away. And now, you can do what you like," he finished, adding: "And you will pay dearly for all this."

"Look here," said Mills with rough impatience; "there's no use for you to lie. Didn't you give a ruby ring to Miss Lowndes telling her that it was a family heirloom and had belonged to your mother?"

Strelitso hesitated for an instant.

"Yes," he growled; "and so it was."

"Then you and I must be long-lost brothers," said Mills dryly; "and for my part I'm not anxious to acknowledge the relationship."

"What are you talking about?"

"I sold that ring myself several days ago on the steps of the Casino at Monte Carlo to a man who must have been this man Durand. What have you got to say to that?" His voice had a fierce, impatient cut.

Strelitso's face appeared to change.

"Are you sure?" he muttered.

"I guess I know a ring I've worn for years!"

Strelitso swallowed once or twice.

"I'll acknowledge," said he, speaking with some difficulty, "that what I said about the ring was not true. I met this man Durand at luncheon in the hotel at Avallon. I bought the ring from him; and, as I am a poor man and could not afford a more costly engagement present for Miss Lowndes, I told her it was a family heirloom. Durand was delayed at Avallon by engine trouble and did not leave until late. He was robbed several hours later. He himself will vouch for my having bought the ring."

Mills stared at him undecidedly. The moment of silence was broken by Basia, who had got out of the car and was holding Pelleas by his short piece of cord. The dachshund was tugging at his leash, scratching the road and yelping with impatience.

"Doctor Mills!" said Basia in a low voice.

"What?"

"I believe that Pelleas is trying to follow Virginia's trail."

Mills looked round. The little dog was certainly in a high state of excitement, straining at the cord with short, strangled cries.

"I believe you're right," said Mills thoughtfully. "Suppose I take him and try to find her. She can't have gone far." He turned to Strelitso: "Did you know Miss Lowndes had the tiara?" he asked.

Again Strelitso hesitated.

"Yes," he answered; "but I did not know it until we were on the road. She found it in the grotto and we were going to leave it at Kalique's."

"Monsieur knows better than that," said Robert, who up to this time had kept silent. "Monsieur knows perfectly well that he gave the tiara to Gustav Vilzhoven at the mouth of the tunnel and that Gustav was to have hidden it in the cave, but for reasons of his own brought it to the château and gave it to Miss Lowndes. Perhaps Monsieur de Strelitso can explain why his chauffeur changed the number of the car tonight."

Strelitso turned to him with a dazed, helpless look.

"Good Lord!" said he, "but you've got me in the toils, I'll admit."

Mills interrupted impatiently:

"We'll talk about that a bit later," said he, and turned to Robert. "Keep this man here while I take the dog and look for Miss Lowndes. She can't have gone far."

"But if Count de Strelitso tries to escape?" asked Robert uneasily.

"Fill him full of lead! You've got a gun, haven't you?" He strode to Basia. "Let me have Pelleas. Wait—there's some cord in the back of the car."

A long leash was quickly provided and, with Pelleas tugging at the end, Mills set off down the road. There was certainly no fault to be found with the trailing abilities of the little dachshund. Presently making a sharp

turn he scrambled across a ditch and into a vineyard, and there Mills struck a match and discovered the imprints of small shoes in the freshly plowed soil.

The trail led on and on, and Mills began to marvel at the endurance of the girl. Pelleas never faltered, but in the underbrush the leash would get tangled and cause loss of time. At one spot, on the edge of a small wood, Pelleas became wildly excited at the foot of an oak, but presently took up the trail and hurried on. It was a good hour before Mills came out on a recent clearing, where the freshly-cut firewood was stacked; and here he saw from the brow of the hill what looked like a farm about a quarter of a mile away on a bare plateau. Another thing he observed was that the western sky had grown inky black and from this quarter a cold, raw wind was beginning to blow.

"There's going to be a deuce of a storm, and right soon!" he said to himself, and broke into a run.

Virginia's endurance was more than he could understand; nor could he see why she had wanted to push on so steadily, especially as his sense of direction told him that she was wandering aimlessly and not with any fixed objective. The obvious explanation was that she was lost and, frightened by the loneliness and dark, was pushing on with all her strength, hoping to come out on some road or at some habitation. Mills estimated that he must have come three or four miles from where he had left the others, and that over the roughest country. He scarcely gave a thought to the complications he had left behind. If Sautrelle was not man enough to take care of his prisoner that was his own lookout. Mills' anxiety was all for the poor, frightened girl who was alone and unprotected in that desolate jumble of woods and fields well after midnight, with a rapidly growing storm of wind and rain rushing out of the west.

Wherefore he could have shouted with joy when, from the actions of Pelleas, he saw that the trail was getting very warm. Down the rough hillside he came in bounds, yet with the little dachshund struggling at the leash. Then, at the sight of a dark figure huddled against the side of a tree, he let the cord slip between his fingers and Pelleas darted ahead with a speed scarcely to be reconciled with the abbreviated length of his bowed legs. Mills saw the dark figure slip quietly to the ground—and the next instant he was on the turf himself, holding her head in his arms and fanning the white, upturned face with his cap.

Virginia had not really fainted, however. Her momentary lapse of consciousness was a combination of fatigue, fright, the moral effort of making a last stand and the culminating sensation of peace and security; for Pelleas had managed to tell her in some subtle way that a friend was hot on his heels and Virginia's last consciousness was that of a square, comforting personality in whose presence she had nothing to fear.

Tired as she was, she might easily have passed from brief oblivion into a natural sleep, but Mills roused her. The advance guard of the coming storm was already threatening to smother the jaded moon, and Mills knew that they must find shelter, and that immediately. He thought of the obscure, rambling buildings he had caught sight of from the top of the rising ground, and knew that he must get the girl there at once, even if he had to carry her. That would have proved no easy task, even to his well-conditioned physique, for Virginia was a big girl, though her youth gave the impression of slenderness.

"Feeling better?" asked Mills briskly, and pinched the lobe of her ear.

"Ouch! Yes," she answered drowsily. "How did you get here, Doctor Mills?" Thus proving that she had been "soldiering" a little.

"Fulton's car brought me part of the way and Pelleas the rest. Get up as soon as you are able. It's going to rain like the devil in a few minutes."

Virginia struggled up, assisted by Mills' supporting arm, and looked round, then overhead.

"Mercy, but it is getting dark! Get out, Pelleas!"—this to the source of her rescue, who had climbed into her lap. "But where can we go? I'm dead! I couldn't walk all the way back to the road if you came behind me with a sharp stick." She lifted up her arms and yawned.

"There's a farm or something just over the top of the hill," answered Mills. "We'll go there and you can rest until the storm's over. They don't last long at this time of year."

He helped her to her feet. Virginia swayed a little as she stood, then dug her knuckles into her eyes.

"When you've tramped all day—and been run over by a car—and eloped with the devil—and—and been chased all over France by a man—and a dog—it makes you awfully tired! And—oh, I forgot—I've been a receiver of stolen goods too! I threw it over there in the bushes so that he couldn't find it."

"What?" asked Mills.

"The Sultana—the tiara. You see, I thought he was going to get me when I saw you on top of the hill. So I threw the tiara over there." She jerked her head toward the bushes, then yawned, staggered and almost fell.

"Oh, hang the Sultana!" said Mills. "That can wait until morning. The main thing now is to get you out of the wet. Feel that wind? Here, take my arm and put your mind on getting up this hill."

He hooked his arm under hers; then, finding that she still lurched slightly on her feet, he slipped it round her small waist and drew her after him. Pelleas, eying this procedure, made squeaks of approval. The combination apparently struck him as being most excellent and quite free from that lack of harmony that had caused his hair to bristle at the familiarity of the wolfish individual whom this authoritative stranger had seen fit to chastise back on the road. Also, the place was getting very dark and lonely for little dogs and little mistresses who were far from home, and it was just as well to have about some tower of masculine strength that appeared thoroughly to know its own mind. Pelleas curved his tail over his back and fell in behind.

Virginia went Pelleas one better in finding a large measure of physical as well as moral support in her rescuer. She was not in the habit of being supported by a muscular arm round her waist, and was sleepily surprised and pleased to find it so comfortable. Her small feet, rather swollen from her race over the uneven ground, felt as though treading on cotton wool and the firm grip under her outside arm seemed to carry her up the rough slope as if by magic. She began to babble confusedly about the tiara and once came to a stop, saying with a half-smothered yawn that they ought to go back and look for it, but Mills urged her on.

"I marked the place," said he. "There's a single white birch, and if you threw it back into that tangle of brush there's not one chance in a million of anybody finding it before I get down there in the morning. One treasure at a time is enough for anybody!" he added, and began to wonder whence had come the only pretty speech he had ever made in his life. Virginia laughed drowsily.

"Hope we haven't far to go," said she. "I'm all in."

"That's funny. Here comes the rain. I can smell it."

They had reached the top of the hill, and across a little swale there rose against the darkening sky what looked like a heap of black, irregular ruins. Mills hurried on and a moment later they struck a rough, uneven road. At the same moment a blast of cold wind smote them in the face.

"Hurry, my dear!" said Mills; and even as he bent his head to push onward his words impressed him as of some strange, unfamiliar tongue he had once known but long since forgot. Pelleas looked up at them and whined, his tail straightening out behind his long, sleek little body.

They pushed on rapidly, and to Virginia it seemed as though she were in a dream. Yet it was not an unpleasant dream, for a sense of security surrounded her. The wind was gaining steadily in weight, and perhaps its growing chill served as a stimulation, for she roused herself and pushed on sturdily. All at once a drab wall, partially demolished, reared itself in front of them, but the road led through an open gate and into a big inclosure, which might have sheltered comfortably two hundred head of cattle. On three sides were low farm buildings, and as Mills glanced about he could see, even in the darkness, that the place had been gutted by fire and was now no more than a heap of abandoned ruins. Yet, directly across the court, there was a larger edifice, of which the heavy, tiled roof seemed still intact. This was a two-storied affair, open beneath for the shelter of farm vehicles, while the upper part, from its single, gaping door, appeared to have been a loft for hay and fodder.

Mills was examining this structure when, with a crash and a shriek of the wind, down came the rain. Half lifting Virginia, he rushed her across the court and into the black refuge. It had grown suddenly as black as ink, and in their hurry to get out of the rain something caught their feet and sent them sprawling headlong. Mills struggled up and lighted a fusee. In the short-lasting light he saw what seemed to be a threshing machine, one end of which was charred, a hayrake, fieldroller, several plows and a high-wheeled peasant cart. It was over the shafts of the latter that they had tripped. Leaving Virginia where she lay, he struck another light and discovered a rough flight of steps leading up into the loft.

"The loft for ours!" said Mills cheerfully. "This place is too drafty." And leaning down he raised the girl to her feet and half dragged, half carried her to the steps and up them. At the top he struck another match, to discover that the place was filled with straw, a part of which looked charred; but walls and roof were intact.

"Curl up there in the straw and take a nap," said Mills. "Nothing can get you here." And he struck another windmatch.

Virginia lurched to the heap of straw and fell into it with a sigh of relief. Mills, carefully guarding his match, leaned over her.

"Comfortable?" he asked.

"Awfully! Take off my shoes!" The voice was that of a fretful child on being put to bed.

Mills waited until the match had burned itself out, then stooped and pawed about until he managed to locate the tired feet. Unbuckling the dainty, high-heeled shoes, he drew them off; and for fear of their getting lost he slipped them into his pocket. Virginia's deep breathing showed that she was already asleep. Pelleas, who had mounted the ladder-steps with the agility of a weasel, curled himself snugly against her waist. Pelleas felt that he had earned his just repose.

Mills took off his ulster, for he had worn it since the beginning of the hunt and suffered in consequence, and by the light of another match laid it gently over the sleeping girl. Then, going to the top of the ladder, where the flooring of the loft was clear of straw, he seated himself and lighted a cigarette. Smoking and reflecting, it became more and more evident to his mind, which was deliberate when there was no necessity for swift action, that the situation was not a usual one.

Back there on the road—Mills could not for the life of him have said in what direction—were a couple of dangerous criminals, under the guard of a young man for whose valor in action Mills had not the slightest particle of respect. Somewhere in the bushes at the bottom of the hill lay the Sultana, one of the most valuable gems in the world. Here, in the loft of a barn on an abandoned and half-ruined farm, there was sleeping in a heap of straw a young and beautiful American heiress and a small brown dachshund. There were also Fulton's car, Basia, and at some distance a château, the inmates of which would be surprised when they woke. Presiding over all was Mills, placidly smoking cigarettes, a few sous in his pockets—yet quite happy at the turn of events.

One might say that Mills showed lack of a certain quality of disinterested chivalry in not being more concerned about Basia; but the reasons for this were twofold: In the first place, from the little he had seen of that young lady's character he was wholly of the idea that she was quite capable of taking care of herself. Though he considered Robert a rather unstable rock of refuge for a damsel in distress, he still rated him far more of a man than Strelitso. Robert made no pretense of being anything more than a designer of artistic jewelry, in spite of which he had proved himself to possess resource and a pertinacity that triumphed over his fears. Strelitso, on the contrary, appeared to be a sort of medieval ruffian, lacking in both wit and force. As a highwayman and abductor of heiresses he had been despoiled of his booty and his girl, and that with no great effort.

Mills sat and listened to the shriek of the wind and the drum of the rain, while his mind dwelt on the second reason for his lack of anxiety where Basia was concerned. This was merely because he was a young man very much in love; so that if there had been twenty other reasons they would have been dear at two sous each. Mills was as honest with himself as he was with other people, and he made no attempt to disguise the fact that the girl asleep on the straw was the girl for him, and there was not nor ever would be any other woman. He dropped his cigarette on one of the broad steps of the ladder, put his foot on it and listened to her deep, even breathing—and no music he had ever heard was half so sweet to his ears. Every deep, sighing breath found its echo in his heart, and he was leaning back in the sort of an ecstasy one sometimes sees on the face of a tired, overworked music-lover who has scraped up fifty cents to buy an admission to the opera, when there came an interruption to this celestial symphony.

It came in the hoarse growl of a motor, from which in this day and age there seems no escaping. Mills, who was beginning to drowse himself, sat up suddenly to listen. There was no road to the place beyond the rough farm lane they had followed, and such sounds coming at such a time and place seemed, as Mills said to himself, "uncalled for and upsetting."

The rumble approached—not noisily but undertoning the sounds of the storm. Then suddenly it was intensified fourfold and Mills guessed that the car had entered the big inclosure, and he wondered why he did not see the flare of the searchlights against the ruined buildings opposite. The whole business impressed him as weird and mysterious. Lying on his face, he peered down through the square opening at the head of the ladder and immediately caught the flash of a light, though a flickering and uncertain one.

Mills dropped his two hands on the upper step of the ladder and lowered the upper half of his body so that he could look out under the overhanging floor. Coming straight for the shed was a man in a long coat carrying a lantern, and its quivering rays struck through the pouring rain and shone on the glistening hood of a motor that followed close on his heels. Straight for the shed he came, crossed the threshold and entered. Mills drew back, startled and amazed, for in the flare of the lantern, feeble though it was, he saw that the man who carried it wore a black mask that covered the upper part of his face, while the man at the wheel of the car was similarly equipped.

The fact which sent a sudden chill through Mills, however, for all his resolute courage, was that almost his first astonished glance had revealed the car itself as that belonging to his friend and comrade, Peter Fulton.

VIII

FOR several moments after Mills' departure with Pelleas the trio standing in the road regarded each other in a silence that was not without a certain embarrassment. The chauffeur did not count. He had sunk down

on the step of the car and was holding his head in his hands in an attitude of deep dejection. It is to be feared that Count Strelitso's disgust at his failure to keep the motor going had taken the form of physical violence.

Basia was the first to speak.

"Be careful with that pistol, Robert!" said she, using for the first time the young man's Christian name. "If you keep on waving it round in that way it might go off and hit somebody!"

"Mademoiselle need not be alarmed," said Strelitso dryly. "The weapon is not loaded. I have the clip in my pocket."

Robert gave him a startled look; then stepping back he slid back the breech plug of the arm and discovered to his dismay that the count had spoken the truth.

"If you knew the pistol was not loaded, why did you submit?" he asked in amazement.

"There are worse things than pistols," said Strelitso, "and one of them is a heavy iron wrench in the hands of a ruffianly American."

"Then why don't you try to escape?" asked Robert nervously. "Though I warn you that if you make the attempt you will have to deal with me—and I am also an American and not to be regarded lightly."

Strelitso laughed.

"I might find the courage to risk the attempt," said he; "but, in the first place, I am anxious to know what has happened to Miss Lowndes; and, in the second, this fool of mine cannot start his motor."

Robert looked at Basia.

"For my part," said he, "I don't see any particular object in detaining Count Strelitso. I am beginning to believe he is quite innocent of the two acts of brigandage."

"Thank you," said Strelitso ironically. "Doctor Mills will soon learn the same thing—to his sorrow."

"I think myself," said Basia, "that it would be much better if Count Strelitso were to continue on his way." It was in the girl's mind that, should anything unpleasant have happened to Virginia, there was every possibility of trouble on Mills' return. Also, even if Strelitso were involved in the stealing of the tiara, he could not be arrested without involving Gustav. Basia wanted nothing better than to be rid of the count.

"How am I to continue on my way," demanded Strelitso with an impatience that was scarcely polite, "when this fool can't start the car?"

"If you will permit me," said Robert, who was strongly of Basia's idea, "I think I may be able to start it. I am quite an authority on motors."

"Go ahead, then, by all means," said Strelitso. "It will give us something to do while we wait."

Robert stepped to the side of the motor, the hood of which was still raised. Reaching down he opened the drip-cock of the carburetor, and letting its contents run upon his finger he held it to the light, then to his nose.

"There is water in the essence," said he oracularly. "Perhaps the cap may have been left off the tank when the car was being washed with the hose."

Strelitso turned to his dejected chauffeur.

"Do you hear that, imbecile?" he snarled. "And you call yourself a mechanician! This gentleman has discovered immediately what you looked for in vain." He turned to Robert. "In that case," said he, "we have only to fill the rear tank and let the essence run through the carburetor?"

"That is all," said Robert. "Have you a can of essence with you? If not there is one in our car."

"Thank you," said Strelitso; "if you could supply me. Fill the tank, camel!" said he to the chauffeur.

The operation was quickly accomplished; the carburetor flushed when the mechanician cranked and the motor started with a whir.

"With your permission," said Strelitso, "I will return to the château and wait for you there."

"To the château!" Basia cried. "You will return to the château?"

"Certainly. I don't intend to run away so long as my honesty is questioned, and I am in hopes this American will not be such a cad as to refuse me satisfaction for the insult he has offered me tonight. Miss Lowndes cannot be far away and her dog seemed to have no difficulty in following her trail. I think it would be better for me to go. When Doctor Mills returns I might lose control of myself."

"I am entirely of your opinion," said Robert emphatically.

Strelitso bowed to Basia.

"I cannot tell you, mademoiselle," said he, and there was a note of sincerity in his voice, "how much I am pained at having repaid your kind hospitality in this fashion. It is true that I persuaded Miss Lowndes to elope with me, but I assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, that I am innocent of anything worse than that. It is still possible, however, that the whole affair may be arranged without scandal and exposure. Miss Lowndes has the tiara and will ask nothing better than to return it to Mr. Sautrelle. As to my own personal honor, I assure you that the settlement of that difficulty shall be arranged in a manner not to involve any of your family."

"Thank you, Count Strelitso," said Basia, in a scarcely audible voice. Strelitso bowed and got into the tonneau.

"Now Then, We'll Just Tie Up This Handsome Gentleman"

"Drive back to the château!" said he to the chauffeur.

He of the ferret face crept in behind his wheel. The car turned, Strelitso bowed again in passing and the darkness swallowed them.

"Good Lord!" said Robert. "What a muddle!"

"I think we acted for the best," said Basia slowly.

"No doubt of it," said Robert with conviction; "but I think we have seen the last of Strelitso. So much the better."

"I am not so sure," said Basia slowly.

The girl was about to say more when, to her startled amazement, Robert suddenly seized his head in both hands and let out a groan that was almost a yell of despair and astonishment.

"*Sapristi!* I am a fool—an imbecile—an ass!" he wailed.

"Robert!" cried Basia. "What is it? What is the matter?"

"Oh, Basia! Basia! I am ruined! We are all ruined! I am lost! That Russian devil! Oh, jiminy! Now I understand why he grinned as he drove away. And I played directly into his hands! I started his infernal car. *Je suis perdu!* Dammit, I'm a goner! It's all up with me. *Au bal d'Afrique* for mine—and I'm darned if I don't deserve it too. *Sacré cochons!* Gosh!"

Basia sprang to his side.

"Robert!" she cried. "Tell me what is the matter!"

Robert looked at her, and in the blaze of the searchlights she saw that his face was drawn and haggard. Perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Don't you see?" he answered in a dull voice. "His beastly car stopped here because the chauffeur turned on the essence from the tank into which I poured the water. Meantime Miss Lowndes had told him that she had the tiara and was taking it back to Kalique. Strelitso was thunderstruck to think that Gustav should have been such a chump as to lose his nerve and give it to her. Trusting to his own influence over her, he told her of how he and Gustav and Rimbert had stopped my car in the tunnel. Virginia was horrified. Even her infatuation for Strelitso couldn't support the fact of such a crime. She couldn't stand for it"—French and English idioms were pouring pellmell from Robert's distracted mouth—"so, when the car stopped and Strelitso and that worm of a chauffeur were working at the motor, she slipped out and saved herself vanished—did a getaway"—his voice broke—"leaving the tiara in the car!"

Basia felt her knees buckle under her.

"Oh, Robert!" she moaned.

Robert dashed his cap into the road and clutched at his hair, which was thick, glossy and with a charming curl

"*Sapristi!*" said he. "I see my finish! The Sultana is gone forever! This vile Strelitso has got away with the goods—and we let him go! I let him go! I helped him to go. I started his confounded motor—sucker that I am! It was all my fault."

His voice choked. Basia crowded against his elbow.

"Robert," said she soothingly, "it wasn't one bit your fault. It was Doctor Mills' fault. He was managing the whole business. He ought to have searched the car, first of all, instead of rushing off to look for Virginia and leaving you with an unloaded pistol to guard that apache!"

Robert raised his white face and looked at her. His eyes were full of tears.

"Do you really think so, Basia?" he asked.

"Of course. From the moment you came to your senses you have acted wisely and bravely; and——"

"Oh, Basia!" Robert reached for her gloved hand, raised it to his lips and kissed it. Basia caught her breath and crowded closer.

"But, Basia, what difference does it make? Everybody will surely think I was in league with those bandits—and, of course, I will never open my lips about Gustav."

"But, Robert, you must! You are innocent!" Her voice choked.

Robert dropped her hand and turned to her solemnly.

"Basia," said he, "I swear to you on my word of honor that I will never breathe one word about Gustav. I don't care if I am ostracized. I don't care if they send me to Cayenne! It was my own fault and I will take the consequences. Gustav never meant to steal the tiara, I am sure. I believe what Strelitso said—that Gustav gave it to Virginia, meaning to restore it. No; we must save Gustav. If we were to tell his part of it they would send him to prison. He would be exported—I mean deported. But, though they may be convinced that I am a thief, they have no proof. I spoke wildly. They cannot send me to the colonies. Promise me, Basia, that you will never breathe one word about Gustav!"

He drew himself up and looked at her fixedly. Basia burst into tears.

"Oh, Robert!"—she sobbed—"Robert! why should you sacrifice your good name—all your future—when you

(Continued on Page 57)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 8, 1913

The World's Conundrum

SINCE this era of prosperity began, in 1897, there has been little if any real advance in wages in the United States. Wages have risen, but cost of living has increased in nearly the same ratio. Extravagance has nothing to do with this. If a workman bought exactly the same articles in exactly the same quantity as in 1897 the enhanced prices, according to the latest reports of the Bureau of Labor, would about offset the average rise in wages.

Why has cost of living advanced much more in this country during the last fifteen years than in Great Britain—the tariff policy of neither country having materially changed meanwhile? Is it true that New Zealand has held back the rising cost of living by simply lowering her tariff? Has the great growth of coöperation in Great Britain—both coöperative buying among artisans and coöperative selling among farmers—any material bearing on the subject?

A score of deeply important questions are involved here. If the experience of one country sheds a light upon them that is applicable to other countries the whole civilized world would gain by knowing it. The civilized world, indeed, is tremendously interested and ready to follow our lead. There has never before been such an opportunity for a worldwide economic inquiry—from which the most important and beneficial results may well flow. The international conference on cost of living recommended by President Taft—with general foreign approval—more than a year ago should have been sitting by this time; but Congress was busy with politics.

The Grafting Policeman

ALL the evidence so far adduced tends to prove that Patrolman Fox was a model policeman. The job assigned him by his superiors was to graft. He worked at it with a diligence, perseverance and discriminating intelligence that any right-minded employer ought to admire. No matter how stormy the day this patient officer punctually went his rounds, gathering in blood-money from all the dives in his territory; and he honorably turned in every cent of it—a perfectly trustworthy employee evidently, never flagging at his work or deviating from the line of his instructions, and honest as the day was long. It grieves us to hear a righteous press call him a scoundrel.

Very likely his immediate superior, Captain Walsh, was a pretty good man too. He also was elected to graft by those upon whom he depended for his position and livelihood. Possibly he had some native leanings in that direction himself; but to lay the weight of police corruption on his frail shoulders is obviously absurd.

This is a very old story. Every two or three months some big-city policeman is caught grafting on big-city vice. There is a day's hubbub; the grafter is discharged or sent to jail; and the system goes right on. One or two men have plenary power over city police departments. They can stop systematic graft if they are determined to do so. When they do not stop it they are incompetent and should be immediately dismissed from office; but the public refuses to hold them accountable. If the public held the mayor rigidly responsible for the police, and turned him out of office with ignominy the moment systematic graft was discovered, we think there would be an end of the system. So long as the public regards the system indulgently you may be absolutely sure that the police department will.

The Government's Touch

AFTER sixteen years of Republican domination the Government at Washington is Democratic. After an unbroken Republican régime of about twenty years a Democratic administration has been inaugurated in Illinois. Elsewhere on the political map some like shifts of power have occurred.

In the nature of the case these changes will be largely on paper only. Relatively to the total activity of the Government the difference between what a Democratic administration will do and what a Republican administration would do under the same circumstances is slight. In bulk there will be the same body of laws administered in the same manner. Relatively to the total activities of the country the change is smaller still, for far the greater part of those activities go on with little respect to government. Government of any sort in a free country touches the ordinary law-abiding citizen at only a few points. He would work and live and save or spend in pretty much the same way whatever the government was for a government that did not permit him to do that would not be tolerated.

His personal awareness of government is derived mainly through the tax collector. Periodically he feels its touch on the most sensitive spot in his economic anatomy—his own pocketbook. So we think it a very good augury for Governor Dunne that he starts his administration by recommending reform of an archaic and absurd revenue system. Social legislation is at the front now; but, after all, nothing that a government can do is more important than the manner in which it collects and disburses public revenue. To many reformers this may seem a sordid view—but it is true.

The Acid Test

THE iron and steel industry, of course, is about the most important one outside of agriculture and transportation. Now that the returns are all in, we should call the condition of that industry in 1912 relatively satisfactory. The output was much the largest ever known—practically double that of four years ago, and larger by many million tons than the combined production of Great Britain and Germany, our nearest rivals.

And prices were comparatively low. The basic article, pig iron, averaged fourteen dollars and a half a ton against twenty-one and a half in 1907. Steel billets averaged twenty-two dollars a ton, in round figures, against twenty-nine five years ago. At these prices exports reached nearly three million tons, valued at almost three hundred million dollars, against less than a million tons four years ago. Wages were at least no lower than when prices were decidedly higher; and at these prices the leading manufacturer—the trust—undoubtedly earned all it was entitled to, and then some.

Relatively speaking, we should call this condition satisfactory; for, after all theoretical language is exhausted, the acid test of any industry is what service it gives in the way of meeting the demand for its products, what prices it charges and what wages it pays. If it supplies the article the public wants, at a reasonable price, and treats labor fairly, the public's interest in how an industry may be organized is merely academic. Seven dollars a ton off the price of steel, with the same wages for labor, is better than any possible reorganization that does not affect price. Incidentally it is evident that the trust could have stood a very substantial reduction of the tariff in 1908, because, with prices much lower than in that year, it is making good profits at the present time.

The Mexican Outlook

WE COMMEND the following statement from the former Mexican ambassador to the United States, yet regard it as really superfluous: "I lied to the American Government for ten months, telling it the revolution would be over in six weeks. We should speak the truth though it destroy us. The truth is, the situation is desperate!"

We do not know of any one really acquainted with Mexican conditions who expected permanent peace to follow the overthrow of Diaz; or who now expects that the country will be really pacified for some time to come. Very likely when their internal dissensions are pacified it will be accomplished by another like Diaz.

The old president was an extraordinary man. He built railroads, opened mines, established the national credit, multiplied trade—but he left the mass of the Mexican people pretty much as he found them. When his mighty hand was withdrawn they resorted to old ways. They are poor, ignorant, exploited. So long as they are to remain in that state they have as much to expect from taking up a revolution as from any other employment; and it is more exciting than plowing.

Probably supervision by Cossacks or some very tangible motive for peace and orderly industry will be the only twentieth-century alternative for ruling a people with any fighting spirit. We have more or less the same problem in the Philippines, and finally, no doubt, will have to solve it one way or another.

Two Pictures

IN FEBRUARY the following news dispatch from Jekyl Island was printed in New York: "A spasm of the throat that left William Rockefeller a strangling, trembling old man on the verge of nervous collapse abruptly terminated his examination by the House Money Trust Committee here yesterday. . . . He had hardly begun to move his lips before a whistling cough shook his frame. He fell back into the chair, a flood of red sweeping over the gray-white pallor of his face. The trembling of his hands and wagging of his head became more violent."

About a month earlier a powerful journal printed a cartoon of William Rockefeller as a burly, diamond-bedecked, fur-robed anarchist, waving a torch with one hand and carrying a lighted bomb in the other.

It is unfortunate that the newspapers generally cannot deal with such a figure as Rockefeller except by presenting him as a horrendous stage dragon, breathing fire and brimstone—while the reality is merely a feeble, nervous old man, no whit worse in any particular than any of us, except that he may have been less kind. That is the only trouble with him and his sort. To gain their ends they are quite ready to hurt others. And between their unkindness and that unkindness which pictures them as inhuman monsters we see very little to choose.

Getting After the Farmers

SENATE bill number forty-three, introduced in the New Jersey legislature at the instance of President Wilson when governor, says that persons who "make any agreement by which they directly or indirectly preclude a free and unrestricted competition among themselves in the sale or transportation of any article or commodity, either by pooling, withholding from the market or selling at a fixed price, or in any other manner by which the price might be affected," shall be subject to three years' imprisonment and a thousand-dollar fine.

Apparently this would hit all coöperative associations among farmers for the marketing of fruit and vegetables. Practically all such associations are pools—all of them are entered into for the express purpose of preventing competition among the members in the selling of their produce; the primary object of all of them is to affect the price.

In various instances these coöperative associations have been the farmers' salvation. So long as they marketed their fruit or vegetables competitively, each grower acting for himself, they got no return for their labor and investment. It was only when they marketed through a cooperative pool that they made any profit. At the same time these coöperative associations, in nearly all cases, have raised the grade of the fruit, introduced better packages, and as a net result have increased the price to the ultimate consumer very little if at all.

The statute book may declare this to be a crime, but is it?

Restricting Immigration

IT IS true that early immigrants to this country were quite generally so poor that they sold themselves into servitude to pay for their passage; also, that the net gain of population through immigration in recent years has been smaller, relatively to total population, than in several earlier periods. But neither fact has much relevance to the question whether any restriction should now be placed upon immigration. The earlier immigration went largely to vacant land.

It is also true, in the sense in which Uncle Joe Cannon might have said it, that "without the great immigration of recent years the United States would not have made the progress it has." There would have been fewer tons of pig iron, smaller foreign-trade totals. The enormous supply of raw, cheap labor has stimulated industry; but industry may be stimulated without any real national progress. Steel mills may flourish though men deteriorate.

We think, on the whole, the great immigration of recent years has been good for the immigrants and for the country. The only practical question is whether we have now reached a point where it would be better for the country to exercise some choice—to select, so far as possible, those immigrants who are likeliest to be profitable. If any selection at all is to be made a simple literacy test is the best instrument. An illiterate man may be a saint, and a literate man may be a scoundrel; but the broad probabilities are that a man who is able to read is more intelligent, more enterprising and has been brought up under better conditions than an illiterate one. And broad probabilities are the only things with which a statute can deal.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Uncrowned King

IN A COUNTRY of kings there are many uncrowned kings. That is as far as the ruled can go in the way of complimenting and flattering their non-monarchical rulers; for, when a king represents the divine right of being boss, to say a man is an uncrowned king does not impinge on the direct-from-Heaven exclusive prerogative, but does assign to him other imperial attributes that represent the ultimate in power and influence.

So they refer to Herr von Heydebrand und der Lasa as the uncrowned king of Prussia when they speak of him in a political way in Germany; and it makes the Kaiser very fussy at times, for there is no disposition on the part of the Kaiser to have any sort of kings in Germany—crowned or uncrowned—except the only and original king, William II, the same being the Kaiser's conception of what a king should be, and all comers being warned that he does not look with favor on either designations or imitations. However in the case of Herr von Heydebrand the Kaiser is not too insistent; and though he rages inwardly at the common compliment paid to Heydebrand's power he recognizes that power. The Kaiser, in addition to being a king, is also a politician and can see as far through a millstone as any other man—farther than some, if it comes to that. The Kaiser says nothing to Heydebrand about it; nor does he make any public protest.

As for Heydebrand, you'd think, to have a look at him, that loading him down with the title of uncrowned king in addition to that Von Heydebrand und der Lasa—which is really his name, and not a description of his symptoms—would be more than his personal traffic would stand. You see, Herr von Heydebrand is a small man. Come to think of it, he is smaller than a small man. So far as stature goes, he reminds one of Hardwick, of Georgia, who floated into the House of Representatives one time on a sunbeam, and caused the late and lamented Ike Hill, then by way of being an assistant sergeant-at-arms, to remark: "That guy a member of Congress! Why, say, I could drown him in a fountain pen!"

All Ready but the Patient

The Big Boss of Prussia

THE uncrowned king of Prussia is, as may be assumed, a little man. He is so little that General Joe Wheeler would have seemed almost gigantic beside him; and if you stood him alongside Ollie James he would appear to be a small child, barring the fact that he has a few whiskers scattered across his tiny face. But the physical part of him is the only thing diminutive about him. In all other respects Herr von Heydebrand und der Lasa lives up not only to his imposing name but to his still more imposing characterization. He's the uncrowned king of Prussia, all right; and he is at times a sort of a director-general for the Kaiser. The fact is, Heydebrand, so far as German affairs go—German political affairs—has tremendous political authority—authority that is almost absolute, and that is absolute so far as Prussia and the course of politics on the Conservative side of the Reichstag and the German government are concerned.

Heydebrand is the leader of the Conservatives both in the Reichstag and in the Prussian Diet. Nominally the German government always is Conservative, though it isn't necessarily so; nor is it held to any party affiliations, being superior to parties instead of a creation of party. Still the Kaiser, who is the government, is a natural Conservative, as he must be basically, for the Conservatives are the Loyalists. Hence, as Heydebrand leads the Conservatives and is the great power not only in the Conservative party, *per se*, but in all the affiliated groups, it is clear enough how he gets his title—and even clearer when the commanding position of Prussia in German affairs is taken into consideration.

The German political name for the Conservatives is Junkers. As they flourish in Prussia they are the landed aristocracy, the gentry—the class corresponding to the estate owners in England, who are just now being harried for taxes by Lloyd George. They traditionally rule Prussia and are typed by the Hohenzollerns, the royal family. Heydebrand's real branch of the Conservative party, which forms the base of the organization of the various groups operating under that name, is the aristocratic end. He represents the Agrarians, who exalt the land and its products over all other things German, which perhaps is natural, inasmuch as they own the land. They are the politicians who have so long kept up the relentless fight on American meat and other American farm products.

They go further than that. They are the self-appointed custodians of the divine-right-to-rule idea; the protectors of the sacredness of the throne; the champions of the classes against the masses; and the stanch upholders of the idea that none but the classes are fit to rule. When you get a Royalist in Germany you get a real Royalist—not a person who is for a king and the attributes and powers of a king simply because that is the sort of government his country has. Heydebrand's following, and Heydebrand himself, consider themselves divinely appointed to help out the Kaiser in his work of governing Germany. The Kaiser gets his patent direct from Heaven, as he and they say, and the Conservatives get theirs from the Kaiser—once removed from divinity, but direct enough to cause them to consider any other who has a governmental idea as a usurper not to be tolerated for a moment.

With this spirit back of him—hereditary, indeed—Heydebrand is just the kind of a man you would pick him to be. He has big estates in Silesia and is a lawyer, but he has given all his time to politics for a good many years. Gradually, through sheer ability and because of his exceeding courage, he worked into his commanding position of leadership. He is small; but when he gets up to talk you forget that. He could not be any better as an orator and a debater if he were sixteen feet tall. He has a keen, analytical mind, an enormous fund of information, and good gifts of attack and defense. Moreover, he is a great politician and a fine organizer; and he keeps tight hold on his party and does about what he wants with it.

That isn't all however. The real, attractive feature of this one-hundred-pound uncrowned king of Prussia is his cold, hard, irrefragable nerve. He isn't afraid of anything in Germany, from the Kaiser down. When he has a few remarks to make he makes a few remarks; and if so be those remarks concern the Kaiser or any policy of the Kaiser's the mere fact that they do so concern the emperor does not cause Heydebrand to put on the soft pedal. He stands up at his desk and says what is on his mind—says it with a directness that astonishes his hearers and causes the Kaiser to jump up and down with rage. When the Kaiser talked for publication, in 1908, in the London Telegraph interview, and thereby caused both England and Germany to sit up and take startled notice, it was Heydebrand who rose at his place and told the garrulous emperor all about himself in language that was much plainer than it was polite. Last year he indulged in some condemnation of the policy of the government in Morocco that gave the government acute pain. And he does just that frequently.

Heydebrand knows his power. The government cannot get along without him very well; and every now and then he takes occasion to tell the government just how he regards it, and puts it in its proper place, which an uncrowned king of Prussia can do, of course, and which the government, including the Kaiser, must accept with the best grace possible. Chancellors are his particular meat. When Heydebrand wants real action he gets after the chancellor, the prime minister. He was the man, working as leader of the Conservatives, who brought Von Bülow down; and when he gets ready he will eliminate Von Bethmann-Hollweg in the same manner, or in any other manner to suit his fancy. If the Kaiser does not like it the Kaiser will be told to go out and hunt a few wild boars and quit fussing in affairs that are beyond his control or direction. Heydebrand is the man who pulls the Conservative strings, and as a string-puller he has few superiors. Also, his capacity for telling his opponents where to get off and seeing to it that they do get off, his talent for leadership, and his flinty nerve make him as picturesque and as interesting a German as there is. Inasmuch as he is the uncrowned king of Prussia he sees to it that the title shall remain in his possession whether the Kaiser likes it or not.

A Human Whippoorwill

TOM McNEAL, the Kansas storyteller, has a yarn about a family in which an arrangement was made by which the men should chop the wood in the fall and winter, and the women should do it in the spring and summer.

"There was some question," says McNeal, "as to when winter closes and spring begins, and it was decided that spring commences when the whippoorwills begin to whistle. One day early in February I rode by a cabin and found a woman chopping wood.

"'How's this?' I asked. 'I thought the agreement was for the old man to cut wood in the winter.'

"'That was the agreement,' the woman replied; 'but I reckon this here is spring. I hearn a whippoorwill whistlin' yistiddy, an' the ol' man come in and says it's time fer me to begin chopping.'

"'It's queer the whippoorwill begins whistling so early,' I said.

"'It seemed thataway to me; but I reckon the whippoorwill knows his business an' it's spring.'

"A week later I rode by the cabin again and found the old man chopping wood. He had a couple of black eyes and was otherwise disfigured. Evidently he had seen trouble.

"The woman came to the door of the cabin.

"'I reckon,' she said, 'you-all is surprised I ain't cuttin' no more wood. Well, it's thisaway: Arter I'd bin choppin' fer two days I found out that ornery, triflin', no-account hill-billy of a man of mine hed learnt to mock a whippoorwill perfect; but I'm allowin' he won't try that game on me no more!'"

Five Pointed Reasons Why You Should Write with a

DIAMOND POINT
the Guaranteed
PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN

1. Costs very much less than OTHER FINE PENS.

2. Every Pen point is *14-kt.* Solid Gold, tipped with *hardest Russian* Iridium.

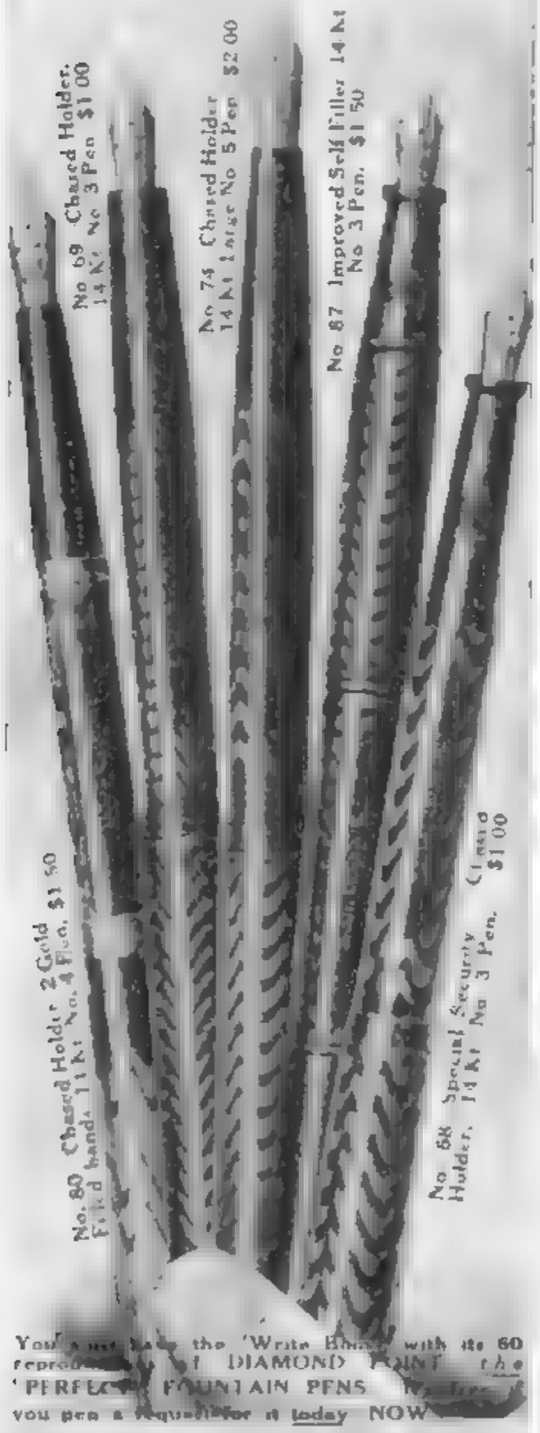
3. Does not BLOT, SCRATCH or SKIP. Writes *smoothly, evenly, quickly*—all WAYS and always.

4. Holders made of pure Para Rubber, chased and highly polished—Security Styles fitted with automatic BACK-FLOW feeds, insuring against *leakage* when pen is *down-side up or upside-down.*

5. We insure *Pen Service* by special ONE YEAR GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE with each pen.

The best dealer near you should be able to supply you. If not, REMIT DIRECT, stating style wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory after 30 days' trial.

Jewelers, Stationers, Druggists and Department Stores should send for Catalog and special Dealers' proposition


No 69 Chased Holder, 14 Kt No 3 Pen $1 00
No 74 Chased Holder 14 Kt Large No 5 Pen $2 00
No 87 Improved Self-Filler 14 Kt No 3 Pen. $1 50
No 80 Chased Holder 2 Gold Filled bands 14 Kt No. 4 Pen. $1 50
No 88 Special Security Holder, 14 Kt No 3 Pen.

You must have the 'Write Right' with its 60 years of DIAMOND POINT the 'PERFECT' FOUNTAIN PENS. Let us send you a booklet for it today NOW.

Diamond Point Pen Company
35 West 19th St., New York

DIAMOND POINT PEN CO.
35 West 19th St., New York

Gentlemen:—Please send Style No.
Enclosed find $
Send Write Book free, to

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

REAL ESTATE in the four cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston is valued at more than twelve billion dollars for purposes of taxation. Though these cities comprise less than seven hundred square miles, the land within their boundaries is worth considerably more than a third as much as all the farmlands in the United States, comprising nearly a million and a half square miles, with the buildings thereon. No doubt the real estate in these four cities alone absorbs more capital by way of mortgage investment than all the farms do. I should not be surprised if the real-estate mortgages in the four cities amounted to nearly twice as much as the farm mortgages.

Probably the city mortgages, taken in a lump, go at a somewhat lower rate of interest than the farm mortgages do; but interest rates vary considerably, not only between different cities but within the same city. In New York the going rate is five per cent, whether for a three thousand or four thousand dollar residence loan in Brooklyn—provided, of course, it is gilt-edge—or for a three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand dollar loan on business property in Manhattan. I am speaking now of the rate paid by the borrower. Loans may be made at four and a half per cent or at five and a half; but five is the common rate.

In many small cities—say, from thirty to a hundred thousand inhabitants—six or six and a half is often paid. In Chicago until recently the rate has been all the way from four per cent to six and a half—that is, until within a year four per cent was the going rate for large loans on strictly first-class property in the central business district; while for a loan on a flat building in the residence districts six per cent and a commission might be paid.

As with almost every form of investment interest rates have moved upward somewhat in the last six months, so that the going rate for loans on central business property in Chicago is now four and a half per cent—a rate, however, which puts loans of that class about at the top of the preferred investment list.

Not long ago, for example, the Continental and Commercial National Bank arranged for a loan of six million dollars with which to construct a twenty-story building covering the square bounded by La Salle, Adams and Quincy Streets and Fifth Avenue—a choice office-building location. The actual borrower would be a safe-deposit company organized by the bank for the purpose of erecting and operating the building; but practically the bank stood behind the loan. So there was a very strong borrower, a fine location and a good margin of security, the total cost of land and building exceeding ten million dollars. The rate on that loan was four and forty-five hundredths per cent. A year ago no doubt it would have been four per cent. But while interest rates on this class of investments, as on most others, have advanced, they stand about at the head of the list.

Loans on Business Property

They command lower rates than the best farm mortgages for several reasons. For fifteen years downtown or central business real estate in the large cities has steadily advanced in value; so the lender's margin of security has increased year by year. And with the enormous growth in city population there is a constantly enhancing utility in central business property. A purchaser can always be found for it. For many years, it is said, there has been no foreclosure of a mortgage on downtown property in Chicago. The uses for such property are so many and pressing that if the present holder does not make good with it somebody is ready to take it off his hands immediately. Then loans of this description are in big amounts, which makes the expense of placing a given sum of money decidedly smaller than it would be if the sum were cut up into many small loans.

These big loans on central business property are mainly made with small investors' money, because nobody except small investors in the mass has money enough to handle them. But they are not made by small investors direct. The big life-insurance companies—with their huge accumulations of small investors' money—make a great many of them. It was a life-insurance company that made the Continental and Commercial Bank's six-million-dollar loan. In Chicago they have a pretty large share of the business.

I know of only one instance there in which a loan on downtown real estate was distributed directly to small investors. This was a four-million-dollar loan on the new Insurance Exchange Building, the mortgage securing the bonds being a first lien on the land as well as on the building, and the bonds bearing five per cent. Some exceptional circumstances in this case made it advisable to raise the money by an issue of bonds to be sold to investors, instead of by a loan from an insurance company; but ordinarily the borrower who owned the fee would prefer to go to the insurance company, because it would cost him less.

A great deal of investment money in Chicago has of late gone into so-called building bonds, where the mortgage that secures the bonds is not a lien on the land itself, but only on the leasehold and the building. Suppose, for example, you wish to put up a building that will cost two million and a half dollars on land that is worth two million and a half. Obviously the total capital involved in the undertaking will be five million dollars. Your building will bring in, say, four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year in rents. Operating expenses, repairs, taxes and insurance will consume a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, leaving you three hundred thousand a year net, or six per cent on your investment.

How Big Buildings are Financed

Being a good business man, six per cent does not look very attractive to you, however; so, instead of buying the land, you lease it for ninety-nine years at the going rate of four and a half per cent of its value. To secure the landlord, you obligate yourself to erect on the leased land a building costing two million and a half dollars. Having erected the building, you issue, say, a million and a quarter of five-and-a-half-per-cent building bonds against it, the bonds being secured by a mortgage that covers the leasehold and the building. You will see that the rental you pay to the landlord and the interest on the building bonds take roughly a hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year, leaving you a hundred and twenty thousand net. But, as you now have only a million and a quarter of your own money in the enterprise, that makes nearly ten per cent on your investment.

Probably, as a matter of fact, you had only a million and a quarter of your own to begin with; so the only way you could get a structure representing five million dollars of capital for land and building was, first, by leasing the land instead of buying it; second, by issuing building bonds against the leasehold and structure.

This whole investment business is a double-acting engine. On one side, it enables active men to control property they could not buy with their own capital. On the other side, it enables persons who have accumulated money they have no use for in their own business to place it where it will earn something. And more and more the business is nicely adjusted, in order to make a place for everybody with investable money to spare, according to the risk he is willing to take.

In the above case your building operation absorbs two million and a half dollars—the value of the land—which gets gilt-edge security and receives only four and a half per cent interest. It also absorbs a million and a quarter, through the building bonds, which gets second-chop security and receives consequently five and a half or six per cent interest.

Six or eight years ago these building bonds were held in considerable disfavor. The mortgage securing them not only does not cover the land itself, but is really a second lien on the building. The landlord, who receives only four and a half per cent in rental, naturally demands first consideration at all points; so his lease invariably provides that he shall have first claim on the building. If default were made in the payment of ground rental the building would be forfeited to the landlord—or, at least, all his claims would have to be satisfied out of it before holders of the building bonds got anything. And though the land will presumably enhance in value, the building itself will begin to deteriorate as soon as it is occupied. For these reasons conservative people some years ago rather looked askance at building bonds.

The Increasing Value of Leaseholds

Of late, however, there has been a very good market for them. After the first year or two a portion of the loan is paid off each year, more than offsetting any probable depreciation of the building. Thus, as the total amount of bonds outstanding against a building is reduced year by year, the margin of security for the remaining bonds becomes greater; and usually the last of the bonds falls due in fifteen to twenty years from the date of issue. And it is generally calculated that the margin of security will become greater also, by reason of appreciation of the value of the leasehold. Of course the more the land rises in price, the more valuable the leasehold becomes.

Suppose, for example, you took a piece of downtown realty on a ninety-nine-year lease three years ago, at a rental of forty thousand dollars a year. That would mean the land was then worth a million dollars, long-term ground leases being made on a basis of four per cent net return to the landlord. In three years the land may have advanced in value twenty per cent. In that case any one leasing it now would have to pay four and a half per cent on twelve hundred thousand dollars, or fifty-four thousand dollars a year. Thus you would be able to sell your lease—carrying only forty thousand dollars a year rental—at a good premium; and a mortgage on the leasehold would be equivalent to a mortgage on part of the value of the ground itself.

Practically all the older leaseholds, in fact, now have a large market value.

Another reason why these bonds have grown in popularity is that they bear comparatively high interest—five and a half or six per cent, according to desirability—and with the rise in cost of living investors are much more inclined to insist upon a good interest return. The most important point in judging bonds of this sort concerns the leasehold. A safe rule is to take a conservative valuation of land and building together; then figure the lease as a first mortgage upon the whole and see what margin of security remains for the building bonds.

As with every other sort of security, the first thing for the small investor to satisfy himself about is as to the standing, responsibility and record of the house that brings out the bonds.

Mortgages on Flat Buildings

Another form of real-estate mortgage investment that has attracted a good deal of money in Chicago of late consists of bonds issued against improved outlying property—generally flat buildings. Here the mortgage will cover both land and building as a first lien, the rule being to lend about sixty per cent of the value of both combined. But, unlike downtown property, much the greater part of the total value is in the building rather than in the land. Probably, if the total value is seventy thousand dollars and the mortgage is for forty thousand, the land itself will be worth about twenty thousand. Thus the bondholder must look to the building instead of to the land for a considerable part of his security; and the value of a flat building is partly a question of location and management.

These flat-building loans bear five and a half or six per cent interest, according to desirability, and generally run only five years—usually with some portion of them payable in two, three and four years. Undoubtedly they are good when made by a concern of experience, judgment and standing; and some concerns of the highest standing are making them. But it is a field the small investor cannot be recommended to enter except under the guidance of a concern of high character.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of An Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Did you ever hear the story of why Bill Hughes, who will be a Senator from New Jersey after March fourth and who has been one of the big Democrats in the House for several years, happened to vote for the mileage grab?

The question came up on the proposition to pay the members extra mileage. You know they get twenty cents a mile, which amounts to a good chunk of money for the boys from the West, and is a small fortune for Prince Cupid, who comes from Hawaii. Well, they were in extra session and had had their mileage. Then came the plan to put that twenty cents a mile over again for the regular session. Of course it was legal enough; but, all the same, it looked like a grab, and there was a good deal of opposition to it out in the country, but principally by the men who live close to Washington and who lost next to nothing financially by upholding the rights of the people in this particular instance and safeguarding the Treasury—and all that sort of stuff that looks good in the Congressional Record.

Hughes lives in Paterson, New Jersey, and his mileage does not amount to much; so he was indifferent. It would be a little more cigar money if he got it and not much loss if he did not. A lot of the boys from the Pacific Coast were keen for the graft. They needed the money and they determined to get it. At the same time they were just as keen about how the folks back home would feel on the subject; and there was a good deal of backing and filling and fourflushing when the thing came down to the last stages and a vote was to be taken. A lot of statesmen stood between love—for the extra—and duty to the people; but most of them got off on the love side before it was over.

The question came to a vote at a night session. Hughes was downtown that night and had kept no track of the matter. He walked out of the Willard Hotel and looked up the avenue toward the Capitol. The light that means a night session was burning in the dome.

"Oho!" said Hughes. "A night session! I've got nothing to do, so I guess I'll go up and see what's going on."

He hopped on a car and went up. As he went into the corridor Ollie James, who will become a Senator from Kentucky at the same time Hughes goes into the Senate from New Jersey, grabbed him.

The Wrong Book

"Hey, Bill!" shouted James. "Hustle in there and vote for the mileage."

"What's that?" asked Hughes.

"Hurry in and get yourself recorded in favor of the extra mileage. They are voting on it now and we need every vote we can get. A lot of the boys are opposing. Hurry! And be sure to vote aye."

Hughes went in. At the end of the vote he announced his presence and the speaker directed the clerk to record him.

"Mr. Hughes, of New Jersey!" called the clerk.

"Aye!" voted Hughes. And the mileage was granted.

Next day Hughes was looking at the Congressional Record. He glanced at the vote for and against mileage. Snugly resting in the list of names of those who voted emphatic noes he discovered this interesting item: "Nay—Mr. James, of Kentucky."

I was reminded of this story when I read in the newspapers that the president-elect is engaged in studying the Guide to Washington. The Professor may not know it, but he's reading the wrong book. The volume he should be devouring at the present moment is not the Guide to Washington, but the Guide to Congress. Getting about Washington presents no difficulties worth mentioning to a president; but when that president, if he does not know the game, tries to get on and about with and in Congress he soon discovers that institution is like a crystal maze—simple enough to penetrate if you have the key, but quite impossible if you have not.

The four hundred and thirty-five men who will be in Mr. Wilson's first House of Representatives are mostly politicians, as have been all the hundreds of other men who have been in previous Congresses. They have to be or they wouldn't be there. At close view here in Washington a member of Congress is small potatoes and few in the hill, but back home he is a good deal of a citizen; and there never was a moment in any district when there were not dozens of aspiring patriots who were firmly convinced they could do much better at the Capitol than the incumbent, and who were trying to coin those convictions into votes.

Consequently the real, vital problem before a member of Congress consists in keeping his job. Consequently, also, all legislation is, first off, personal to the political necessities of the members of Congress. Consequently—a third time—those political necessities hinge to a great extent on the man who is president, for he has the last say on legislation and he must be kept in line, else the boys fail in their aspirations.

It is pretty late in the day to say the Fathers left much out of the Constitution that should have been put in that immortal and resilient document; but there is not much doubt they missed a big bet when they did not slip in a sentence making it imperative that every man who is nominated for chief executive of this great and glorious nation shall have had a certain number of years of service in Congress. Mr. Wilson is coming to Washington with a highly polished theoretical knowledge of government, but with no practical knowledge of the mechanics of government. Mr. Taft was in the same case; and what they did to Mr. Taft is now pathetic history.

The Curves of Congress

Mr. Roosevelt had no Congressional experience, either, except a few hours as presiding officer of the Senate when he was vice-president; and if you will show me anything Mr. Roosevelt ever did as president that Congress did not want him to do, I shall be greatly obliged.

Grover Cleveland never did master the curves of Congress until along in his second term—and then it was too late. McKinley knew. He had been there. The suave old gentlemen from the House could not come up and stroke their whiskers and put anything over on him. He let them do what party needs demanded; but he let them know, also, that he was completely cognizant of the reasons and motives and the probable results.

Now comes Mr. Wilson, filled with ambition, loaded to the guards with high ideals, the second individual in the Democratic party elected to the presidency since before the Civil War, more or less a child of destiny; and Congress is lying back to look him over and is prepared to operate in the most expeditious and approved manner. In a government like ours—a party government—a president of the United States, unless he wants to wreck his party, has about as much chance of independent action as he has of getting those nine hours of sleep each night Mr. Wilson says he requires. He may desire all sorts of laws and advocate them, but he cannot get them unless Congress is willing.

Those boys up on the hill are politicians. They know the game. And it is an intricate game. President Wilson may think he has learned some of the inside of it by his dealings with the New Jersey legislature, but a state legislature is a kindergarten compared with the national legislature. He will start with a determination to do everything he wants to do, and he will be helped along by those who want his favor; but he will soon find the determination to do everything he wants to do will simmer down to the acceptance of a situation wherein he will do what they will let him do—and no more.

Congress has been a century and a quarter building up a system, and it is about perfected right now. Experts of forty and sixty years ago have been succeeded by experts of the present time. The ramifications of that system are so numerous, and the complications of the procedure so great, and the politics of it so devious, that Mr. Wilson will be lucky if he is not tied hand and foot inside of sixty days. He can be

"That's a good Soup ad!"

"Yes; and a good *soup*, too. And I find there are a hundred good ways to use it." This is a most surprising fact about

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

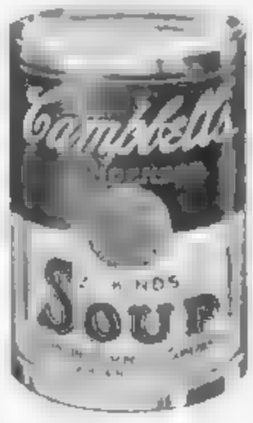
It is not only the ideal soup-course when prepared simply with hot water, milk or cream; but used in condensed form—just as you receive it—and combined with many other simple dishes, it makes a most delicious seasoning; and adds greatly to their wholesomeness and flavor.

Are *you* one of the clever house-wives who have discovered these helpful facts; and does *your* table get the full benefit of this perfect soup?

Why not write for our little free booklet which describes a number of tempting ways to serve it?

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Look for the red-and-white label

"Keep the Quality up"

American Gentleman Shoe

Four to six Dollars

WEAR the American Gentleman Shoe and you will walk with the assurance that your shoes are in fashion.

You will also walk with assurance because your shoes fit you and give your feet no trouble.

And you will walk with the added assurance that you have a sturdy pair of shoes between you and the ground.

[illegible] illustrated here [illegible] invisible eyelet Oxfords—a good serviceable shoe that is stylish and sturdy. The Hamilton-Brown dealer, anywhere, can show you the American Gentleman Shoe. Look over his line—if he doesn't happen to have the particular style that you want, he will get it for you in a few days' time. If there is no Hamilton-Brown dealer in your locality we will supply you direct, upon receipt of your order, stating style and size desired, and enclosing remittance to cover price of shoe.

Forty years shoemaking on a gigantic scale have brought to perfection in the American Gentleman Shoes these three shoe essentials—style—fit—wear.

Our little book, America's Finest Footwear, will be a big help to you. Send for free copy today.

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE COMPANY

St. Louis Boston

a good president or a great president, but both his goodness and his greatness will depend to a large extent on what Congress will let him do. He must have support. Congress has a monopoly of the kind of support he must have. He has no other place to turn.

It is a smooth game, a polite game, a crafty game. Great as Mr. Wilson's theoretical knowledge of government may be, his knowledge of the mechanics of it is not great. Our Congress moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. He will protest—he may fight; and neither protest nor warfare will get him anything. The system is there—silent, inexorable, rigid. Those patriots in the House and Senate, skilled by years of practice at the game, will apparently be serving him; but in reality he will be serving them.

It will be the same with the new Cabinet members—only in a smaller way, of course. Imagine a lawyer, for example, who has been practicing law in a state of the West, coming to Washington and thinking he can—as secretary of war, say—run the War Department as he wants to; or coming to Washington as secretary of the navy and thinking he can run the Navy Department! He will get all the deference he possibly desires. They will kotow to him and appear to consult him, and all that; but he will not be there long before he discovers that a bunch of old boys sitting round in the background are running the department, have been running it and will continue to run it.

I remember one secretary who came out of the West—a big man and an earnest and patriotic man. He took a Cabinet position. I called on him the day after he was sworn in. He was telling me how he intended to revolutionize things.

"Everybody here is anxious to help me," he said. "I am highly gratified; and I have been particularly fortunate in my choice of a private secretary. I have secured a most efficient and experienced man, who will be at my elbow and who will be of great service."

I asked him who that paragon was. He told me, and when I got outside I had a fit. The private secretary he had secured had been for years the private secretary of a bureau chief who was running the department; and they had sawed him off on Mr. Innocent Cabinet Member so that bureau chief should have instant and accurate information of everything the secretary had in mind, and might thus be able to checkmate him.

Ralph Cole's Sheep

It is a grand old game, as Mr. Wilson will soon discover.

You see, Jim, what Mr. Wilson will try to be will be president of all the people—and that is what every president has tried to be; but there always exist the two hampers—the partisan Government we have and the partisans in it. At the bottom, every man is in politics for himself. Basically Congress has but one real purpose, which is to help the individuals in it retain their power and place. The President of the United States must buck against this political selfishness on the part of his supporters and the system that selfishness has built up. It is hard bucking. More governmental policies have gone to wreck on personal interests than on any other thing.

The game always makes me think of Ralph Cole, who used to be a member from Ohio. A tariff bill was up and a constituent of his back home pestered Ralph to the verge of nervous prostration by his insistent demands that the tariff should be kept high on wool.

He fired in letters and telegrams and all sorts of petitions urging Cole to see to it that the highest sort of protection was kept on wool. It was the only way to save the nation!

Cole answered that he would do everything he could in the circumstances, but the fellow kept firing in telegrams and letters urging him to save the wool business from disaster.

Finally, just before the wool schedule came up, Cole got this telegram from his earnest constituent: "Act according to your best judgment. I have sold my sheep!"

That is the situation! All these Congressmen with whom Mr. Wilson will have to deal either have sheep to sell or have sold their sheep. Have you any wool, Jim?

BILL.

Even warmth —no tinkering

You can have even, room comfort, without fussing with pointers, chains, levers, dampers, etc., by use of our strong ALL-metal

IDEAL SYLPHON Regitherm

You set indicator hand on box (as above) in the Fall—usually at 70 degrees—then you can leave the REGITHERM *alone* all winter. It becomes your silent heating sentinel—no cold rooms pass its challenge! The heat in the room causes a simple, everlasting expanding and contracting device to send motion by a cable to check- and draft-dampers of your steam or water-boiler. Fire is kept steady—no over heating (which wastes coal), no under heating. Fuel savings soon pay for REGITHERM. Rooms warm early in morning and evenly all day. No electricity, compressed air or water power; no clock-work, machinery or diaphragms—wears as long as building, without repairs.

EASILY PUT ON OLD HEATING OUTFITS

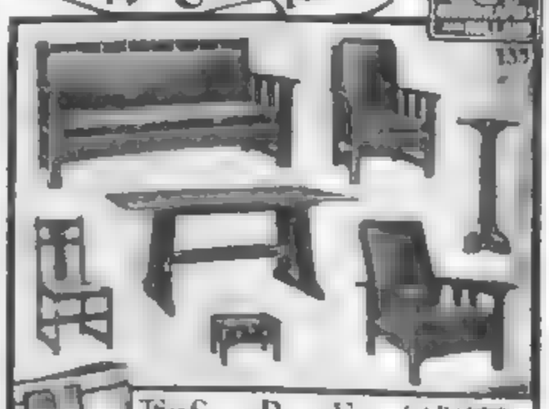
The REGITHERM with special temperature ranges (60 degrees to 300 degrees) are great time and money savers for controlling hot-rooms for baths, dry-kilns or bake ovens; varnishing, painting and glueing rooms in factories; any use where uniform heat (high or low) must be kept up. Send for "New Heating Aids" booklet telling about this REGITHERM, Norwall Air Valves, Sylphon Packless Radiator Valves—save your labor, patience and money. Why not write today?

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department R CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

LIMBERT'S HOLLAND DUTCH ARTS & CRAFTS FURNITURE



This Style Book Free 64 PAGES 300 DESIGNS

You Want This Valuable Booklet—

With Colored Room Scenes

WRITE For One TODAY

It displays 300 designs of beautiful, artistic, inexpensive Arts & Crafts furniture—the handiwork of expert cabinet craftsmen. This is the most appropriate furniture for the modern Home, Club or Hotel.

Call on our Associate Distributor nearest you and see our Furniture—you will know it by our Trade Mark—[illegible] into every piece—our guarantee of excellence.

[illegible] Dutch Wooden Shoes sent to you on receipt of 20 cents in stamps

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich. Dept. S. Holland, Mich.

There's A Great Merchant Tailoring Exposition

Going On In Your Town

NO NEED to journey to the fashion centres of the world. They are brought to you in *your town* through the merchant tailoring display of your local Representative of *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes.* Step into his shop—he *expects* you. He's eager to show you his brilliant range of 500 pure yarn woolens. You'll see the season's most fashionable and carefully guarded patterns and colorings in

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes
$20 to $45

See the "soft-pedal" and "loud-pedal" effects in Blues, Grays, Tans and White-on-Blacks. See the "Mixes," "Twists," Single and Double-Tint Shades, "Illuminated," "Firefly" and "Glowworm" weaves that exhaust both Nature's and the dyer's art. See Serges and Worsteds and Cassimeres and Cheviots and Homespuns and Tweeds in rich, rare, refined *merchant-tailoring* patterns which have no doubles either in the small tailor's or the big "manufacturer's" showing.

See all these! Then—seize your favorite pattern between thumb and forefinger and watch it "snap" almost electrically with the "life" that dwells in silky-soft, pure-wool cloth. Then and there, be measured for your *Easter Suit,* taped, typed and tailored *personally for you,* and have it on your back the next week.

You will joy in the sturdy fabric, the impeccable fit, the superfine finish, the "style-crackle." You will coax delighted nods from your mirror and applauding smiles from your friends. You will sniff the crisp air of Easter Morning conscious that you are "*a finished product.*"

Look carefully for our seal in the window of our Authorized Representative in your town. Watch attentively for his advertisement in your local newspaper this week.

Kahn Tailoring Company

of Indianapolis, Ind.

Progressive merchants serving a discriminating clientele are invited to write for our Tailoring Department Proposition.

Reduce tire and car expense by means of thick "non-skid" tread built up on regular Firestone body. Toughness and thickness give longer life; resiliency protects car's mechanism.

Sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows of tread grip pavement or road—prevent skid and increase traction. Demand them for security, economy, comfort.

Write for book, "What's What in Tires," by H. S. Firestone

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio — All Principal Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

JAP-A-LAC Is The Dreadnought of Floor Finishes

WHATEVER the age or condition of your floor may be, JAP-A-LAC will make it new and beautiful with a mirror-like surface, hard as flint. *Newness follows the brush.* No ordinary usage will mar or scratch a JAP-A-LAC-ED floor. Soap and water will not injure it.

JAP-A-LAC
MAKES OLD THINGS NEW

For sale in every City and Town in the United States and Canada by Paint, Hardware, Drug and Department Stores.

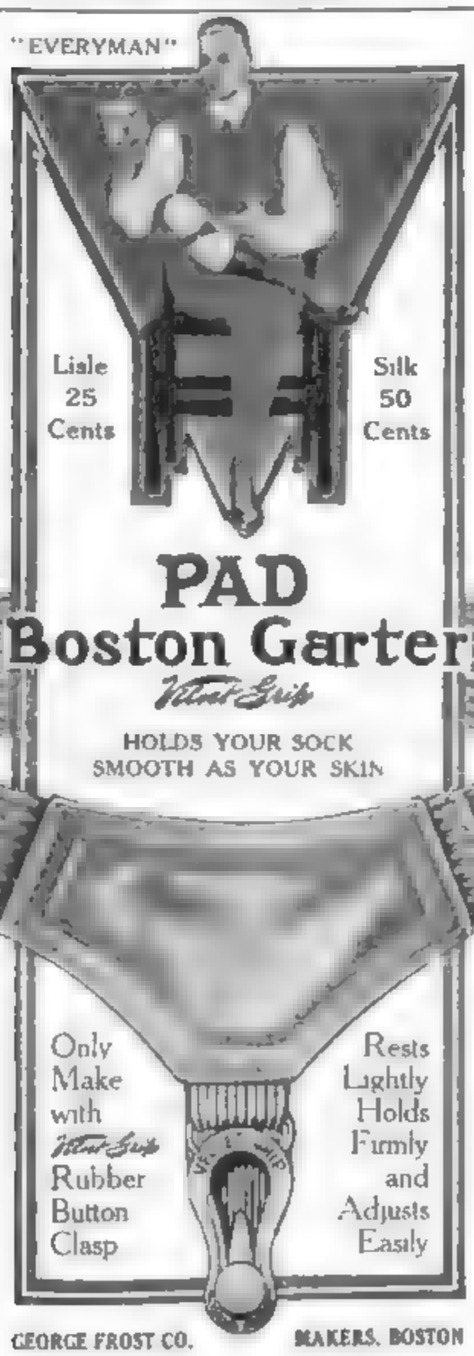
Let us send you our free booklet, "1001 Uses for JAP-A-LAC,"—it shows you a thousand and one ways to save money and make your home beautiful

THE Glidden VARNISH CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Factories: Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Canada
Branches: New York Chicago London

Makers of Glidden's Spar Varnish, Label Varnishes, White Enamels, Endurance (Pat.) Paints, Flat Wall Finishes and Cement Coating

"EVERYMAN"



PAD
Boston Garter
Velvet Grip
HOLDS YOUR SOCK SMOOTH AS YOUR SKIN

GEORGE FROST CO. MAKERS, BOSTON

HOTHOUSE AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 13

float away and they are mistily overturning Balkan kingdoms or something equally romantic and incredible, and gaining thrones and lovely consorts."

"You seem to have a remarkably good opinion of your opium," said Miss Bennett.

"Why shouldn't I?" I returned. "It is a very superior product and, unlike some others, it is guaranteed absolutely harmless."

"You make me wonder whether you are not as much an outsider yourself in life as a—Polish princess."

"How clever of you to perceive that! Of course I am. The people who amuse the world—the artists, writers, actors, singers, poets—are always regarded with suspicion, with covert contempt—and are held at arm's length. In this tremendous factory of the United States, where every one has a job and his pay envelope on Saturday, we are the freaks who jump through paper hoops and cry out—often with a heartiness that is pretty forced, I can tell you: 'Form a ring, good people; get your pennies ready. I am going to split your sides laughing at my comical antics!' If they laugh we get their pennies; if they don't well, we paste more paper over our battered hoops and trundle off somewhere else."

"I like you when you talk like that," murmured Miss Bennett. "You have a fancifulness that is very appealing, for it is all true underneath, isn't it? It makes me feel such a sad little cucumber—such a sad, sympathetic, admiring little cucumber, who almost wishes she was a lovely Balkan princess and you the irresistible overturner."

"I am thirty-seven," I said. "It is very sobering to be thirty-seven."

"Ah, there you go—running for your bombproof!"

"Oh, no, but ——"

That "but" expanded into the rest of the evening. When a man and woman reach a certain point in intimacy they become extraordinarily engrossed, and a whole hour or more of talk may pivot on a single word. We were suddenly thunderstruck to find it was nearly midnight, and returned I, at least, somewhat self-consciously—to be bantered by the cardplayers at supper. But there were two glowering faces in the company that failed to reflect the general amusement at our expense—Jimmy Van Voght's and Lawrence's. Lawrence looked very glum indeed, and later, when I was undressing in my room, he tapped at the door and entered with a pained expression I was at a loss to understand. He was unusually pale and his voice, when he spoke, was half fretful, half pleading.

"I hope I am not disturbing you," he said

"Not a bit," I returned. "What's the matter?"

"I—I want to give you a tip," he said in a nervous, jerky way. "That girl—that Mary Bennett—is making a dead set at you. You have to be careful, Anson—there's such a lot at stake. If you don't look out she may upset all our plans."

I was so surprised, so astounded, that I could do nothing but stare at him.

"Making a dead set at me!" I exclaimed at last. "Lawrence, you've gone crazy!"

"Oh, I know what I am talking about," he answered determinedly. "You think she hasn't read a book of yours—don't you? Why, she has them all bound in Russia leather and is more absurd than mother about them—calls them her dream children and makes no bones she was in love with you before she had ever even seen you. It was she who gingered up mother to ask you here—and that's why she kept out of bridge, just to make up to you. She didn't have to stay out of bridge. It was all fudge—scheming, transparent fudge! I want to put you on your guard: you can see, yourself, that this kind of thing won't do at all."

"Won't do at all," I repeated dizzily.

"We can't be lugging her round Europe," Lawrence continued with increasing bitterness. "She's trying to come between us—will end by ruining everything if you don't watch out; and it is not as though she were any catch. She's only old Bennett's niece and hasn't anything but a beggarly fifty or sixty thousand to her name; and if he gives her a diamond bracelet she'll be lucky, for he is as set as the Old Nick on her marrying Jimmy Van Voght. You must keep her in her place; make her understand it is hands off where you are concerned. It would be a silly sort of sage who would fall for that kind of thing. I hate to talk about it, but really I have to—it's forced on me. There is too much at stake for you to blunder into a disaster like that—wreck us in port before we have even started."

What happened after that is all blurred in my recollection. He stayed a long time an interminable time—pleading, arguing, expostulating with a dogged insistence that was as remote from me as the buzzing of a bluebottle fly. I answered mechanically. Heaven only knows what I said in my desperation to get rid of him. I could see nothing but Mary Bennett's face smiling at me through mist, enigmatic, questioning, strangely beautiful and provocative. I was so stirred, elated and amazed—so believing and disbelieving in alternate agonies of emotion—that I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels.

I think Lawrence went away reassured; my subconscious self had been volubly reassuring. At least he went away quietly; I remember that—and the grasp of our hands at parting. What would I not have pretended—conceded—to get rid of him and be alone? There are some moments in life that cannot be shared; that are intolerably personal—and this was one of them. I asked myself whether I was the happiest man in the world and the answer was "Yes"—emphatically, thrillingly, "Yes." Or was I merely a dazzled, egregious, middle-aged idiot, fooling myself with the incredible and inviting the most abject of disillusionments? The answer to that seemed to be "Yes" too. But I am trying to put the incoherent into the coherent; to describe the indescribable. These crises of soul and heart are beyond all human expression. I spent the night sleeplessly in their throes, knowing only one thing, deciding on only one thing—that I loved Mary Bennett.

The next day was a miserable trial to me, a series of misfortunes, one maddening purgatory after another. Breakfast in that house was a vague, come-when-you-like affair, and there was no Mary Bennett. Immediately after it I was captured by Mrs. Melton, who held me figuratively by the ear the whole morning. At luncheon Mary Bennett sat so far from me—our places at table were constantly being changed; Mrs. Melton said it gave life to a house party and stirred them up—that I could hardly see her at all. After that Lawrence nabbed me, intentionally I believe, to keep me out of dangerous company and, before I could assert myself or demur, there I was in that confounded canoe, being paddled away for keeps!

Lawrence had a stack of books and maps, and lovingly outlined our itinerary with a fountain pen, besides jotting down a list of the thousand and one things we needed for our travels. He was always adding something more in aluminum, and whenever I suggested the word myself he brightened perceptibly. "In aluminum"—that was the keynote of the afternoon, that endless, heartbreaking afternoon. Aluminum and—weather! Lawrence knew to a hair what September would be like in Mytilene, or the precise temperature of Samarkand in early June; he knew that Taviskar was windy in March and Lebanon unendurable in December. Weather was everything, he said. We should make a sad mess of it if we did not consider the weather very carefully; so we considered until I wished I was dead.

When we finally got back at half past four or so it was only to learn that Mary Bennett was out riding with Jimmy Van Voght and the Pardees. I was hurrying to the stables to get a mount and follow when I was waylaid by Mrs. Sethadine, who said I was just the person she was looking for to join her in a stroll up the lake. I could have killed her with my little hatchet, but of course was obliged to say I should be delighted. To make matters worse, she started to overflow about Jimmy Van Voght and how dear it was to see that pretty little romance growing up between him and Mary Bennett, and how we ought to encourage it all we could and as a bounden duty help it along. I agreed chokingly and had to subscribe to Jimmy's charm, manliness, general superiority, and so on, and purr over his many millions. It was not much of a purr, but Mrs. Sethadine did not notice its deficiency.

She was a good, kind creature and eager to marry everybody to everybody, with a generosity that did her credit—even rallying me on being an old bachelor and indicating how willingly she would put me in

The Hungry Boy's Craving

Bread and butter "tastes awful good" if the butter is Meadow-Gold.

Meadow-Gold Butter has a freshness and sweetness and delicacy of flavor that you don't find in ordinary butter.

Meadow Gold Butter

is pure and wholesome because it is made from pasteurized cream.

Meadow-Gold Butter comes to you protected as a true delicacy ought to be—triply wrapped and sealed in a patented package.

Do you want to tempt your appetite? Try Meadow-Gold Butter.

The Fox River Butter Co.
Chicago

S W P

A House Paint that has made good for 47 years

It comes ready to apply, spreads easily, holds its color, wears as if it were part of the house itself. S W P is but one of the many Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes for the decoration and preservation of the home, shown in our

Portfolio of Plans for Home Decoration

This portfolio contains twenty plates in full colors showing ideal color schemes for the home, both outside and in. It tells what finishes to use, covering every point of home decoration, from the treatment of the roof to the smallest detail of wall finish and furniture. It is decidedly worth sending for and it is free.

Visit our Decorative Departments
116 West 32nd St., bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y. City and 1101 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago
613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to the Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Gas and a Cigarette Did This

BUSINESS MEN—Merchants, Manufacturers, Bankers, Architects, Contractors, Clerks, Commercial Travelers, and

PROFESSIONAL MEN—Ministers, Lawyers, Doctors, Dentists, Instructors—as well as others—are in constant danger, not only from accidents like the above, but from automobiles, street cars, and other vehicles, building operations, electric wires, slippery walks and many other causes of accidents.

The ÆTNA LIFE has issued Accident policies for more than 22 years, and has paid over Ten Million Dollars for Accident Claims. It has issued Health policies for 14 years, and paid over One Million Dollars for Illness Claims.

YOU are not immune from accidents or illness. Then why not protect your income with an Accident and Health policy in a company of unquestioned strength and with a well earned reputation for fair dealing?

The ÆTNA LIFE has assets of over	$110,500,000
Its reserves for future claim payments are	98,600,000
These reserves are considered adequate to pay all future claims, but it has additional strength, called SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS, of over	11,900,000

ÆTNA-IZE YOUR INCOME, for say, $10, or $25, or $50 per week, against loss by accident or illness.

SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO., (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn. Tear off

I am under 60 years of age and in good health. Send me information about Accident and Health Insurance.
My Name, business address and occupation are written below:

the way of a kindred mate. This proved to be a Miss Welt that I might have the privilege of meeting later in New York. Miss Welt was the dearest thing alive and was, I gathered, also somewhat advanced in the thirties. That she was quite literary was supposed to indicate a common bond between us. I am afraid I was very lukewarm about Miss Welt and altogether absent-minded and unsatisfactory. It was a martyrizing walk for me, though I tried to make myself as agreeable as I could.

When we got back to camp it was time to dress. After that there was the long dinner to exist through as best one could until finally the coffee and liqueurs gave way to bridge. As we trooped into the big room, I cannot recall that it had any other name, and as the servants moved about, unfolding and arranging the little tables, I began to suffocate with apprehension. Was a wasted, miserable day to be followed by a wasted, miserable evening?

Our second tête-à-tête the night before had provoked so much humorous comment that I felt Miss Bennett could hardly venture on another, even if she had the inclination. I tried to reach her as she stood talking with much animation in the center of a little group, but could not get very close without making myself too conspicuous. It was not easy to intrude on such a gay little party and brush them aside—impossible in fact—and I could only hover on the outskirts, with the hope of edging in. I held my breath as the moment came for her to make her decision; it was inconceivable to me that she could resist all this laughing importunity; the innuendos and reproaches scarcely gave her any choice.

"Oh, cut out the Shakspere and musical classes!" exclaimed Jimmy Van Voght in his bullying, overbearing way. "We aren't going to be robbed of you every night, Mary. We won't stand it! That's all there is to it! We won't stand it!"

"I am afraid you'll have to," said Miss Bennett with a composure that amazed me and in a tone that was just a shade sharp. "I suppose you mean to be complimentary, Jimmy, but it is so much like downright rudeness that I cannot tell the difference."

"Oh, come on!" vociferated Jimmy explosively. "You know I never ——"

"I am not going to play bridge," interrupted Miss Bennett with smiling decision. "I hate you and I hate your stupid, horrid old bridge, and I hate being browbeaten and insulted; and Mr. Anson and I are going to stroll tenderly and sweetly on the terrace—aren't we, Mr. Anson?"

"We are if I can persuade you," I said in a voice I tried hard to make light and natural. "Oh, come stroll with me and be my love!"

"Miss Mary Bennett has much pleasure in accepting Mr. Arnold Anson's kind invitation," she replied with an enchanting air, laughing and moving toward me in a babel of expostulation.

I doubt whether there was another woman in a thousand who could have shown so superb an assurance. But Mary Bennett was a little aristocrat to her fingertips, and passed through all this hullabaloo as serenely and imperturbably as if she were merely on her way upstairs to get a handkerchief.

Once on the terrace and my dearest wish gained—and gained so unexpectedly—I am ashamed to confess I acted like an embarrassed, tongue-tied fool. In truth I did not know what to say. That serenity—that imperturbability—awed me as much now as I had admired it the moment before. I was banal; I was dull; I thought one thing and said another—and said it so badly.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked at last. "You seem so changed—so different!"

"I am not aware of it," I replied, and began to expatiate somewhat guiltily on the moonlight.

"Or constrained," she went on, cruelly oblivious. "Oh, dear, so constrained. Perhaps I annoyed him by dragging him away before all those silly people!"

"I was only afraid you would not have the courage to do it," I demurred. "I was trembling lest you wouldn't. I admit it—my good fortune has rather overpowered me."

"Do you know what I think?" she murmured after a silence that endured the whole length of the terrace.

"No; what do you think?" I asked.

"That somebody told somebody else something in strictest confidence; and then somebody else told somebody else's son—and he told you! Now confess—isn't that it?"

Everybody knows that

Sunshine Butter Thins

are one of "The Quality Biscuits of America"—as are also

Sunshine Takhoma Biscuit
Sunshine Yum-Yums
Sunshine Matinée Biscuit
Sunshine Grahams
Sunshine Vanilla Wafers

We want you to know

Sunshine Biscuits

that's why we make this offer—

Our Sunshine "Surprise Box" Mailed You FREE

containing a variety of Sunshine Biscuits, including those mentioned above. Your name and address and your grocer's name on a postal bring it free.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
527 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass.

BE A LAWYER

A Bachelor of Laws—An LL. B.

ONLY LAW SCHOOL OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

ONLY recognized resident law school in the [illegible] Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. [illegible] school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail, [illegible] over 450 class-room lectures [illegible] 3 Year University Law Course by all [illegible] natural faculty of 30 prominent active Judges. Complete Extension Course in Oratory and Public Speaking free.

Direct from Lecture Room to Student

is the way we teach law. Only school in existence employing this method. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations. Highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Send today for Large Illustrated Prospectus. Special courses for Business Men.

Hamilton College of Law, 953 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send for Handsome Colored Catalogue

The famous Yale and Harvard models—highest grade canoe ever [illegible] the strongest, staunchest, handsomest canoes built

MULLINS CEDAR CANOES CAN'T SINK

When equipped with Mullins Patented Buoyancy Pads these canoes [illegible] to float when completely filled with water and keep [illegible] Open gunwale [illegible] protect [illegible] Handsome Catalog Free.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
384 Franklin Street Salem, Ohio

New Hosiery for Old

MOTHERS find pleasure in the fact that they can quit darning children's stockings—that they can buy children's stockings guaranteed for four months to wear without holes. We have successfully guaranteed Buster Brown's DARNLESS Children's Stockings (even before we guaranteed adults' hosiery) for many years—isn't this proof of their durability?

Buster Brown's
DARNLESS
Guaranteed Hosiery
For Men, Women & Children

25¢ a pair — 4 pairs guaranteed 4 months

is made in smooth and ribbed styles. Knit from the finest long staple, close spun Sea Island and Egyptian Cotton yarn with wearing parts heel toe knee sole and toe reinforced with 2 3 4-ply strong light linen thread. Smooth, soft and delightfully comfortable—absolutely without seams and carefully shaped to the foot and ankle

Our Mill, the largest in the South, makes just enough DARNLESS Hosiery to supply only the best dealers, and we are represented in nearly every town. If you fail to find your local Buster Brown dealer, send $1 with style size color and weight and we will see that you are supplied with the Hosiery and the name of your nearest dealer.

DARNLESS Catalogue Free

Artistic catalogue describing our merchandise in detail, also [illegible]

Buster Brown's Hosiery Mills
201 Sherman Ave., Chattanooga, Tennessee

DEALERS
Fine hosiery proposition for you. Think it over.

This name has made a Steel Pen that has been unequalled for over fifty years.

For trial—10-cent box, 12 pens, different patterns and numbers, sent postpaid.

Ask for the metal box assortment.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

Sharpen Your Own Razor

Money-back Guarantee
$1.00

Blades to a better edge than when new. The "Victor Automatic" sharpens blades perfectly. Keen, velvety edge makes shaving a delight. Fitted with [illegible] a wide specially treated honing and [illegible] strop. Solved the shaving troubles for thousands of satisfied users.

AGENTS BIG MONEY. Liberal commissions. Write for our free trial offer and "Guaranteed Sales" proposition.

The Victor Specialty Co., 202 Cook St., Canton, Ohio

I faltered and hung back, but what could I do save admit it when she pressed the question home?

Then to my unspeakable mortification she burst out laughing. She laughed and laughed with inextinguishable entertainment and, after recovering herself a moment, went off into fresh peals. Nothing seemed able to stop her, not even the wisp of handkerchief she pressed convulsively to her mouth.

"And you believed it!" she exclaimed breathlessly, still struggling to control herself. "You took it all seriously? Oh, dear, what could you have thought of me! What could you! What could you!"

"I suppose, as usual, I was thinking more of myself," I said, so humiliated I could scarcely utter the words. "If it turned my head I hardly know that is a thing to apologize for. It is terribly easy to like Miss Mary Bennett and like her far too well. We are awfully eager to believe what we want to believe."

"Well, it was true in a sort of way," she said sympathetically as she might to a child whose feelings she had unintentionally hurt. "Of course I admired you immensely, and loved every one of your books, and went on about you in the exaggerated way girls do. When we haven't any emotions of our own we like to get out toy emotions and play with them just as children do with dolls. Can't you understand?"

"The Teddy-bears of sentiment—the dollies of dalliance—is that it?" I returned.

She nodded vivaciously.

"He was such a dear little Teddy-bear!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I thought a heap of him—my cute little Arnold Anson—and I held him so tight and lugged him everywhere and invented the most wonderful fairy stories about him."

"That doesn't make me any happier," I observed with a dejection that was certainly justified.

"Oh, but you are awfully nice," she protested, wounding me more than ever. "If you weren't I shouldn't be here, walking up and down with you on the terrace."

"You are a thorough woman of the world," I said. "I appreciate how very kindly you are letting me down easily as people call it. I feel like a piano being skillfully lowered from the ninth floor to the street by expert piano-movers, who guarantee not to take off one little speck of varnish. If anything could take the edge off my intense mortification—that burning, heart-rending mortification—it is your "

"I am sorry," she remarked quickly, filling in the pause. "Dear friend, I am sorry! What more can one say?"

We walked for a while in silence and then she murmured rather piteously: "I am tired. Let us sit down over there on the bench for a minute."

It was a stone seat and placed so close to the balustrade that we could lean on it and gaze over the moonlit lake. We did not speak. There was nothing to say. It had all been said.

My companion's pretty head drooped drooped until her face was hidden on her crossed hands, resting on the balustrade; then, with a sudden inner tumult, I all at once realized she was crying. Her girlish shoulders shook; her hands glistened with those silent tears—those silent, streaming tears. The hand I drew gently away was all wet with them.

"Mary," I whispered, greatly daring; "Mary, I believe you care."

The small, slim hand tightened on mine.

"Mary, I believe you love me," I whispered again with hardly the breath to say it, so thickly beating was my heart.

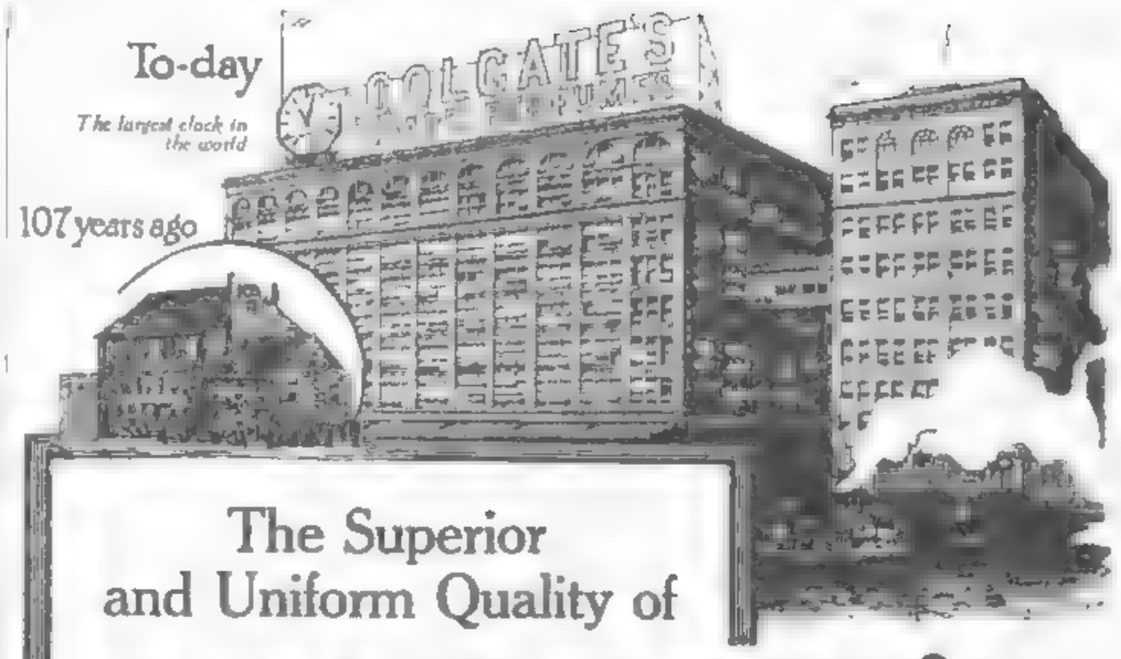
Her hand pressed mine once more in a surrender those hidden lips would not avow.

"And you can sigh," she said with tender, jealous reproach, "on this night of nights, this culmination of what you and I were born for—were destined for through all these years—when out of the whole world we have found each other, and I have told you that I love you, and you have told me that you love me, and it is all so magical and wonderful and rapturous that I could swoon with very happiness—you can mar it all with that sigh!"

"Well, I've something to sigh about," I returned. "Every human joy has a fly in it; it wouldn't be human if it hadn't."

"But to sigh at a moment like this! Oh, Arnold, aren't you ashamed?"

"It's about Lawrence," I said. "When I think of Lawrence cold chills run all over me. How the dickens am I ever going to break this to Lawrence?"



The Superior and Uniform Quality of

COLGATE'S
HOME COMFORTS

—and their reasonable prices—make you keep on buying them year after year.

The size of our present factory shows the vast number of homes into which Colgate brings added comfort. The century of experience guarantees complete satisfaction.

Safe to use because we have put into them only the best materials, and kept out of them every harmful ingredient.

Convenient to use because we have studied to make the little details of package meet your daily requirements—e. g., *Ribbon* Dental Cream cannot roll off the brush, Talc Powder has the six-hole after-top, etc.

Pleasing to use because we have given to each article the attractive appearance that makes it an ornament to your toilet table or washstand.

You can use a dozen or more of the Colgate Comforts. If your home knows but one, you are missing the advantage of the wide Colgate Variety including Toilet Soaps, Dentifrices, Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Shaving Soaps, Cold Cream, Sachet and Talc Powders.

A home with but *one* Colgate Comfort is like a garden with only one flower

Ask your dealer to show you his Colgate Assortment

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
Dept. P, 199 Fulton Street, New York

Leadership and Roy

Today the man who accepts anything less than genuine made-to-measure clothes, in his clothes-buying, does so *unnecessarily.*

SIX BIG FEATURES
of Royal Tailor Clothes
Made To Your Measure
All Pure Wool
A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
100% Process Shrunk
Cost No More Than Ready Made
Six Day Schedule Deliveries
We pay $1 A Day For every Day of Delay When A Royal Garment isn't Finished on time.

No matter where you live, you can step into your own clothier's store at home, and order the finest made-to-measure clothes at $16 to $35. For Royal Tailoring has brought the best New York and Chicago custom-tailor service to good dressers everywhere in the nation—and brought it at a popular price.

In nearly every city and town, the leading clothier or haberdasher has a Royal Tailor Corner. He may carry a well chosen ready-made stock, too. But his Royal Tailor Corner is for the "custom-tailored" dressers of his town; for those men who want their

The Roya

Chicago

Look for the Royal Tiger Head trade-mark on all woolen samples you are shown. Beware of substitutes.

Joseph

Over 10,000 Royal Dealers Now

Copyright 1912, THE ROYAL TAILORS Chicago-New York

al Tailoring go hand in hand!

individual body-lines to edit the making of their clothes.

Truly, Royal Tailoring, and its 10,000 dealers, have made it not only fashionable—but economical for every man to wear the best Broadway-tailored clothes.

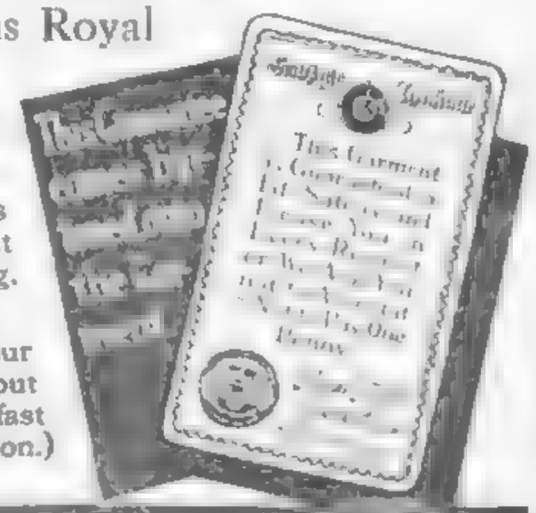
Half-a-thousand Newest Woolens To Select From

THERE is no red-tape or risk to the Royal Tailor System. Your dealer takes your measures by a system that records every dimension and deflection of your body—making "try-ons" unnecessary.

At $20, $25, $30 or $35—and even for as little as $16—you can make your fabric selection from the very latest imported and domestic Woolen conceptions. And every garment, regardless of price, is backed by all of the famous Royal features of guarantee.

Insist on the genuine!—To be sure you get real Royal Tailoring, look for the Royal tiger head on all woolens shown. There are many imitations but only the one pure gold Royal Tailoring. Accept no substitute.

(Special to Foremost Clothiers:—If your store—the best in your town—is without a Royal Corner, it is an exception to a fast growing rule. Write for special proposition.)



l Tailors

Nelson

148 Branch Royal Stores

In the finished garment, the Royal Silk Label, with the Tiger Head woven in, is your safeguard.

New York

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

Finish Office Walls

And Interiors of Churches, Schools, Halls, Hospitals

Beautiful Effects at Low Cost

Wall effects equal to the best paint at a fraction of the cost are possible with

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

Packed Specially in Bulk at Reduced Prices for Large Jobs

White Alabastine is whiter than the whitest paint. Numerous beautiful tints also obtainable. Does not rub nor chip off. Indorsed by physicians for its sanitary qualities. Pound for pound it covers more square feet of surface than other materials used for the same purpose.

To those wanting a washable wall paint having the richness and beauty of Alabastine, we recommend

Alabasco

The Flat Wall Paint

Alabasco can be cleaned with soap and water. It will not chip nor rub off. Comes in a number of beautiful tints. As beautiful as Alabastine and washable besides.

NOTE—By using Alabastine on upper walls and Alabasco on lower walls (liable to soil), you can have clean, fresh walls at a considerable saving in cost. See illustration above.

Quantity Prices—Free Color Plans Write for Alabastine Quantity Prices, also for Free Color Plans for decorating large interiors, public buildings, etc.

Factory, Warehouse, Garage Interiors

Applying Cold Water Paint with Spray

An excellent low cost paint for smooth or rough interior walls—plaster, wood, brick—is

Alabastine Co.'s Cold Water Paint

For Interiors at Low Price

In dry white, no tints. Makes the purest white. Does not turn yellow with age. Mixed with cold water and applied with brush. Has the consistency of thick cream. Spreads easily and evenly. Is not affected by ordinary dampness. Is a disinfectant. Does not rub nor scale off. Is guaranteed for durability, and it costs about one-fifth as much as common oil paint.

Quantity Prices Write us for prices and how we can save you money on your particular job.

Alabastine Company
822 Granville Rd., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Desk 22, 105 Water St., NEW YORK CITY

THE MISSISSIPPI MONARCH

(Concluded from Page 22)

every description, and the landlord must feed this labor as well as feed the teams. With the rent accruing from the property, with careful management, raising cotton, corn, oats and peas, the new owner paid off his purchase notes. After this he began putting the rent of the place back on the property in the way of improvements—ditches, fences, repairs to houses, building new houses, getting more labor, buying more mules and clearing more land. This year he is cultivating about three hundred acres, with seventy acres additional on the adjoining property. All of his tenants now own their teams, wagons, plows, mules, plow-gear, and so forth, which they have bought and accumulated out of their share of the profit. In the year 1912 a splendid crop was made. The property yielded a rent of $7001.70, with about $1000 profit to the landlord on supplies which he advanced to his tenants. This averages a profit of about $21.65 an acre, "all the way round," as the negro would say. In addition to this every one of his negro tenants has made money and many of them have cash in the bank. The property has practically paid for itself in this one year. What is an investment worth that returns $8000 annual revenue? But it will not do so every year. This was an excellent season for that particular plantation.

The beauty about this land is that it never wears out, although planted to the same crop year after year. Old Father Mississippi skimmed the very cream of the continent and put it there, and he put it there mighty deep. There is no clay foundation in the soil. It is all silt through and through. Should the land get a little thin from excessive planting of one crop, all that is needed to restore its fertility is to sow it down in ordinary cowpeas, the roots of which will restore the soil. It will also yield an abundant crop of pea-vine hay, which is the best produced in the country. Next year that same land may be planted in any crop, corn or cotton, and the most casual observer could tell, practically to a row, where the peas were planted.

In early spring about an acre of oats to each mule is planted. They ripen in June, are cut, housed and used to feed the stock in making the present crop. The oat stubble is sowed down in cowpeas, turned under with a turnplow and harrowed. Nothing else need be done to grow an excellent pea crop, which comes off in August or September. The following year that land will be planted in cotton or corn. By selecting a different patch each year for a pea field, the entire plantation gets the benefit of rejuvenated fertility.

How to Conquer King Cotton

Cleared lands of this character can be bought as low as fifty dollars an acre up to above one hundred, as millions of acres are yet uncleared and unoccupied. Many landowners holding very large areas have awakened to the fact that they are land-poor; they have more property than any one man can successfully cultivate. The most active planter can handle only as many acres as he can personally supervise. Up to that point every added acre produces an added income and is profitable. Beyond that point the cost of supervision becomes too great, and by having more than he can attend to he fails to make each acre produce as much as it should. If the season turns out unfavorably he loses money. Planters have learned that fewer acres better cultivated are more profitable. Similar lands with standing timber can be bought for twenty-five dollars an acre. If this be wisely selected the timber will pay for the land and leave it clear and ready to be planted in cotton.

The great object of keeping off the Mississippi has practically been accomplished by the growing perfection of the levee system. There is now no such thing as an annual overflow. This new system of internal drainage is to take care of the surface water. The main canals are now being constructed, with laterals from every direction which drain the individual plantations. In this system advantage is taken of all the natural drains which uniformly lead back to the Yazoo and from the Mississippi.

Better roads during most of the year, pure water and screened dwellings have converted the Delta into a land of homes. No longer is it a country of managers and absentee landlords. The planter, with his wife and children, lives upon his own plantation; and he lives well.

The old patriarchal system has passed away. The modern planter, if he hopes to be successful, watches every detail of his property with the same care that the modern business man bestows upon a manufacturing corporation. Each of these fertile acres represents just so much of invested capital, like a rolling mill or a railroad. Each tenant represents a means of converting that capital into profit. Taken together they must earn the interest and a fair return. The tenant must produce enough cotton to pay his rent and his store accounts, or he must leave the place.

Loose and lavish "furnishing" in the Delta is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, like the patriarchal system, the bad man and malaria. The boll-weevil is largely responsible for this change, and he deserves a word. Nobody thinks the boll-weevil deserves anything except a killing.

The Boll-Weevil on the Rampage

This boll-weevil, the greatest known enemy of agriculture, first entered the United States from Mexico in the year 1892, coming by way of Brownsville, Texas. Since that time the pest has moved steadily northwestward at a rate of about forty miles a year. Everywhere he found the same condition: everybody was raising cotton and nothing else. Plantations produced absolutely nothing but cotton, out of the proceeds of which everything else must be bought, even to the livestock and their feed. This upside-down condition was caused by the crop-and-credit system which attained such colossal proportions after the war. The planter must always pledge his crop in order to secure advances; cotton was the only commodity upon which the merchant would risk his money. The boll-weevil eats nothing except that particular part of the cotton that sells for cash. Through the country over which he passed he destroyed the pawn-shop value of the crop by making it a matter of chance whether the farmer could raise cotton. The merchant refused further advances. The farmer could not supply his tenants. The crop-and-credit system burst like a punctured balloon. This caused such a panic as was never known in the South, not even during the war. It also turned a pitiless spotlight on the fundamental weakness of its planting system. Planters were dependent upon the outside world for every human necessity. They were buying on credit the very things that they ought to have been producing in plenty for themselves, and selling the excess for cash.

This condition had to go. When he could no longer get credit the planter must produce what he ate and what his negroes ate, or they must all quit eating until after they had ginned their cotton.

Through the country over which the boll-weevil traveled planters were badly hurt and worse scared. They went to work, worked harder and more intelligently. In some portions of Texas the lands under boll-weevil conditions in 1903 sold as low as twenty-five dollars an acre. In 1907, after the planters had learned a few things, these same lands were selling at one hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre. The net result of the boll-weevil scare in the Delta has been to make cotton planting more of a cold-blooded proposition.

In no particular has the development of the Delta been more strongly marked than in a better enforcement of its laws. This has come about, not by revolutionary statutes but by an enlightened evolution in the thoughts and habits of its people. The people realize that plantations cannot be managed, homes built and substantial government maintained except upon the stability of law. Business methods have become steadier, credit more prudent and commercial integrity more valuable. The managers are not drinking, gambling and carousing men; employers realize that such men cannot get the best results.

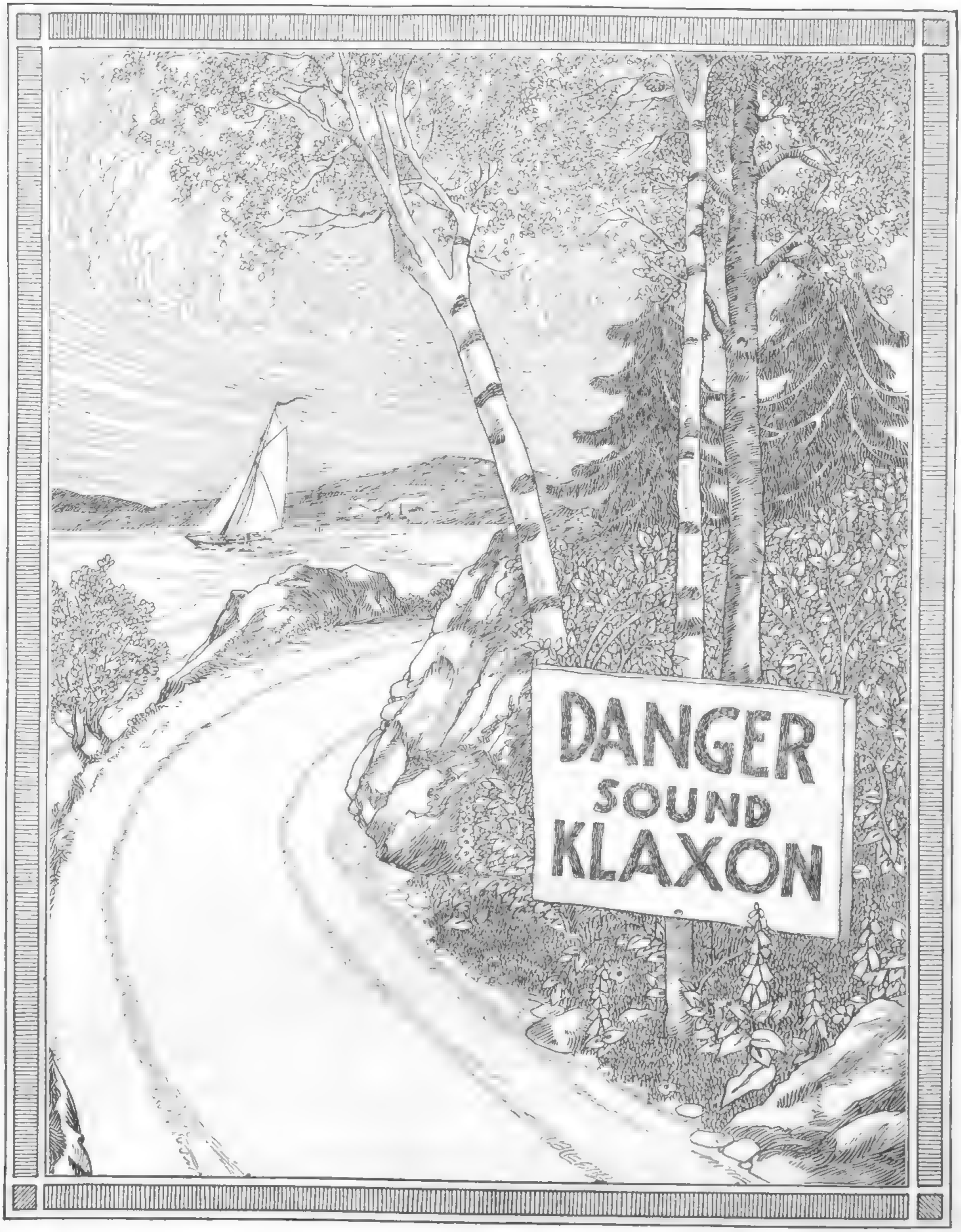
There are few portions of the United States that can boast as many well-governed and orderly towns, or a higher class of refined, intelligent and progressive people. The history of achievement in the Nile Delta lies in the past; the history of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta—Our Kingdom of Alluvia—is yet to come.

A Luther Burbank Garden For $1

To have a garden that is not ordinary, you must have some of Luther Burbank's original flowers and plants. No matter how modest your garden is, you can afford the exclusive Burbank features for cottage garden as well as conservatory. The price now within reach of all. We are sole distributers of Luther Burbank's horticultural productions. None original without our seal

Burbank's Own Selection of his own seeds—10 packages $2

[illegible] for a garden of extraordinary character and beauty [illegible] Burbank garden. These seeds are of highest quality [illegible] perfume. The [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]


DANGER
SOUND
KLAXON

Wanted—10,000 Friends

By R. E. Olds, Designer

On Reo the Fifth I seek each year 10,000 new friends like the ones I have.

Not buyers merely, but satisfied owners who for years to come will be glad that I built their cars.

It is to win that kind of satisfaction that I build a car like this.

26 Years Form a Long, Long Road

I have spent 26 years building automobiles, and it is fair to assume I have found me out.

After 25 years, the demand last year was twice our factory output. At times we had five orders for every car we built.

And this year's output was contracted by dealers before the first model was finished.

That situation, I believe, justifies my radical ideas.

My Ideas Are These

I consider it wrong to take chances. Or to ask a man to take some risks I would not take myself.

So I have all steel made to formula. And I make two analyses—before and after treating—before the steel is used.

I test my gears in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. I test my springs for 100,000 vibrations.

I put my engines to three 10-hour tests which are rarely used. I test them 48 hours altogether.

On driving parts I always insist on enormous margin of safety. So I make them to meet all the requirements of a 45 h. p. engine.

And, to guard against error, the various parts of each car are required to pass a thousand inspections.

Costly Extremes

I know, as you know, that oversize tires mean immense economy. So I use on this car tires 34 x 4.

I know that endurance calls for roller bearings. So I use 11 Timken bearings and 4 of the Hyatt High Duty. They cost five times as much as common ball bearings.

I know that steel castings too often have flaws. So I use in their place 190 drop forgings, costing twice as much.

I use a $75 magneto.

I doubly heat my carburetor.

For safety's sake, I use big brakes and 2-inch, 7-leaf springs.

For Appearance

To make this car look as good as it is, every detail gets the final touch.

Each body gets 17 coats. The deep upholstering is of genuine leather, filled with the best curled hair.

The electric dash lights are set in. And the car is completely nickel trimmed, even below the hood.

Cost $200 Per Car

These extremes, I figure add about $200 to the necessary cost of each car.

I could save, on this basis, two million dollars a year by being less conscientious.

I save it instead through factory efficiency. By building all our own parts. And by confining our output to this single model, which saves about 20 per cent.

As a result, this car built as I build it can be sold for $1,095.

When I buy a car I want it built like this. I want low cost of upkeep, no repairs, no troubles. I want to be sure of no hidden flaws. I want a car safe and enduring.

So I build for you exactly the same as I build cars for myself. My envied position, after 26 years, is due to this policy only.

This spring I am selling ten thousand others who feel as I do about cars.

No Control Like This

No other car has a center control like the one in Reo the Fifth.

Here is a rod, set out of the way, with which the right hand does all of the gear shifting. It is done by moving the rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

No levers, side or center—nothing in the way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

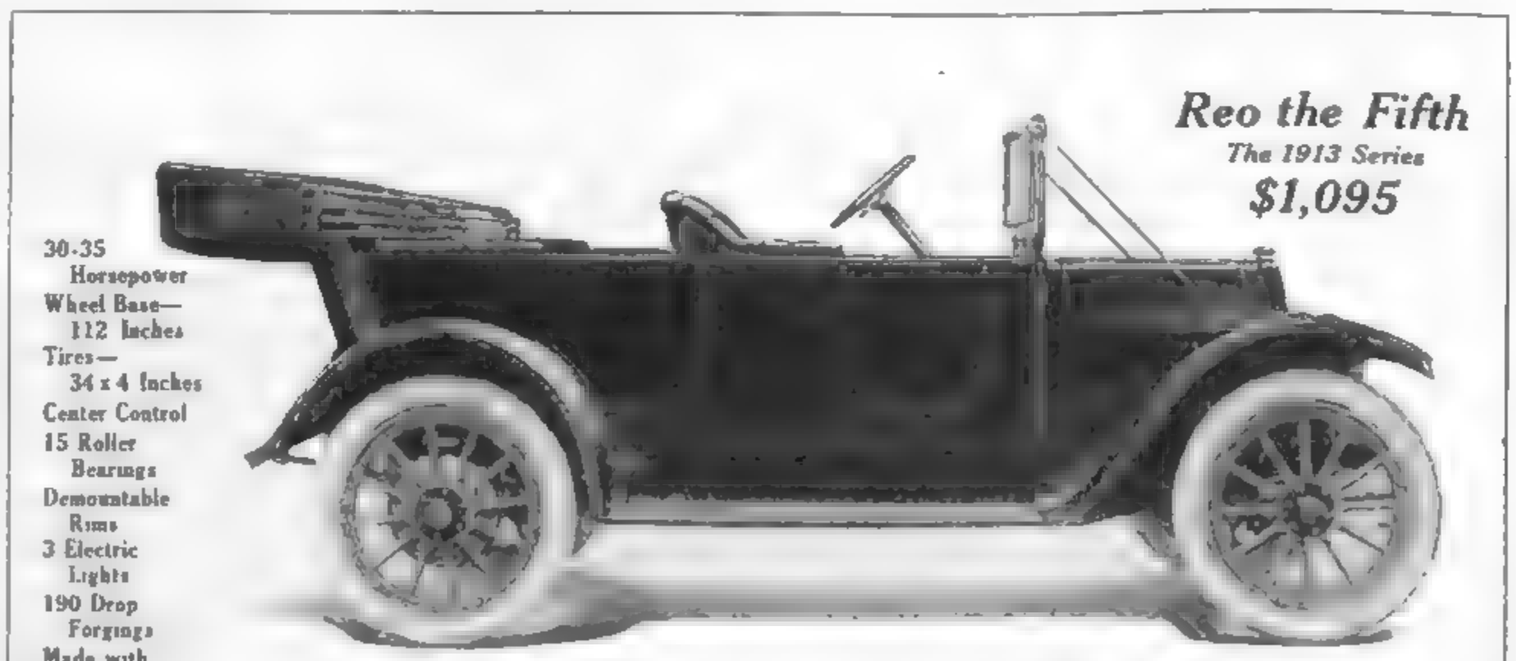
And the car, of course, has left side drive, like the best of latest cars.

Most men, I believe, would pay $100 for this center control alone. In Reo the Fifth it costs you nothing extra.

Please study this car. When you come to know it half as well as I do, no lesser car will be considered by you.

It means dependability. It means comfort, safety, lack of trouble. And it means an upkeep cost as low as any man can make it.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we will tell you where to see the car.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2-Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170).

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

How I Get Around Your Doubts

Eleven years ago I undertook to induce men to buy their cigars from me by mail instead of in twos and threes over the counter. I realized my difficulties.

First I had to break men of the "quarter's worth of cigars" habit and make them see the advantage of buying cigars by the box.

Then I had to make and sell cigars of a quality that would hold a customer after he had bought once. It costs me money to secure an initial order, but I make my profits on the re-orders that come in a steady stream thereafter.

On the question of quality I am secure. I can sell the 10c cigar of the retail trade for $5.00 per hundred because I do not sell my cigars to a store but to the smoker. Also I do not buy the cigars I sell. I operate my own factory and import my own tobacco.

My most popular cigar is the Shivers' Panatela. My Panatela has a filler of all long Havana leaf that I buy in Cuba and a wrapper of genuine Sumatra that I buy from Amsterdam, Holland, the world's market for high grade Sumatra tobacco. This cigar is made by skilled, adult men cigarmakers in my clean Philadelphia factory.

The Shivers' Panatela has the one feature which guarantees commercial success—it is a better thing at a lower price.

How to get smokers to try my cigars and prove this to themselves is my problem. I solve it by an offer of what seems to me absolute fairness and frankness.

Shivers' Panatela

My offer is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

This offer should silence the doubts of any man. Here I stand ready to lose express both ways and the value of ten cigars unless they suit you. You risk nothing. I urge you to accept this offer because I firmly believe you will like my cigars and my way of selling them.

I make other cigars besides the Shivers' Panatela. The Shivers' Club Special is exactly the same quality as my Panatela, but is shorter and fatter with a larger burning surface. Many men prefer this shape to the slender Panatela.

A catalog showing all my cigars, including my El Rolinzo or Clear Havana line, will be sent you if you ask for it.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars. Also state which cigars you wish, Panatela or Club Special.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

UTICA
ATHLETIC
SUSPENDERS

Guaranteed for one year. 25 and 50 Cents

Made to make friends. Scientifically constructed from thoroughly good web, with free gliding back and front cords that respond to your every move. They won't slip from your shoulders—they're easy all over.

Three weights—light, [illegible]. If your dealer can't supply you we will, postpaid, on receipt of price.

UTICA SUSPENDER CO.,
Utica, N. Y.

CIVIL SERVICE

positions are very desirable. Good salary, short hours, easy work, pleasant surroundings, life positions, 30 days vacation and 30 days sick leave annually with pay. 46,202 appointments made last year. No political pull needed. Common school education sufficient. Full information about how to secure these positions and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESP. COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St. New York
Select, Home-like, Economical, Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

ON THE UPGRADE

(Continued from Page 17)

had got above the common populace. Uneducated people, you know, are the poorest buyers on earth. Most men will take a cotton handkerchief if a clerk says it's linen, or will buy a thrown-together house if a contractor assures them it is well built. But no man out of the common multitude was ever yet picked for a big job!

The manner in which I was picked for a New York job was a little dramatic, and involves, too, a wholly different phase of buying. A buyer's knowledge must be many-sided, and in this brief autobiography I make no pretense of covering even half the ground. I understand that I am expected to give the incidents and causes of my rise rather than a treatise on merchandising.

I was sitting at my desk in Minneapolis one day when I received a cablegram from our millinery buyer, who was in Paris. He told me concisely that a certain new fabric had appeared in that city in the form of a very beautiful reversible material, which struck him as presenting unusual opportunities. Before I finished reading the message I made up my mind to get over to Paris as fast as I could. I had been planning to go in a month, but I left that night. In New York I caught a steamer by dashing through the city in a cab at full speed.

By our alertness my store got ahead of some of the big New York stores and secured a shipment of the goods when the immediate supply was very small; in fact we were practically the first people to see the possibilities in the new fabric and to introduce it into this country. We made a hit that afterward extended all over the United States.

A few months later I got a telegram from the merchandise man of a New York store, asking me to come East and see him. I went. He told me he wanted men of my knowledge and enterprise. I went back to Minneapolis, packed up my personal possessions, and returned to Manhattan at a salary just double what I had been getting. My pay was now eight thousand a year.

The millinery buyer who gave me that tip is now in New York, too, drawing more money than he ever dreamed of when he first got a job as a delivery boy in St. Paul. He, too, had followed the knowledge route, a laborious road, to be sure, but yielding almost sure rewards by the time a man gets halfway up it.

Wiping Old Jobs Off the Slate

Of course I don't mean that all men should set New York as a goal. Far from it! The jingle of gold and the scroop of silk can be heard in a vast number of other places as well—and the real pleasures of life may be far greater. Location, after all, has little to do with success. I know merchants down in New Mexico and up in Idaho who are traveling the knowledge route in far greater content than most men in the metropolis.

Big salaries, you know, are only relative. New York has many men who draw from ten to a hundred thousand dollars a year, yet have not a home of their own, and whose duties exact their very lifeblood. Therefore I want to urge young men to be in no hurry to get to New York—except as spectators or buyers. There are a thousand roads of knowledge that lead away from New York and to success.

I am telling my own experience and I am in the metropolis. I had not been there long when I discovered that a large number of men round me knew more than I did. I was now a little toad in a big puddle.

After I had made a number of bad mistakes of judgment my employer called me to his office one day.

"Mr. Oleson," said he with a curious half smile on his face, "Mr. Oleson, do you know where you are?"

"I don't just get you," said I, sitting down beside his desk.

"I'll make it plainer then. Are you in New York or Minneapolis?"

Then I saw what he was driving at.

"Hereafter," I told him, "it'll be New York."

"Good!" said he. "Just forget that there's any such place on the map as Minneapolis and study New York."

I am not depreciating Minneapolis, remember; it's a splendid city, and thousands of men have found success there, just as I did. But when a man graduates into a bigger job the lesser job must be left behind—wiped off the slate if necessary.

Just as if playing the piano—

you control the expression COMPLETELY—
you secure the effects you want INSTANTLY—
you FEEL that you are PLAYING a musical instrument—
you enjoy the artist's sensation of PERSONALLY producing music reflecting your every mood

when you play the

Baldwin Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

The reason is this: In the Manualo the expression of every note is affected by the pedaling. Like the pianist's fingering, the pedaling not only makes the notes strike, but determines their accent, volume and character absolutely. For instance, forceful pedaling produces loud music; light pedaling, the soft, dreamy kind; a sudden pressure, a crashing chord; and so on through every possible kind and degree of feeling.

Here is what this means to you: It is even more natural for anybody to express musical feeling through the feet than through the hands. We dance to music. We beat time with the feet. All of us have music in our feet because musical impulses travel naturally to them, but the hands have to be trained to receive and express our musical wishes.

Therefore, whether you know how to play a piano or not, when you sit down to a player-piano, it is natural for you to try to secure the expression you want through the pedaling. When you want great volume, you instinctively put greater force into the pedaling. When you want a certain note or chord to stand out sharply, you instinctively press down the pedal sharply. When you want the volume to gradually decrease, you instinctively decrease the force of the pedaling gradually.

Since the Manualo *responds instantly* to every change in the pedaling, you actually control the expression in Manualo music as completely and instinctively as an artist controls the expression of a piano. In a word, you *play* the Manualo—you do not operate it. You feel the music springing from you. It is colored with *your* thoughts, *your* moods, *your* feelings—not by automatic devices. It is human, full of life, contrast, individuality because it is yours just as much as the pianist's music is his. You enjoy all the pleasure of *playing* the piano and of hearing music *just as you would play it on the piano* if you had the trained fingers of the greatest virtuoso in the world—all this, when you own a Manualo.

Our book gives complete details. Send the coupon today.

The Baldwin Company

CHICAGO 323 So. Wabash Ave
CINCINNATI
NEW YORK 366 Fifth Avenue
LOUISVILLE 425 S. Fourth Ave.
INDIANAPOLIS 18 N. Penn'a St.
ST. LOUIS 1111 Olive Street
DENVER 1626 California St.
SAN FRANCISCO 310 Sutter Street

The Baldwin Company
(Mail to nearest address)
Send me your illustrated booklet on the Manualo.

NAME _____

ADDRESS

"Mother was a beauty in her younger days."

Mother may smile deprecatingly—but—Watch her go to the little top drawer and take out the precious photograph "taken before I was married." Chances are she will also tell you of her admirers. And we can well believe they were many.

What a priceless record of her younger charms that photograph is to mother, and—to you.

Modern photography can do infinitely more to preserve the record of yours.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Once I knew a girl from Georgia who went up to Wisconsin to teach. She was charming and educated, and she tried to teach those Wisconsin children the rich and delightful accent of the South. She could not get away from her former job down in Georgia. Well, the school authorities discharged her after all sorts of tribulations.

What that girl should have done, if she wished to hold her place in Wisconsin, was to acquire the Wisconsin accent. Could she have done it? Yes, undoubtedly if early she had perceived the necessity. That's just the trouble with a lot of men who fall down on the bigger jobs they get. They don't see the necessity of adjusting themselves to their new surroundings.

In all my life I never worked harder than I did during my first year in New York in breaking away from my former traditions. It was now not so much a question of fabrics themselves as it was of people. New York women wanted goods that Minneapolis would not touch with the end of a yardstick. So I had to go to school all over again, just as I had done at the beginning of my career—without any teacher or textbooks. Teachers are necessary up to a certain point in a man's career, and after that he must be his own teacher. The trouble is that most men play hooky when they get to that point.

In Minneapolis I had known an estimable lady—a good patron of our store there—who usually asked for something like a sober gray crêpe de chine, and who wore her gowns with high stocks. Her husband's business took the family to New York to live; and one night I saw her at the horse show in a yellowish green or chartreuse chiffon gown over cream liberty satin, cut décolleté!

The Old Homestead

So I had to study life from a new angle, which included daring colors, amazing effects and novelty weaves. I haunted the Bois of Paris and absorbed the toilets of the *grandes dames;* I kept a close watch on the gowns of the leading actresses at home and abroad: I shadowed the leaders of fashion in New York. A hundred factors of knowledge entered into my work that I shall not attempt to cite here. What I want to emphasize is the fact that my knowledge of the markets, gained by hard and continuous study, made my judgment sound and kept my salary going up.

Today I am drawing a fixed salary of sixteen thousand dollars a year, and under the scheme on which my firm operates I receive a commission on the business done by my departments. Last year my total income was over thirty thousand dollars.

My parents are dead; but last year I made a détour during a vacation trip to the Yellowstone and ran up to have a look at the old homestead. There I found the poor little farmhouse bleaker and more desolate than ever. When I knocked at the door it was opened by a chap who had worked with me in that old crossroads store years before. He had bought the place of the man to whom my father had sold it just before his death. There was still a mortgage of two thousand dollars on it!

"Ole," said he, as my wife and I sat in his kitchen, "I wish I'd had sense enough to do what you did—get out o' this durned country an' make a strike in the city!"

"Hans," I returned, "your memory is just a little at fault. I didn't make my first strike in the city—I made it up here at the crossroads."

"Not your big strike!" he insisted.

"Well," said I, "a man's big strikes never come until he has made a lot of little ones. Now see here, Hans, let's get down to first principles. Your farm doesn't look prosperous. What's the matter with it?"

"The land ain't no good," said he.

"What ails it?"

"Oh, I dunno! It won't raise crops, that's all."

"Hans," said I, "you wouldn't have made any strike even if you had gone to the city. There are millions of men in the cities who never have had any better 'luck' than you've had here on this farm. The quality they lack is plain curiosity—the trait that leads men to dig into things and find out what's wrong. It's curiosity, Hans, that gives a man knowledge—if he directs it toward practical things—and makes him successful, whether he lives here in the country or away off in New York."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth article in a series by Edward Mott Woolley. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

Fruit for Your Children

is the best aid to good digestion. They need pure fruit every morning for breakfast; it makes them healthier, gives just that variety in diet growing bodies need.

HUNT'S

Quality California

FRUITS

"The Kind that is NOT Lye Peeled"

is just pure fruit, grown in California's sunny orchards, prepared clean, cooked in natural fruit juice and cane sugar. They are ready to serve.

Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Bartlett Pears, Raspberries, Apricots, Muscat Grapes, Prunes, Strawberries, Hawaiian Pineapple

HUNT'S SUPREME QUALITY 35c
HUNT'S STAPLE QUALITY 25c

Send for Our "Forty-nine Fruit Desserts"

HUNT BROTHERS COMPANY
112 Market Street San Francisco

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Knife Peeled Not Lye Peeled

Knife Peeled Not Lye Peeled

ARROW COLLARS

BALTIC is one of the Ara-Notch collars. It meets in front and stays so. It has ample cravat slipway. It is an easy collar to put on, to take off, to tie a cravat in. *2 for 25c—Canada, 3 for 50c*

ARROW SHIRTS

assure satisfaction, service, correct style and patterns distinguished for their beauty and exclusiveness.

$1.50 and up

Send for Booklets
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc
Makers, TROY, NEW YORK

Play Billiards at Home

$1.00 DOWN
Prices $15 Up

No special room needed. For $1 or more down depending on size and style, a small amount monthly, you can have your own Table, Balls, Cues, free. Sizes up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard)

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE. Test in your home for first installment. If not satisfactory return it at our expense. Write for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 822 Center St., Portland, Me.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

FROM THE MILL

Buy at manufacturers' prices. We also [illegible] 25,000 satisfied customers. Rugs, Rugs [illegible] $3.75 Brussels Rugs, 9 x 12 $3.80. Splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9 x 12 $8.75. Invincible Velvets, 9 x 12 $16. Axminsters, $16.80. Lace Curtains, Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleum and Furniture [illegible]

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO
2450-2462 Jasper Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PAY FREIGHT

The ELECTRIC DISCO System

STARTING—LIGHTING

59,000 Starts

—Not a Single Failure or Adjustment

JUST now, when motorists every place are discussing Electric Starters—when men won't be satisfied with anything short of perfection—it is interesting to note some recent public performances.

At the leading Automobile Shows, just closed, the thousands of visitors saw the Electric Disco make a record of 59,000 successive starts—not one failure—not even an adjustment!

That's equal to starting your car 20 times a day, 365 days in the year, for eight years.

And these demonstrations were made, not on ordinary 4-cylinder engines, but on the big Six, 60 H. P. type—under full compression!

Electric Disco Makes Them Spin

What amazed the onlookers most was the speed at which the small, compact Electric Disco turned this monster engine.

There is no slow, hesitating, spasmodic "c-h-u-r-n, c-h-u-r-n" of the engine when it is started by the Electric Disco. It fairly "sings" immediately.

One Hundred and Twenty revolutions per minute was the minimum speed on those Big Six Cylinder Engines, under full compression and Stiff.

This ability, not merely to turn over or crank the engine, but to make it instantly spin as it does under its own power, largely explains the unqualified success of the Electric Disco.

Your engine may be the largest. It may be dead and cold. The oil may be stiff. The temperature may be far below zero, but if you've got an Electric Disco on your car, all you've got to do is press the button and you're off. No failures. No adjustments. No waits nor delays.

Leading automobile engineers say the Electric Disco is fully two years ahead of its time. It's really a "1915 model."

Concerning Freak Tests

We believe that Electric Starters should be judged by their success in producing a quick, positive start, not by "freak" tests. Yet the Electric Disco will drive a car on first speed for several miles, and do many "freak" stunts that other starters won't.

Utter Simplicity

The man of mechanical turn marvels at the absolute simplicity of the Electric Disco.

No instructions are sent save these:

"To Start Car, Press the Button."

"To Light Car, Turn the Switch."

We use the powerful Two-Unit, 12-volt system.

At ordinary speed the car is generating ample current to carry the lamp load and keep Battery Fully Charged.

The Battery stores enough current to burn all lights 16 hours continuously when car is standing still. If moving, it will sustain lights perpetually.

Or, the Battery under full charge furnishes power to *spin* the motor 45 minutes continuously. Not merely turning it over, but *spinning* it at 120 to 150 R. P. M. Yet the start is so quick that there's little power consumed.

A Priceless Experience

From the beginning of Starters, the Disco has always led. We have successfully equipped over 150,000 cars with Gas Starters.

And, with the coming of the Electric Starter, it was only to be expected that the Electric Disco would lead. For experience always was, is, and ever will be the best teacher.

First Cost Higher

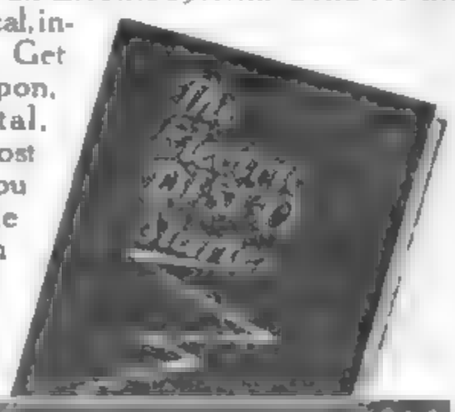
The initial cost of the Electric Disco is somewhat above other Electric Starters. But who could expect to buy the most durable and dependable product in any line at a ridiculously low price?

And what reputable Automobile Maker, in order to save $50 to $100, would deny you your choice of Electric Starters?

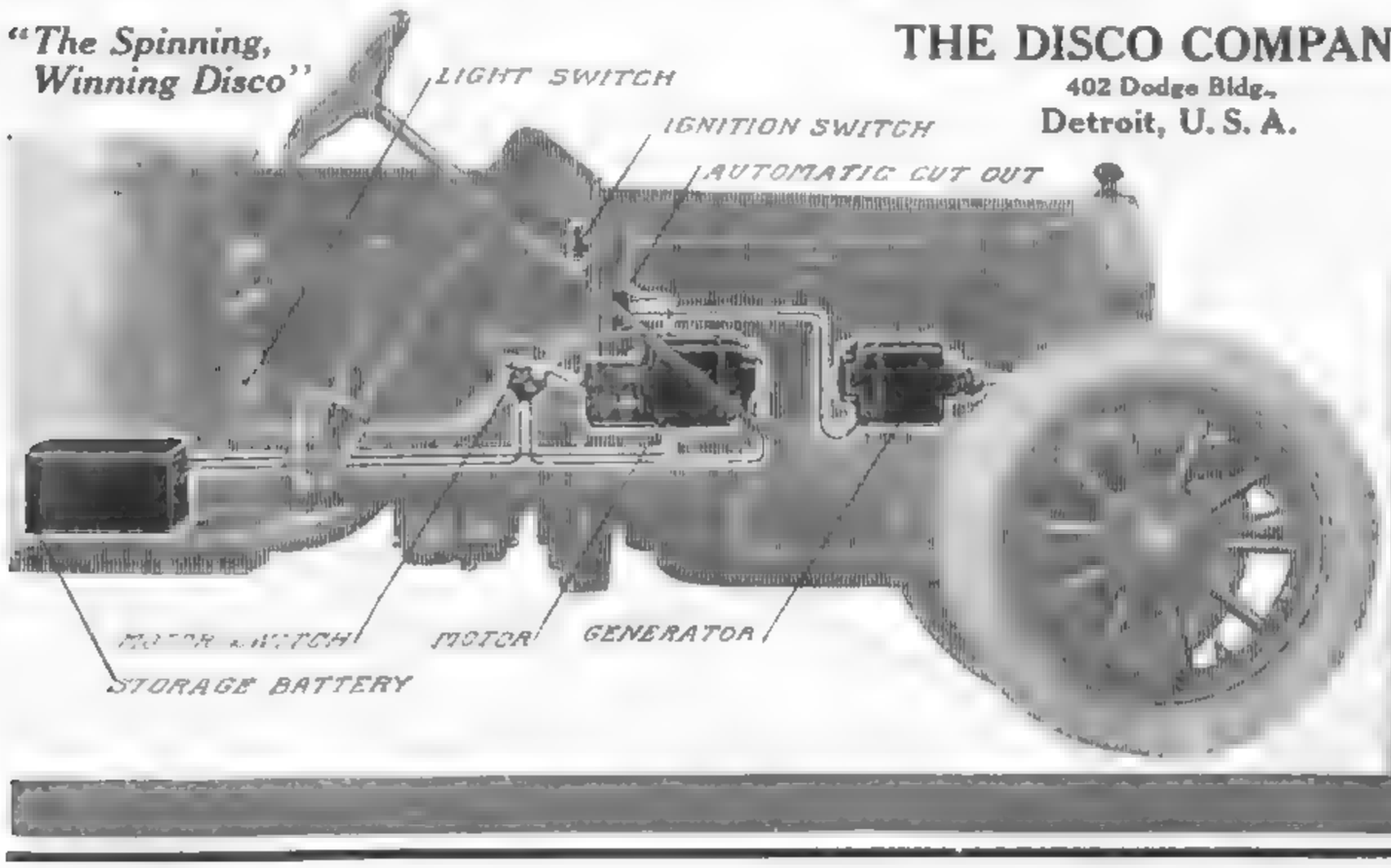
This Book of Surprises FREE!

We have a handsome new Book that is proving a revelation to motorists who had the idea that Electric Starting and Lighting might be a complicated subject. On the contrary, it is quite simple and tremendously fascinating. With this Book before you, it is easy to understand the basic principle of Electric Systems. In six minutes you have it all.

No motorist should even think of buying a car until he knows about Electric Starters. It's one of the most important matters that one has to decide, this choosing of an Electric System. Send for this terse, non-technical, instructive Book. Get posted. Use Coupon, Letter or Postal, whichever is most convenient. If you write today, the book will reach your home or office by return mail.



"The Spinning, Winning Disco"



THE DISCO COMPANY
402 Dodge Bldg.,
Detroit, U. S. A.

Booklet Coupon

The Disco Company
402 Dodge Bldg., Detroit, U. S. A.

Please send me your Booklet on Electric Starting and Lighting.

Name_____

Address_____

What Make of Car do you favor?

Give Yourself "A Square Deal"

Kellogg's is the "Square Deal" Food

This Means:

IF you could buy a case of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes at a greatly reduced price per package, you might be induced to do so; but before you could eat them all, the first blush of their glorious freshness would be gone. It would be a bad bargain for you. But the grocer won't tempt you to buy more Kellogg's than you need. That is how the Kellogg "Square Deal" benefits you.

If the small corner grocer could not buy Kellogg's in small lots at the same price the big city dealer has to pay for big lots, he would have to buy big lots too, and he would have stale corn flakes to sell you. But there is no reason for his buying more Kellogg's than he can quickly sell. There is no reduction for quantity. That is how the Kellogg "Square Deal" benefits the small grocer and you.

If the big grocer could save money by buying Kellogg's by carloads instead of by the case, he, too, might be tempted to do so, and his flakes would not have the freshness they now have. But he gets no advantage by carload buying. There is no reduction for quantity. That is how the Kellogg "Square Deal" benefits the large grocer and you.

The Kellogg "Square Deal" is as hard to imitate as the Kellogg Flavor.

March 10th to 17th is "Kellogg Week." Ask Your Grocer Why

The Original has This Signature

W. K. Kellogg

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW

(Continued from Page 10

"Oh, mother, how do you do!" she exclaimed, pecking me with a kiss. Then she seized Jimmy, literally dragged him inside and fell upon his neck.

"Oh, Jimmy, I'm home a week sooner, because I've brought you such news—too good, just too good to be true!"

I was glad to have her back. She was one of those girls you are always glad to see go, and whom, when gone, you wish back. I admitted to myself, as the two rushed upstairs laughing like children, that she was just the wife for Jimmy, one who would keep him from settling too soon into silent middle age.

For the first time in weeks dinner that evening was a cheerful meal. Emerly and Morbley had evidently caught the fire of enthusiasm from Belle, who was as usual very animated. The four of them came in together from the veranda.

"They say the operas at the Metropolitan are going to be perfectly grand this season" she chirruped as they took their seats. "Just think of seeing Fremstad in La Traviata!"

I was aware of a sort of concerted gaze fixed upon me after this speech. But as I knew nothing of the opera or of Fremstad I refused to think of it. I merely went on with my soup.

"And Belasco! Oh, Morbley, they say he's an old dear! All you have to do is to get on the good side of him and he'll take anything! They say he's done the most wonderful thing. He had a restaurant scene in one of his plays, and he just borrowed all the waitresses, dishes and things from a restaurant and put them on the stage, and New York went wild about it. So real, you know!"

"It's a travesty upon dramatic art. No imagination, no play of fancy. In my opinion Belasco is an ass!" was the answer.

"Oh, Morbley, you'll get over that! You'll be putting a scene from a store in your next play, see if you don't!"

"I will!" he answered with the air of a priest whose piety has been outraged.

"And Emerly, what do you think? Fish-tail trains are to be all the fashion this winter. Think of wearing a silver-and-green gown with a forked train flapping along behind you as if you'd just come up out of the sea!"

The Easy Money in New York

I looked at Emerly curiously. Her eyes were shining as if she saw herself as a mermaid at a ball.

"As for fortunes," Belle went on with one of those skips she often made in conversation from the sublime to the ridiculous, "Uncle George says he knows dozens of men who have made thousands of dollars in one day. All a smart young man needs is a little capital to begin with, and the backing of some older, more experienced man who has been on the Exchange and knows the ropes. He says it's as easy as flying, once you know how."

I began to feel queer, like a poor old woman in the objective case, the direct object of something Belle had in mind. I did not know what, but I recalled, as I listened to her chatter, that she always fizzed and effervesced in this manner when she made up her mind to do something or get something she wanted. The last time it was a piano. In June, before her house party, she had trilled and giggled and played scales upon her bosom with her pretty fingers in exactly this radiant manner before she broached the subject to me. Immediately afterward I bought the piano. I felt the barometer of strange anxiety rising in me.

"Mother," said Jimmy, "you are not eating anything. Let me give you another piece of chicken."

"No, thank you, Jimmy, I do not seem to have any appetite. It's the heat, I suppose. If you children will excuse me I'll go into the parlor where it is cooler," I said, crossing my knife and fork and rising. Morbley accompanied me to the door. I felt the attention. It was unusual.

"But wait till we come, mother," called Belle; "we've something lovely to tell you."

I went into the darkened parlor and sat down in my old golden-oak rocking chair. I looked at the Bible on the center-table and wondered what was going to happen to me. Then I took up a palmleaf fan and began to fan myself and to stare out of the window at a flock of sparrows flirting in the dust of the street. I could hear the children talking in subdued, mysterious tones in the dining room. I knew that they were planning something, and I knew that whatever it was I should have to yield. I recalled grimly a proverb I heard a French woman say: "When tempted yield at once and avoid the struggle."

Presently they came in, bunched together like children who are afraid to pass through a dark place alone. Morbley and Emerly went over and sat down upon the sofa and held each other's hands. Belle whisked straight in front of me, like a candle fly considering a flame.

"Now will you tell her, Jimmy, or shall I?" she demanded.

"Mother," began my son, drawing up a chair and seating himself beside me, "I have my chance at last. It all depends upon you."

"Upon me?" I murmured faintly.

"Yes, and I think it will mean as much to you as it does to me. For some time we have been talking about it, and we feel you are working too hard and it is not necessary. We want you to quit!"

"Quit the tannery!" I exclaimed, sitting up and staring at the four faces of my children in turn.

Pikers of the Dictionary

"Yes, mother, we all feel it. You are breaking yourself down. You are taking no pleasure; you are just working, working all the time!" This from Emerly.

"Why—why, I enjoy it. I shouldn't know what to do without it!" I protested.

"We have decided that," laughed Belle, who was still poised in mid-air, so to speak.

"Mother," Jimmy went on gravely, "Mr. George Stuart—you have heard Belle mention him frequently, her uncle in New York—offers me a position in his office on Wall Street. It's one chance in a lifetime. And we want you to turn the tannery over to Sam Waites and go to New York to live with us. Morbley must go there if he is ever to succeed with his work. And—and—well, you see we are not willing to leave you."

"How much will it cost?" I asked dizzily.

"Oh, not very much, mother darling," chimed Belle. "We can rent a flat at first, not in the fashionable part of town but on one of the quieter streets. You can get an awfully nice one for three thousand dollars a year, and ——"

"Pay three thousand dollars just for rent! Belle, you must be crazy. That's nearly as much as it costs us to live here!" I cried.

"Oh, mother, don't be a piker! Money isn't everything! You know you can afford it," said Emerly.

This was the second time the possibility of my being a piker had been suggested by one of my children.

"And, mother, I shall require some capital if I go in with Mr. Stuart," Jimmy went on.

"How much?" I asked.

"Well, not less than five thousand dollars," he said. "It would be better if you could let me have more."

"And you'll never miss it, mother, you know, for we'll be very economical. We'll keep only one maid besides the cook and a butler. Nobody can be anybody in New York without a butler, you see!" Belle put in.

My heart was jumping up and down like an old sitting hen that has been driven off her nest. I leaned back and stared at them. Jimmy had the air of a man waiting to be sentenced to death or to be given his liberty. He was looking down at his knees.

Emerly was staring straight in front of her. I caught Morbley's eyes, large, luminous in the dark as if he had lit a light in each one of them for my benefit.

"Morbley, I suppose you will need about ten thousand dollars to start a dramatic reform magazine, won't you?" I asked indignantly.

"No, mother, all I want is a chance. If you could spare me the hall bedroom for a study I'd take it kindly!"

Your skin is continually being rebuilt

Make it what you would love to have it

The skin, just like the rest of the body, is continually being rebuilt Every day, in washing, you rub off dead skin. As this *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity—you can help this new skin to become just what you would love to have it.

The reason the skin gets into a bad condition, loses its charm, is because it has been neglected and allowed to be overtaxed. Its pores become clogged. This prevents evaporation and holds back the waste matter which it is one function of the skin to throw off. Nearly two pounds of waste matter a day are thrown off in this way. The pores *must* be kept healthy and active, in order to perform this work properly.

How to keep your skin active

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently till the [illegible] and the pores open. Then [illegible] mes in very cold water, or [illegible] rub with a *lump of ice*.

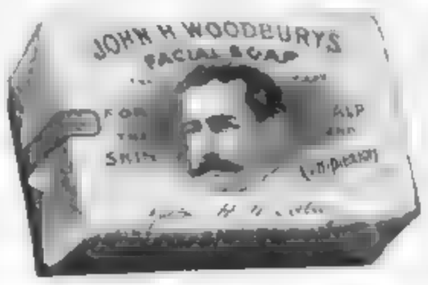
Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. It contains properties which are beneficial to the skin in its continual effort to rebuild the finer texture. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it. [illegible] this treatment *persistently* and it will not be long before you have a skin that will bear the scrutiny, a radiantly healthy complexion that will be a constant source of satisfaction.

Woodbury's [illegible] No one [illegible] cake. As a [illegible] for it is [illegible] two to three [illegible] soap.

Go to your dealer's today and get a cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada



Write today for Samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. B-g, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. B g, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

In Canada

The Woodbury prep[illegible] manufactured also in Canada and are on sale [illegible] all Canadian dealers from coast to [illegible] coast. If you live in Canada, and wish to take advantage of our samples or book offer, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. B g, Perth, Ontario.

500 Shaves From 12 Blades Guaranteed

Read this Guarantee

ANY shaver failing to get at least 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

is the only Safety Razor which enables you to strop the blade sharp—shave—and then clean the razor without removing the blade from the holder.

Unstropped razor edges cannot be guaranteed to last. We can guarantee our blades because the self-contained automatic-stropping feature is so convenient, quick, and efficient that you will cheerfully strop your blades to keen Head Barber edges.

For sale at all dealers in the U. S. and Canada on 30 days' free trial. Price $5.00. Fancy traveling sets, $6.50 up. Write for catalogue.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York. Toronto. London

Fingers of Steel

A Utica Plier occupies the relative position among tools that the hand does to the body. It will do many things the hand and fingers have not the power to do.

Have you ever tried to open a can of meat with your fingers, or straighten the prongs of a table fork, remove an irritating nail from your shoe with the stove wrench, or stop a leaky water faucet with a rag, or leaky gas jet with soap? If you have, you will appreciate a Utica Plier, because they are made to do things, right, that have to be done every day in the year.

UTICA

See your hardware or electrical supply dealer to-day and get a Utica Plier. You won't regret it. If you do we'll refund your money or replace your plier without any red tape. If your dealer cannot or will not supply you with a Utica Plier, send us his name and $1 00 and we will send you post-paid, one of our No. 700-7 pliers.

Get a copy of Plier Palmistry; it's interesting A post-card will bring it

Don't Accept a Substitute. "There Are No Just as Good."

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co.

800 Whitesboro Street, Utica, N. Y.

Set Six Screws— *Save Furniture Dollars!*

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and the saving is well worth while We know of no easier way to save furniture dollars.

This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

Over 30,000 American Homes

buy Come-Packt Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come Packt

$11.75

No. 300 Library Table
Come Packt Price $11 75
Shipping Weight 150 lbs

Sold on a Year's Trial

SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE

[illegible] Table is Quarter Sawn White Oak with [illegible] natural markings [illegible] to [illegible] inches high, 24 inches wide, 24 inches square. Two drawers, choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock down rates.

Our price $11 75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table of which you may well be proud.

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces

for living, dining or bedroom. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstering. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail. (11)

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 414 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, O.

They all laughed. I laughed myself, his tone was so droll.

"There! She's done it!" shouted Belle, clapping her hands. "We are going to New York! 'Give My Regards to Broadway!'" she sang.

"Wait, Belle, I have not given my consent to this foolishness; and ——"

"Oh, yes, you have; and I said you would all the time. Jimmy didn't want to ask you, but I told him ——"

"Hush! Belle, don't you see she's crying?" said Emerly, hurrying forward.

"Why, she hasn't got off her shoes! No wonder she's crying! Here, Emerly, take that one."

They both knelt, giggling as they pulled off my shoes and set my feet up on the stool. I did feel better, not so much to be in my stockinged feet as to have them so considerate.

During the next hour they were very happy, very noisy, making and unmaking their plans; but at last they were tired and kissed me good night. I waited till I knew they were in their rooms; then I got up, went over to the bookcase and took out the only dictionary we had, a small one. I put on my glasses, opened it and began to look for the word "piker." I wanted to know the worst about myself. I found it: "Piker—one who uses a pike." And just above I saw the definition of "pike." There were several that I knew could not apply to me, such as "road," "weapon of war," then this: "Pike, a slender, long-snouted, voracious esocoid, favorite object of sport!" So that was it! I might have looked for "esocoid," but whatever it was, it was "long-snouted and voracious!"

When you have suffered all you can you cannot suffer any more. That is one consolation. I went to bed too exhausted to be wounded over being called a "piker."

I pass over that winter in New York as I did over the weddings, and for the same reason. It only led to the events I am about to relate. Jimmy was in the office with Mr. Stuart on Wall Street. Morbley was working on another play. The girls were having the time of their lives, going everywhere, seeing everything, buying nearly everything.

I endured the idleness of my existence as the mother of a brilliant family, meeting its opportunities as long as I could; then I went down on Gold Street, where the wholesale leather business is carried on. I opened an office there and began to handle the products of the Tompkinsville Tannery to a great advantage. I rather liked it. I am a good business woman, if I do say it myself, and I was making much more money than I could have made at home. My vision was broadened financially, and my heart was hardening properly by the situation—as a heart must be in a place like New York.

In on the Ground Floor

It seemed at last that we were all in the places we wanted to fill. Although I objected to the butler—he was an overbearing, silent, meddlesome man—the whole family was afraid of him, and he knew it. Still he reflected a proper credit upon us when Jimmy had his friends up from Wall Street upon occasions to dine, and whenever Morbley brought in queer, half-starved, long-haired men who had genius, and who, like him, had "something in them."

Jimmy often brought a Mr. Smith in to dine. He was not a gentleman—any one could see that at a glance—a very small, wiry man with keen black eyes, who used his hands deftly like a musician or a pickpocket.

One evening I distinctly saw him wink at the butler. I told Jimmy about it. I said I believed he knew Thomas—that was the butler's name—and that I did not trust him. Jimmy laughed. He said that of course Smith was a "skate," socially speaking, and had no manners, but that he was a rich man, owned a wonderful copper mine somewhere in Canada, and had let him, Jimmy, in on the "ground floor." He said Smith was selling stock in it like "hot cakes," and that it was only a question of time when he and Smith "unloaded" and made a fortune apiece out of it.

"Still," I insisted, "I wish his mine were located in the Rocky Mountains or where mountains are more distinguished for their mineral products. I never heard much about copper in Canada."

He did not reply, only frowned. He became very nervous and irritable after we had been in New York a few months. The crash came one bitter day in March. We were in the drawing room waiting for dinner, which could not be served until Jimmy came, and he was late. I was seated at my desk, looking over some sales of leather and entering them in my ledger. Morbley and Emerly had just come in from a vaudeville show where they had gone to cheer up Morbley, who had got his play back again that day, refused by another manager. Even New York does not offer a field wide enough sometimes for a gifted young man. Belle was standing by the window, fluffing herself and fidgeting because dinner would be late, not because Jimmy was late.

"I wish he'd come on! Everything will be scorched or cold!" she complained.

At that moment the door opened and Jimmy staggered in—that is to say, a man came in who had once been Jimmy.

"What is it?" Belle cried at the sight of his face.

She started toward him, but without looking at her he made a gesture so imperative, so significant, that she stopped where she stood as if she had been suddenly rooted to the floor. There are moments when a man cannot bear his wife, cannot bear even to think of her. This was one of those moments for Jimmy. He approached me as if he were walking in his sleep, his eyes distended and fixed upon me with awful intensity. As I looked at him I knew the expression of pallid agony worn long ago by the tortured victims of the Inquisition when their bodies were drawn and their joints twisted.

A Bad Day for Jimmy

"Mother!" he whispered scarcely above his breath as he reached the desk and leaned upon it.

I knew what was coming. I had known for weeks, ever since I opened my own office in Gold Street and discovered the real nature of New York—grasping, merciless and terrible beneath its equally monstrous extravagance.

"Sit down, Jimmy," I said quietly.

"Mother!" he cried in a loud cracked voice, as he fell upon his knees beside me. "I'm a ruined man!"

Belle screamed and swooned upon the sofa behind her. I was glad of it. I am not a woman who can stand the pyrotechnics of female emotions when there is anything serious to be considered.

I resisted the temptation to lay my hand upon the head of my stricken son. I would have given much to remove my eyes from his dreadful face, like that of a criminal who is innocent of his crime.

"How much, Jimmy?" I asked. I make no apologies for it. The question of cost, of how much, is the most important one in life.

"Smith is a scoundrel!" he shrieked. "Didn't have any mine! Found it out today. He ——"

"How much do you owe, Jimmy," I interrupted.

"About twenty thousand. It's nearly that much!" he moaned, dropping his head upon my knees.

"Where's Smith?" I asked.

"Gone!" answered Jimmy.

"Where's Stuart?" I went on.

"Gone too!"

"Skin game!" I heard Morbley pronounce somewhere in the background. It was the first profoundly intelligent thing I had ever heard him say.

"Morbley, take Belle out of here and then come back. Leave her with Susan. I've something to say to you and Jimmy and Emerly," I commanded.

"I'll stay," came faintly from the sofa.

"No, you will not! Go to your room," I snapped.

And Belle went, looking back over her shoulder at the bowed form of her husband as if he were a stranger that had somehow gotten into the house.

I turned back to the desk, selected a blank check, filled it out for twenty thousand dollars and signed my name.

"Get up, Jimmy," I said sternly. And as he arose I gave him the check.

"I owe this to your father's memory and for ruining his children the way I have," I went on. "Take it. Pay your debt. Then you and Morbley and Emerly and Belle pack your things and be ready to leave here on the morning train for Tompkinsville. The house is there. And the golden-oak furniture is good enough for you until you are able to pay for better out of your own pockets. If the carpets get on Belle's nerves again she can rip them up and keep

the floors scoured. And if you and Morbley attend strictly to business at the tannery you can earn enough to pay for a modest living. If you do not you will not be able to live. I'll stay here. I seem to be the only member of this family, after all, who knows how to get my chance in New York and to make good; and I learned how in Tompkinsville."

"Mother ——" began Jimmy with deep emotion.

"Don't 'mother' me, Jimmy!" I interrupted. "From now on I'm your mother-in-law, and I'm Emerly's and Morbley's and Belle's mother-in-law too! This trying to be the mother of two other women's children besides my own, and even of trying to be my own children's mother, when they have been changed and born again into other connections, is all foolishness. It can't be done. Emerly, ring the bell."

Susan appeared.

"Where's Thomas?" I demanded.

"Please, madam, Thomas is out."

"Out, when dinner is ready to be served!" I exclaimed.

"Please, madam, he said he wouldn't be back. He's gone. A man came for him just as Mr. Wright came in."

"What man?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, madam, but I thought I recognized him, madam ——"

"That will do, Susan. You may serve dinner," I said, sparing Jimmy the mortification of allowing her actually to mention Smith as the man who had called for Thomas.

I was glad that I had the courage to strike while the iron in me was hot, and I went on hammering during dinner. I addressed my remarks entirely to Morbley and Jimmy.

I did what I could to forestall their ignorance of the tannery business.

"I can dispose of all the calfskin you can send up," I exclaimed. "The trouble is in getting enough. That is your opportunity—the one you and Morbley have been looking for—to get enough calfskins up here to fill the orders I get from the factories. One of you ought to travel round to the larger cities in that section where veal is sold, and buy the skins right off the backs of the calves as fast as you can."

Appreciated at Last

"Oh, horrors! I think I shall go home to mother until all this dreadful business is over!" exclaimed Belle.

"Then you'll stay a long time," I answered, looking at her over my spectacles, "for this dreadful business, as you call it, is going to be the beginning and probably the end of your husband's career. There's a great future in good leather for a good, hard-working tanner! This country needs about two million more pairs of fine shoes every year to cover the feet of the increasing number of extravagant women like you and Emerly."

Tears were falling fast from Emerly's eyes into her plate, from which she only pretended to eat. But Morbley looked up at me and laughed.

"Mother, you're a trump!" he said in his slow, impudent voice. "You've been a trump all the time, and we've been asses."

I began to see that as a mother-in-law he might become one of my favorites.

"That's all right, Morbley," I answered, determined not to give way to my tears which I felt rising in my breast where tears always come first. "See to it that you do not remain asses. There are too many in this country now. They furnish the prosperity for Wall Street and for the swell stores downtown. If all the women who do not, dressed sensibly, discreetly and modestly for one year, it would bankrupt the last one of these concerns."

It is easier to wean children from their mother than to wean a mother from her children. I realized this in the lonely months that followed the departure of mine for Tompkinsville, and that was the occasion of my devoting even more time to business. But after they got the hang of it I must say that my sons-in-law held up their end of it splendidly.

In the year that has passed since they took over the tannery the output of leather has been more than doubled, and the time may come when I almost fear that I may be obliged to recall them to New York to help with the sales department on Gold Street.

Meanwhile I have the consolation of knowing that the girls are becoming efficient, self-sustaining members of society, but not in society.

"I do not know how we ever came to be so foolish and useless," Emerly wrote in a letter recently. "It's lots more fun to be busy all the time, actually doing things that help and count. I never told you, but Belle and I did all the housework for the first six months. The boys just couldn't afford even a cook. And you just ought to see Belle's hands now when she plays the piano. They are as brown as clams! And Morbley is simply a wonder! You know I always said he had it in him, but I never dreamed he would develop a gift as a buyer. Of course I'm sorry for the poor little calves, but they have to be killed anyhow. So I'm glad Morbley is taking so much interest in their dear little skins."

I laughed so over that mixture of the young wife's adoration of her husband and the young girl's sentimentality about bleating calves, that I cried and had to take off my spectacles to wipe my eyes.

A Visit to the Children

"Mother, when are you coming home?" the letter went on. "We want you to come and see how well we've learned to manage. You'd be astonished at Belle's thrift. I believe she'd be out-and-out stingy if it were not for me. You know we always like food well seasoned. If you'll just come you may keep your shoes off all the evening in the parlor. You may put your stockinged feet in a chair, if you like, or on the mantel the way Jimmy does. Oh, mother, how foolish and unkind we were to you and your sweet ways of weariness! And there's something I must tell you. Belle and I, neither of us is very well. We need you. We feel we cannot get through what's coming without you. Mother, darling, do you understand?"

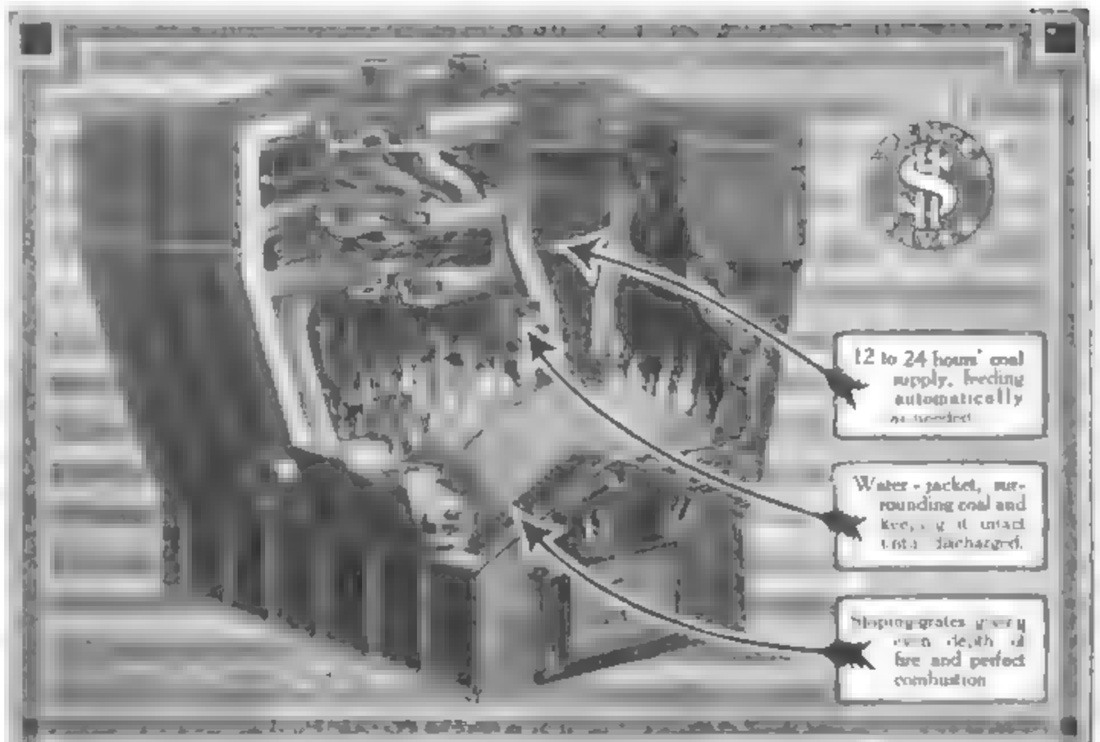
I did. I took off my spectacles again and wiped the real tears from my eyes.

Then I read the postscript. It was written in a large, bulldog-headed handwriting: "Dear mother: We are expecting you Thanksgiving Day. Tannery flourishing. Need more vats." And it was signed "Jimmy."

I leave for Tompkinsville tonight.

Here is the point: You cannot go on being the mother, merely the mother, to grown men and women without keeping them in a state of irresponsible childhood; and an irresponsible child of twenty-five is a kind of idiot. The reason fathers-in-law never figure as the victims of jokes the way mothers-in-law do, in comic papers, is because they understand this. When a man's son marries he doesn't spread his substance supporting him and his wife—not if he has any sense. He holds on to his property, and nobody criticises him for doing it. And when his daughter marries he doesn't kill the fatted calf and run out to meet his son-in-law with a diamond ring every few days. But he leaves them both to work out their own salvation with honest fear and trembling.

That's the whole secret of it. Nine times out of ten mothers are fools with their tenderness, spoiling their excellent children with weak indulgence. And nine times out of ten fathers are not fools, because they are only fathers after all, and not afflicted with tenderness.


12 to 24 hours' coal supply, feeding automatically as needed
Water-jacket, surrounding coal and fire, keeping it intact until discharged.
Sloping grates giving even depth of fire and perfect combustion

YOU *can* reduce your coal bills one-third to one-half; you *can* use the small, cheap sizes of hard coal; you *can* have steady, even heat all day, and all night, if desired, with attention but once or twice in the 24 hours. The

Spencer Steam or Hot Water Heater

with its water-jacket, self-feed and sloping grate construction, burns No. 1 Buckwheat, or Pea coal, with very little attention.

Heating Cost Reduced 30% to 50%

No. 1 Buckwheat hard coal sells for $2 to $3 less per ton than the commonly-used domestic sizes. The "Spencer" burns no more tons of this cheap size than do ordinary heaters of the large, expensive grades. Many of our owners also successfully use screenings and various grades of semi-anthracite.

Would an Advance in Coal Prices Affect You?

The recent coal strike caused no advance on No. 1 Buckwheat coal. It is known as a "steam size," and must always be sold in competition with soft coal.

Coaling But Once a Day

The magazine holds a 24-hours' fuel supply for ordinary winter weather (12 in severe). The coal feeds as needed onto sloping grates, giving an even depth of fire and perfect combustion. (See illustrations.)

Automatic Regulation

With the "Spencer," automatic regulation *is* efficient. Regulators operate drafts, but cannot supply fuel. The "Spencer" magazine feeds coal as required.

Quick, Efficient Heating

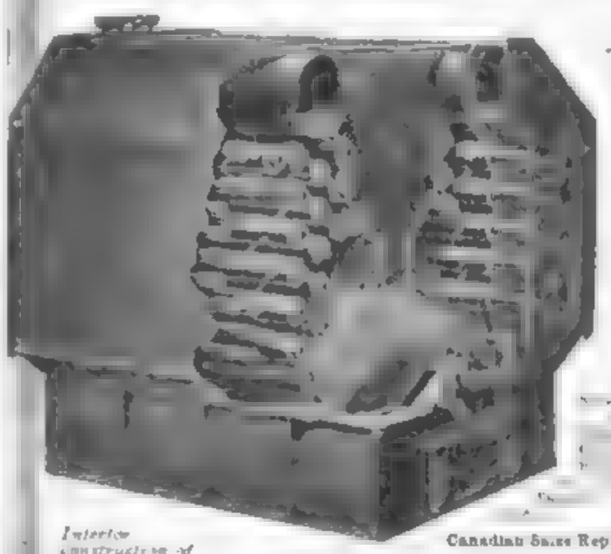
The Spencer *Tubular* Heater for steam, and *sectional* construction for hot water, are the quickest-heating, most efficient types known for their respective systems. Actual thermometer tests show that the gases in the smokestack of the "Spencer" average considerably lower in temperature than in ordinary heaters. A simple way to prove it. A string tied around the smoke-pipe on the ordinary heater soon burns through. On a "Spencer" it is undamaged.

For Apartments With No Night Fireman

The "Spencer" is *the* Heater for apartments, not only for its remarkable economy, but because it maintains heat all night without attention. No cold apartments due to the "janitor banking his fire for the night."

Don't Let Your Wife Shovel Coal

In residences the magazine is usually only filled once a day and never more than twice. Under these circumstances it is never necessary for the "women folks" to shovel coal.



Interior construction of Steam Heater

For Greenhouses

The "Spencer" is just as efficient for greenhouses, keeping up heat all night without attention, even in most severe weather.

The "Spencer" is equally well adapted to public buildings, institutions, churches, etc.

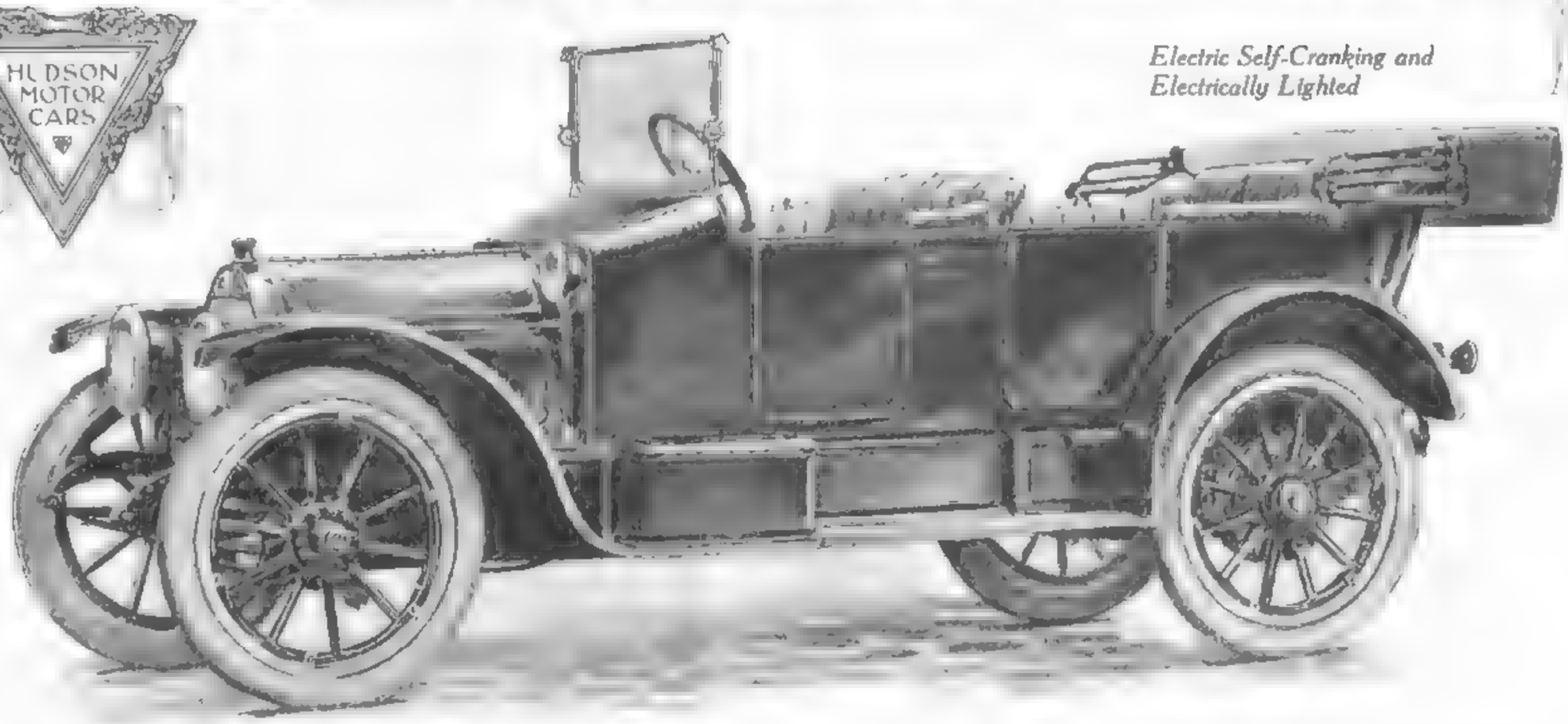
SPENCER HEATER CO.
900 People's Nat'l Bank Bldg.
SCRANTON, PA.

Branch Offices

Canadian Sales Representatives
Winnipeg, The Weldon Co., 92 Princess St.
Toronto, The Weldon Co. [illegible]

TO REDUCE COAL BILLS

The Spencer Heater Co. Scranton, Pa.



Electric Self-Cranking and Electrically Lighted

"37" Phaeton, $1875 Complete

We Have But Two Competitors

In the medium-price class, there are but three cars that are spoken of as leaders.

One of the three mentioned, whenever values are discussed—is inevitably the HUDSON.

It is generally conceded by all that each of the three makes offers excellent values.

If you are at all interested in the motor car, either as an owner or as a prospective buyer, it is not necessary to mention the other two cars by name. You can prove that the trade considers only three cars as leaders if you ask any dealer of a medium-priced automobile to name the three cars which, next to the one he sells, are the best on the market. Nine times out of ten whatever automobile dealer you ask will, in reply to such a question, name the HUDSON.

Why These Three Cars are Leaders

If you will look closely into the subject, you will find certain definite reasons for such leadership.

And if you will let those reasons be your guide in your selection of a car, you will not likely be disappointed in your purchase.

Each of the three companies is well established. Each is successful and prosperous. Each builds a large quantity of cars. Combined, they build about 75% of all the cars of their class. They have highly efficient engineering organizations. Their factories are operated with extreme economy and smoothness. Each company is successful in marketing its product. Each has a large organization of dealers. In every locality, the dealers handling these three cars are the pick of the trade in their communities. They have built up their business by honest and progressive methods.

These things guarantee the service you will obtain with either of the two cars or with the HUDSON. For whatever car you choose, if you are to get as much service from it as you expect, it must be represented by a dealer who has more interest in you than the mere selling of the car.

These three cars all have an excellent reputation for maintenance of a fixed price. You can't place much reliance in a car that is sold to one buyer at one price and to another at a different price. If a dealer must trade with each customer on a different basis, or a manufacturer is unable to maintain a price, it proves that the quality is misrepresented, or the manufacturer or dealer is not making the profit which he must receive in order to give the service you should have.

You will find also that these three cars command by far a higher price as second-hand machines, proportionate to their original cost, than does any other.

A very small percentage of those who have ever owned either of the two other cars, or a HUDSON, when they come to buy a new car, purchase any other than one of these three makes.

Wherein the Three Differ

Even though from the above it would seem there is little to choose as between one car or another of these three, there is a greater distinction than you may think.

The choice of either is like the selection of friends.

You know many persons whose friendship is worth while. Any one of them, is to be trusted. Any one would make a good companion. Each is true blue and yet you naturally find reasons, even with all their excellent qualities, for preferring one to others.

These three cars will very likely please you as they are pleasing thousands of owners. But there may be some distinctive reasons why you will find greater satisfaction in the ownership of one car than in the possession of either of the other two.

For instance, in the HUDSON there are such qualities of beauty and comfort as you will like. The simplicity of the car may make a striking impression upon you. Its design is so free from all extra contrivances in the way of rods, wires, etc., that you will like it for that reason. Its simplicity will appeal to you because of the accessibility of the car with its few parts to wear and get out of adjustment. With such simplicity and accessibility any repairs to any part of the car that may ever be needed are easy and inexpensive to make.

The electric self-starting and electric lighting features, you will of course like. They are conveniences which make automobiling more pleasant than ever before.

You may like the depth of the seats of the HUDSON, with their comfortable position and the 12-inch upholstery. The long sweeping lines of the body and the distinctive beauty of the general appearance of the car are qualities just as appealing as are the qualities which attract you to individuals.

The personality of the dealer, the policy of the company, are characteristics just as distinctive as are the attractions found in people.

The Three Makers Are About Sold Out

The past winter has been unusually favorable for motor car sales. November, January and February have been record breakers for business.

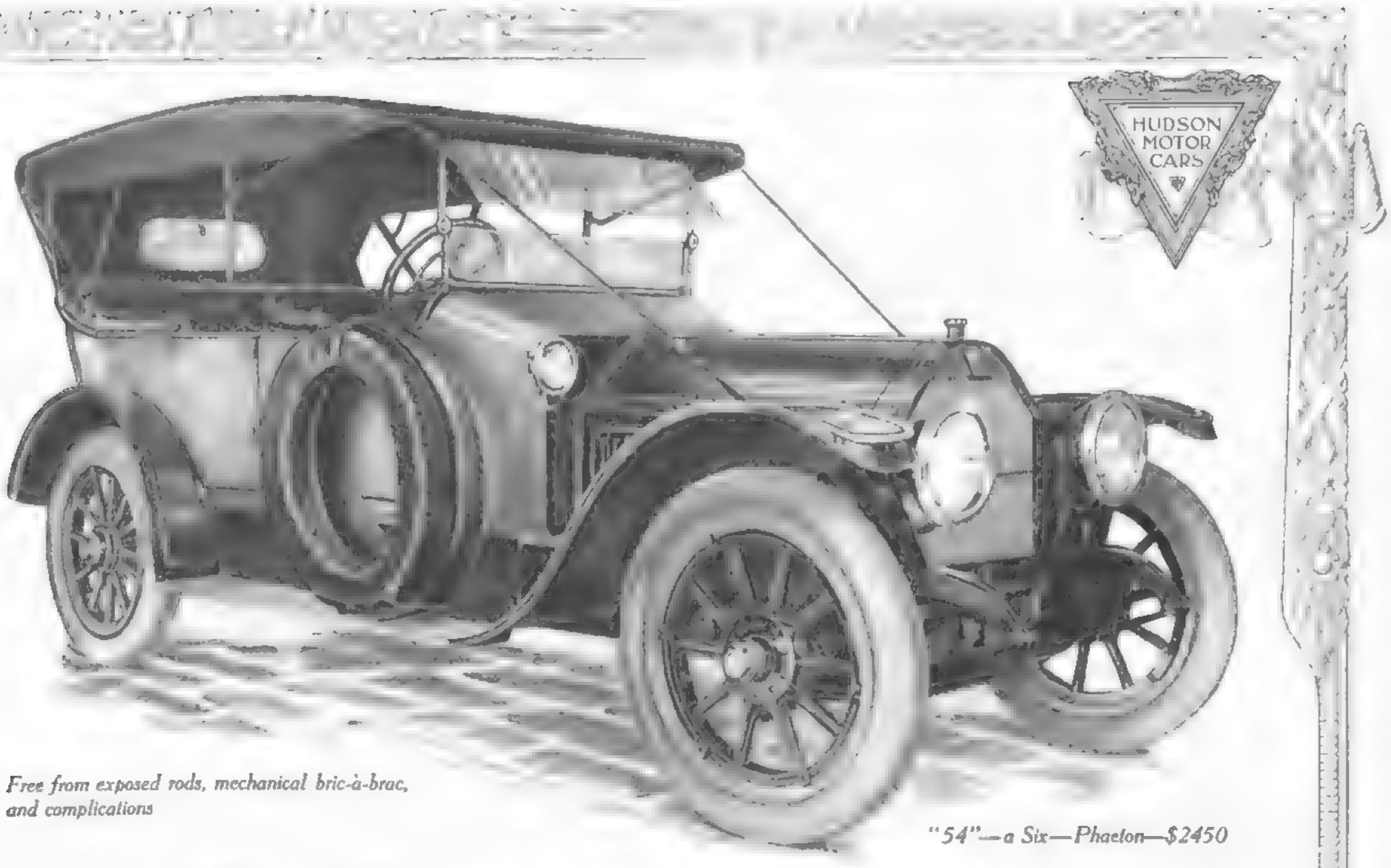
Normally, these are the months when manufacturers store up a stock to meet the big spring demand. However, every HUDSON has been taken just as fast as we could build them. There is no surplus stock of HUDSONS to meet the natural requirements of the next three months. We cannot begin to keep up with orders. That condition, to practically a similar degree, exists with the other two leading cars.

You naturally will prefer one of these three makes to any other. Therefore decide now. They are cars you can safely buy.

If you postpone ordering, it is not probable that you will get a car when you want it.

Decide now. In no other way will you be sure of getting the car you can afford to accept and have it delivered at the time you will want it.

See the Triangle on the Radiator



Free from exposed rods, mechanical bric-à-brac, and complications

"54"—a Six—Phaeton—$2450

But These are the Reasons We Advance for the HUDSON

Generally speaking, all good cars are best known because of one distinctive feature.

One is spoken of as being well built. Another has a reputation for the beauty of its finish.

One maker has gained confidence because of the manner of treating customers.

Large volume is advanced by another as an explanation of quality at low price.

All these are sound reasons for consideration.

Each and all are essential in the policy of any company that succeeds.

But, if you look closely, you will find that while one lays greater emphasis upon one of these claims than upon others, all successful makers are in common in their position in such essentials.

All, to succeed, must build their cars well.

All must assure service to the owner.

All must combine luxurious finish with mechanical excellence.

Large volume is essential to any success, for without volume the value is not in keeping with the price that must be charged.

How 48 Engineers Made HUDSON Distinctive

And as every successful car is referred to with reference to the one feature for which it is best known, the HUDSON is famous because of its advanced design.

HUDSON cars have always been known to be leaders as the most advanced type of engineering skill.

That means simplicity in design and operation. It indicates that essentials are less clumsily accomplished than in cars not so well designed. It assures accessibilty.

Since the skill of designers is not confined to mechanical details, it also means more beautiful lines, a greater luxury, a richer appearance and an individuality as characteristic as artists put into their pictures or as architects work into their building.

The best engineering brains in the industry are responsible for the two new models of HUDSONS. The 48 experts, including Howard E. Coffin who designed these cars, have had wide experience.

Combined they represent about all of value that is known in the way of motor car building.

Each man has influenced the design of the car only so far as he has proved his leadership.

These men come from every automobile building country.

Most of them are regular employees of this Company. Some are associated as engineers with other institutions, and we used them merely in an advisory capacity. Some are consulted by other manufacturers.

We are constantly focusing the greatest skill and experience obtainable upon the design and production of HUDSON cars. If we cannot get all of the time of such experts, or if we have no need for their services beyond a certain detail, we use their abilities to the point where their value ceases to be an advantage.

Directing all these men is Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost engineer. Thus we have succeeded in producing cars that are distinctive and that have many features of advantage to the driver and owner not possessed by others, even though they give an almost perfect service.

There are Two New HUDSONS—the "37"—a Four and the "54"—a Six

Both are electric self-cranking, electrically lighted and are furnished completely equipped

THE FOUR

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No designer has been more successful.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its details of comfort, beauty, distinctiveness and equipment, including the famous Delco, patented, **self-cranking** and **lighting** system is precisely the same as that furnished on the "Six."

The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best these 48 engineers know how to build, therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

Models are Five-passenger Touring and Phaeton and Two-passenger Roadster at $1875 each; Limousine, $3250; Coupé, $2350; f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupé, extra. Canadian prices either Touring, Phaeton or Roadster, $2425 duty paid, f. o. b. Detroit.

THE SIX

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-away, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed far greater than you will ever care to call upon it to give. It will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start. No grade is too steep for it.

Its equipment, complete in every detail, includes the most famous system of **electric self-cranking, electric lighting**—dynamo type—and ignition device to be had, known as the Delco, patented. There is also an illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain-vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36 x 4½-inch tires, 127-inch wheel base, etc.

The seat cushions are 12 inches deep. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimped or overlooked.

"54" HUDSON Models: Five-passenger Touring Car and Phaetons and Two-passenger Roadster, $2450 each, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Limousine, Seven-passenger, $3750. Coupé, Three-passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupé at extra charge. Canadian price either Touring Car, Phaeton or Roadster, duty paid, $3200 f. o. b. Detroit.

Hudson Motor Car Company, 7597 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The Dentifrice that Meets Scientific Requirements

IT was the recognition of mouth acidity as the great cause of tooth-decay that proved the need of a dentifrice that not only cleans the teeth—but that also keeps the mouth in a normal, healthy state, free from acid.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco is scientifically made to preserve the teeth as well as to clean them. It was formulated to overcome the excess of mouth acids that gradually weaken the enamel until the bacteria of decay complete the destruction of the tooth. It places at your disposal a dental preparation of unique and established merit.

Most people (dentists say 9 out of 10) have unnaturally acid mouths. Hence the test in choosing a dentifrice should be one that will not only cleanse and whiten the teeth, but which will also exert such a wholesome effect upon the whole mouth as to protect the teeth against the underlying *cause* of their decay.

Such is Pebeco Tooth Paste, prepared in the laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and meeting all requirements of Scientists and the Dental Profession the world over. Sold in extra-large 50c tubes by dealers everywhere. Very economical—saves money and teeth.

Send for FREE Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers

and prove Pebeco's efficiency by the "Acid Mouth" test, illustrated above at the right. Pebeco whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. You will enjoy the delicious sensation of revitalization and refreshment it gives.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rieards Talcum **106 William Street, New York**

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

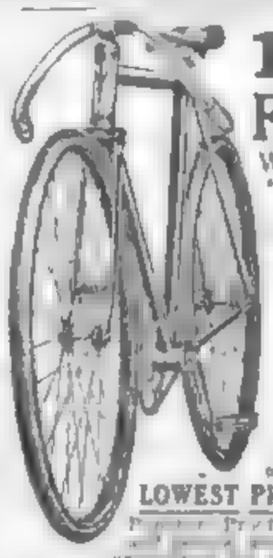
THERE is a big difference in men's garters. They may look alike, but they don't feel and wear alike.

PARIS GARTERS have introduced all the best things in men's garters

Wear Paris Garters

A. Stein & Company, Makers

Chicago and New York



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid, to any place in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow 10 days' free trial

all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be one cent out*

LOWEST PRICES

ter bicycle than our "RANGER," no matter what you pay, and you cannot buy a good bicycle at a lower price than we offer

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

DO NOT BUY a bicycle

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs, and everything in the bicycle line at lowest prices. DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large*

Write it now

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE STRANGER WITHIN HIS GATES

(Continued from Page 20

your neck for you in a decent fight; an' now I've got to brain you like you was a spliced steer!"

Edgar represented George's natural enemy. He did more—he represented a very present threat. Also, there was, as he lay there with his mouth open, his hair matted and his unguarded face betraying his evil life, nothing that would appeal to the finer emotions of the finer man. But George, looking at him, was himself no finer man—his stooping, thickset figure; his low and bandaged brow; his bulldog chin and his sinister countenance were those commonly assigned to the criminal class. There were no finer emotions about him—he was simply a fighting animal, which now suddenly found that, precisely because he had so long been a fighting animal, he could kill only in a fight.

"Oh, hell!" said George. "We'll fix you, you dirty sneak!"

Whereupon he buttoned the helpless man's coat to conceal the badge, put the mattress on the cot and the detective on the mattress, and then, with one well-directed blow of his mahogany weapon, skillfully broke Edgar's right leg just below the knee.

"Now we'll see how quick you get away from here," said George. "Pinch me if you can!"

From the puddle on the floor he scooped some dirty water in his hands and threw it on Edgar's rascally face.

Edgar tried to move. He groaned and opened his eyes. He saw George and started.

"Somebody done for you all right," said George cheerfully. "Who was he?"

Edgar's face resumed its habitual crafty expression. He was in palpable terror.

"I don't know," he lied. "I ——" He tried to move and then let out a loud moan. "Oh, my leg! My leg!" he gasped.

George bent over the leg and examined it, Edgar writhing beneath his fingers.

"Broke!" said George with satisfaction. "Cracked as neat as a safe! Lucky for you I come when I did; he was hammerin' the life out of you. Look where he cracked me one!" George pointed to the long-dried bandage under his red hair. "Knocked me out an' made his getaway! I twisted my ankle too—can't do more'n hobble." To prove it he sank on the floor beside the cot. "Who was the guy?" he asked once more.

"I don't know," groaned Edgar. He knew well enough, but it occurred to him that perhaps this murderer, whom he at once identified from poor photographs and faulty descriptions, had begun to doubt that Edgar was an officer of the law; and he concluded his one hope was to foster that uncertainty. "I'm a Coast man," he went on with the beads of pain standing on his forehead. "I done a couple o' jobs out there with Big Bill Viney three years ago; an' Bill wrote me he was here. I had to clear out o' Frisco; so I came to look up Bill, an' I no sooner got that door open than somebody blackjacked me."

George grinned. He showed his ugly teeth. What his teeth lacked in number they made up in hideousness.

"Well, then," he said, "it must 'a' been some one lookin' for somethin'. Nice place to look for it, ain't it? Anyhow it wasn't Bill, for Bill's in—he's in Philadelphia, or some place like that." George grinned again. "An' he said he'd let me camp here till he came back. I got to keep a bit quiet myself."

He was quite clear in his own mind as to what he wanted to do. He would keep this man a prisoner while pretending to nurse him. By eight o'clock the murderer thought he might be strong enough to go out under pretense of seeking food; and once out he would never come back.

"I'll fix you up," concluded George, "the best I can."

"Can't you get a doctor?" asked Edgar.

"Not much I can't!" said George. "I can't go out till it's dark—if I'm strong enough to go then. I'm wanted, I tell you. Anyway, you don't want to run the risk of no doctor." He chuckled. "Didn't you say Frisco was after you?"

Edgar sighed a miserable assent.

"I forgot," said he.

"Well, I didn't," George returned. "No! let's see what I can do."

There were two blankets that had belonged to the mattress—stripe. Always

$ Half a year without a hole for $1!

Six months of guaranteed freedom!

GETMOR HOSE

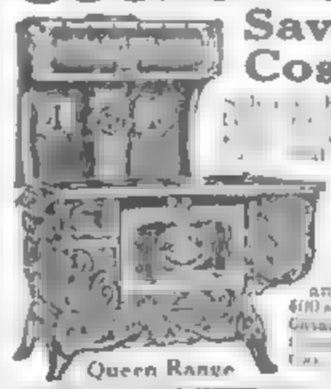
For men

You pay less and Getmor!

The Getmor $1 Idea

Getmor Hosiery Mills, Reading, Pa.

Cooks Better Saves Fuel, Costs Less



Write For Prices

and illustrated book of 600 stoves FREE. Ask for Catalog No. 153. We make and gas

Queen Range

A Kalamazoo

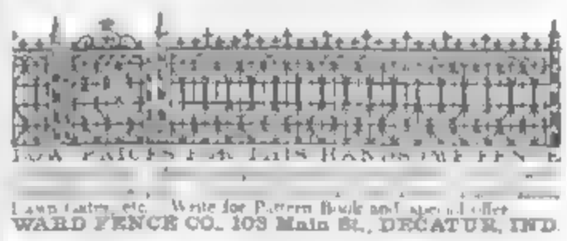
Kalamazoo Stove Co. Manufacturers Kalamazoo, Michigan

See Switzerland

Nothing half so enjoyable as a holiday in the Land of Lakes and Alps. Send for illustrated "Pocket Guide No. 19" with two maps, full particulars of Railroads, Hotels, Points of Interest, etc. Postpaid 10c

OFFICIAL INFORMATION BUREAU OF SWITZERLAND

241 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Lamp Posts, etc. Write for Pattern Book and Special Offer

WARD FENCE CO., 103 Main St., DECATUR, IND.

Chairs & Tricycles

For Invalids and Cripples

Worthington Co.

610 Cedar St. Elyria, O

"Travel Money"

Actual money is unsafe to carry, and you have the annoyance and expense of changing it whenever you pass from one country to another.

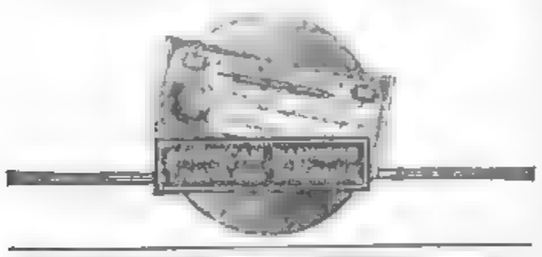
The safest, most convenient, most economical form of "travel money" is "A. B. A." Cheques. They are accepted like the currency of the country in all parts of the civilized world. They are *safe to carry*, because your signature—which identifies you—is required to make them good.

"A. B. A." Cheques

are issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100; each cheque plainly engraved with its exact value in the money of the principal nations.

Get them at your Bank. *Ask for booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A B A" Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity*

BANKERS TRUST CO. New York City



WONDERCLOTH SAVES WORK, WORRY and TEMPER

[illegible] polishes brass, copper, nickel, tinware, aluminum, [illegible], smooth cloth of almost imperishable quality.

SILCO—The cloth polish that absorbs the dust and cleans furniture, pianos, automobiles, carriages, store fixtures, [illegible]. Does not scratch, and [illegible] out and used over and over again.

SPECIAL OFFER One WONDERCLOTH and one SILCO polishing cloth, regular price 50 cents, [illegible] only 25 cents. Money returned if not as represented.

Agents—Men and Women Wanted in every city and county. Enormous profit

For free samples, new selling plan and field instructions address Dept. 12

BETHLEHEM UTILITIES CO., 65 PINE ST., NEW YORK

Just press the tube!

The New Poison in the Tube

RAT BIS-KIT PASTE

Kills Rats, Mice and Roaches Instantly

[illegible] was produced [illegible] keeps indefinitely [illegible] tube at all druggists. Get a tube today.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1

[illegible] Samples free.

[illegible] H. Elliott Co., 1838 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

SALESMEN WANTED

Side Line or Full Time. To sell a Popular priced Telephone Index, for Advertising Purposes. Big Seller. [illegible] 88 Broad Street, Boston.

WANTED high grade salesmen to sell the improved Clipless Paper Fasteners, hand and stand machines.

CLIPLESS PAPER FASTENER COMPANY, Newton, Iowa

moving with even more apparent difficulty than his ankle made necessary, he broke the thin chairback into splints; and then with a sort of rough deftness he proceeded to set Edgar's shattered leg. It was a painful operation for both surgeon and patient. The former nearly fell from dizziness and the latter once fainted; but it was completed at last.

"Thank you!" murmured Edgar; there was much surprise and some gratitude in his voice.

"Oh, that's all right, all right!" said George, and in his voice there was a quality that expressed modest content with the result of his work. He surveyed it with shifty green eyes. "'Tain't a bad job," he decided.

There was little to do. He had to kill time, and the easiest way to kill it was to play nurse and physician to the man he had nearly murdered. He assumed the double rôle. He made a sort of pillow for his victim, whose victim he might momentarily be in danger of becoming. With one ear cocked to the door for sounds of the approach of Edgar's possible allies, he went about the business of making the detective as comfortable as the more than meager circumstances would permit. One rag, soaked in the puddle of rainwater, mopped Edgar's face and washed away the blood from his head. After the discovery that the injury was only a scalpwound another rag was twisted into a bandage.

It was possible, barely possible, that the detective was not after him—that, if the detective was after him, George had not yet been recognized. George did not believe in these possibilities, but he was too wise a man not to consider every chance and act thereon. So he continued his random talk, pretending to be deceived by Edgar's lies and, though admitting his own outlawry, never admitting his identity.

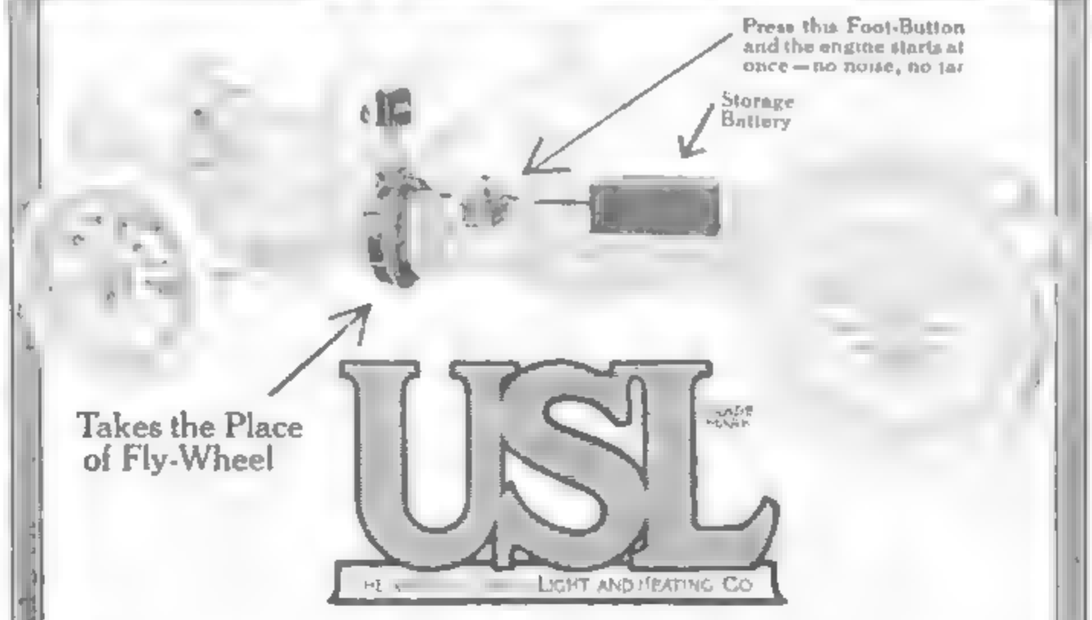
"Anyway," thought George, "maybe if I'm halfway decent to him it'll go a little easier with me in case they jug me after all. That's the only reason I'm doin' this."

And all the while he knew two things: that with his whole heart he hated his prisoner and all that his prisoner represented; a heart that had not been trained to distinguish between an inimical system and the inevitable tools of that system; and that, whatever happened, the jailer would not be taken alive. He cursed Edgar soundly; he cursed his own ill fortune that had forced him to serve his enemy; and he resolved to get away just as soon as his strength and the darkness returned, and make his escape in any way possible.

The unhappy Edgar was in precisely the same predicament. He received every ministration with a puzzled mixture of gratitude and distrust. Had his roughly assiduous attendant confidants in this terrible tenement who might at any moment enter the room? Why was George behaving as he did? At what instant would he cease this play and finish the murder that he had so thoroughly begun? Edgar felt all that the mouse feels when the cat plays with it. He loved his mean life better than anything else in the world; and yet he had flashes in which, wondering why George postponed the killing, he almost reached the point of begging his executioner to finish the job.

Of course he returned to his earlier hopes. Of course he reasoned there was just one chance in a thousand that George had not suspected him and his mission. There was, moreover, just one chance in a thousand that, even if George did suspect, the detective might still succeed in pretending that he had not recognized George. The more Edgar thought of these slim chances, the less slim they seemed. The more he weighed them, the more desire swayed judgment and the more they seemed like probabilities. They offered the only hypotheses that Edgar could conceive of as explaining the criminal's present course of conduct. George had attacked because he thought Edgar was a detective, but he had begun to doubt in time to hold his hand before Edgar was killed; and Edgar's pretense on recovering consciousness had either succeeded completely, or had at least made George think that it was not George the detective sought.

A thrill of hope shook the coward's soul. When next George's back was turned, Edgar, finding his detective's badge still concealed beneath his coat, reached under the coat, unpinned the badge and stowed it in his deepest pocket. That done, with a glibness that defied his pain, he fell again to chattering in the character of a second-story man from San Francisco.


Press this Foot-Button and the engine starts at once—no noise, no jar
Storage Battery
Takes the Place of Fly-Wheel
USL
LIGHT AND HEATING CO

Electric Starter and Lighter

For Gasoline Automobiles

The Hit of the Automobile Shows—Because

It takes the place of the fly-wheel and is an integral part of the engine.
It has great power.
It is absolutely noiseless.
It does not add weight to the car.
It does not add a moving part.
It has no chains, sprockets, gears nor belts—no bearings to be oiled.
It turns the engine over at 150 to 400 revolutions per minute.
It starts the engine *at once*—100 times out of 100.

It is endorsed by automobile engineers everywhere.

Public opinion has corroborated the statements of unbiased experts that the U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter is the most unique and *most logical* cranking device on the market today.

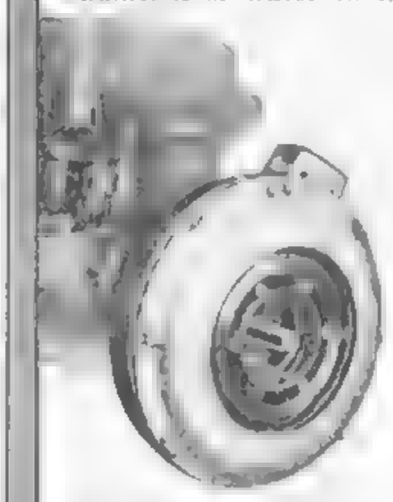
It is a special motor-generator or dynamo which is installed on the engine-shaft in place of the usual fly-wheel, yet the revolving of the armature enables it to perform perfectly the balancing duties of the fly-wheel. Simply a pressure of a foot-button starts the engine to revolve with a smooth, even motion, without noise, jerk or jar.

It is absolutely never-failing under all conditions; is practically proof against wear or damage; is perfectly automatic in its operation and requires no thought nor attention beyond an occasional addition of water to the battery.

Adopted by

Rambler Overland S. G. V.
Garford "Six" Moyer
Edwards-Knight

Other prominent cars are under negotiation



Showing the U-S-L Starter and Lighter Armature encased. It takes the place of the Fly-Wheel

The U-S-L equipment is more than a starting device; it is also a *complete lighting plant*. When the engine reaches a certain speed, the starter automatically converts into a generator, supplying unlimited current for recharging and lighting, even for display signs on commercial vehicles. No lighting battery nor generator is needed.

In principle and construction the U-S-L is the simplest starting and lighting installation system manufactured. To have your machine of the latest type, and enjoy the luxury of a system that *always starts, never causes trouble*, and gives *unlimited lighting current*,

Select the Car Equipped with the U-S-L

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

The U. S. Light & Heating Company

General Offices: 30 Church St., New York *Factory:* Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Branch Offices and Service Stations:

Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis

MAKERS OF THE U-S-L STORAGE BATTERY

Get My 1913 Special

Factory Price Offer On My Wonderful *Rapid* Fireless Cooker

Besides cutting down your fuel bill, besides saving time and work and improving the taste and goodness of your food, you save a great deal on the first cost by buying *direct from me*—especially if you order now and get the benefit of this 1913 Special Price.

Besides all *these* savings do you realize the *convenience* of the **RAPID?**

Thousands of users write enthusiastically of the convenience of placing food in the cooker, the shutting up of the hot kitchen and going to the club, matinee, shopping, coming, getting out of doors and coming home to find your meal most delicously and perfectly cooked, without the slightest chance of burning or drying up, or being under- or over-done.

Let Me Prove These Things to You For a Month at My Risk

I am the original fireless cooker man, selling at factory prices. I have made and sold more cookers direct from the factory to the home than all other cooker concerns combined. It is because, first—my cooker is the most practical, hygienic rapid fireless cooker made, and second—because I sell it at factory prices, giving you an extra special low price.

Then you don't need to keep my cooker if it doesn't prove all my claims for it, because I allow a full month's trial in your own home at my risk—your money back if the cooker is not satisfactory in every way.

Description: Metal throughout, including nests and covers, no pads or cushions to absorb odors; cooking utensils all highest grade aluminum. Covers and compartments lined with aluminum—absolutely rust-proof and odorless. Steams, stews, bakes, broils, fries, and boils all kinds of meats, cereals, vegetables, etc. Also finest thing made for use as cold storage for ices, puddings, custards, etc.

Write Now For My 30 Days' FREE Trial

Let Me Mail You Prices and This Free Book of 125 Famous Fireless Cooker Recipes

You will be surprised at the low direct prices I make you, so low that you will not think of being without a cooker—the most convenient thing in the house, when you have seen my book. Write me today. I will gladly mail you the book of recipes and quote you prices.

Remember, I ship promptly and save you money on the best fireless cooker ever made, the old, original **RAPID.**

Why take chances on any other cooker when over 100,000 users point the way to sure success with the **RAPID?**

Wm. Campbell, Pres.

Wm. Campbell Co.

Dept. 314 **Detroit, Mich.**

Shirley President Suspenders
Guaranteed on each pair

They're so Comfortable

JUST the suspenders you've been wanting—because Shirley President Suspenders move freely—won't pull on your shoulders, and don't strain. Millions of men have proved it—why don't *you?*

Wear a pair for a month. If you don't like them, we will buy them back at price you paid.

Made in Light and Medium Weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Each pair guaranteed.

Price 50 cents everywhere

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Shirley Guaranteed Suspenders
400 Main Street Shirley, Mass.

Triangle 5-PLY Collars Preferred

I prefer

Triangle 5-PLY Collars

BECAUSE their 5-PLY construction means greater stability and longer service.

You, too, should learn their many points of superiority.

Ask your dealer for the 5-PLY Collar shown above—The Paper—2 for 25c, or write us direct.

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co. **Troy, N. Y.**

The Collars of Quality

Nevertheless, like George and for the same reason, his hatred burned—intense and personal. Inwardly he anathematized the hand that washed his face and bound the bandage about his splitting head. He damned his stupidity that on his entrance to the room had given George such an easy victory; and he made up his mind that, wounded though he was, he would take the first opportunity to escape and, as soon as George left the room, send the police in force to capture him and send him to the electric chair.

Evening approached. There came that half-hour between daylight and lamplight when the streets are safest for the man who does not want to be recognized in them. And in the high tenement room with its two exits—the narrow fire-escape and the steep stairs—these men, physician and patient; these enemies, who talked so much and were yet so silent, knew that the one instant for decisive action had arrived.

"Now, then," said George, "I'll try to go out an' get somethin' to eat. You must be half starved. I know I am."

"All right!" said Edgar. "Thanks!"

George was thinking: "I'll never come back here, you skunk!"

And Edgar was thinking: "If my leg can be dragged I'll try that fire-escape; an' if those cops are still at the corner you'll never come out of jail alive!"

George went out.

Edgar heard him turn the key in its lock.

IV

AND yet, somehow, George did come back. He descended the stairs with less weakness than he had expected to experience; and he passed the two policemen, who were still lounging at the corner where it was their business to lounge, without their seeming in any wise interested in his person. Then, in the brighter cross-street, he entered a quick-lunch room and bought four sandwiches.

"Wrap 'em up!" he ordered. "I just don't want to have to eat 'em here in the light," he explained to himself.

He came out of the lunchroom, went to a saloon, got a drink and bought a pint flask of whisky. "I may need it on my travels," he thought. When he came out he saw that the two policemen were still standing where he had left them. Then he hesitated.

"I dunno," he reflected. "The cops didn't notice me at first; I guess they won't notice me now. It ain't that I care for that skunk upstairs. He does need whisky, but it would serve him right to go without it! Still, I guess I'll go back. It's only because I feel too weak to make my getaway before tomorrow night."

He passed the unobserving policemen and climbed the long stairs. He opened the door to Viney's room and went in.

The little room was empty!

George made a hobbling rush for the window and, leaning over the fire-escape, looked down the narrow aperture up which ran the iron ladder. Two floors below he saw the figure of his patient, the broken leg swinging stiffly free, making a slow progress downward, clinging to one round of the iron ladder with both hands and feeling for the next with his good foot.

Edgar never once looked up. He was on his way to summon those two policemen at the corner. George cursed him.

He gazed anxiously about. Just across the railing that separated his balcony from that belonging to the corresponding room in the next house he saw a flower pot standing. It was an iron flower pot, rescued from some suburban garden. Stealthily, so as not to alarm the runaway, George squeezed his body through the window. One look satisfied him that the neighboring window, being locked, offered no avenue of escape. He was in the tightest corner of his long career! He reached across the railing and lifted the flower pot. With a sure eye he held it poised over the head of his unguessing enemy, twenty feet below.

He had only to loosen his fingers—the pot was sure to crush the detective's skull. Even if he missed the head it would strike the shoulder and dash the man to death in the street. In the ensuing confusion escape would be a certainty.

George never looked more evil than he did at that moment. His sallow face, beneath the bloody bandage and the shock of red hair, seemed drawn into a dreadful pucker by its hideous white scar. His thick brows met. His green eyes gleamed. His lips, uncurled above his remaining yellow fangs, emitted foul imprecation.

"KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you, under the Kodak name, a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Esterbrook Pens
250 styles

To those who use a pen only occasionally, Esterbrook Pens are the most pleasant and satisfactory assistant; to those who write constantly, an invaluable ally and friend.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works, Camden, N. J.

Ask your stationer

A GREAT BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY
FOR REALLY LIVE MEN AND WOMEN

Exclusive territory for the greatest household necessity of this age. A time, labor and money saver never equaled. Every home a possible customer. BIGGEST THING IN SIGHT. Choice people are securing choice territory. Here is the long sought opportunity to better your condition. Full particulars free.

Imperial Brass Mfg. Co., Dept. 23, Harrison St. & Centre Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

to pay must fully protect. FREE [illegible] Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence. Est. 52 years. 602 F St., Washington, D. C., and New York.

Send for NEW HELPFUL PLAN for Inventors

It Does Look Good

When you Beaconize your feet you can be sure of fashionable style, as well as durability and supreme comfort.

The Beaconized Man is not ashamed of his feet. They *do* fit in with Easter surroundings.

BEACON SHOES
—a step— in advance

The perfect foot-fit Beacon meets every demand of particular men because it is made scientifically for *all* kinds of feet by a company with many years experience in the art of *shoe comfort*. Thirty-five hundred dealers in every part of this country sell Beacons. If one is not in your town, write us for catalog. We send shoes by parcel post with privilege of returning if not satisfactory.

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Co., Makers
Manchester
New Hampshire

UNION MADE $3 $3.50 $4 FOR MEN

You Can Build This Handsome Power Boat

ONLY $28 for knockdown frames, patterns and [illegible] speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. Easy thing made simple. Easy to build if you can handle hammer, saw and screw driver. We also [illegible] $12 [illegible] Write for Brooks Boat Book today [illegible]

BROOKS MFG CO., 8303 Sidney St., Saginaw, Mich.

$1 **Smart English Knockabout Hat**

Genuine Felt

Can be shaped to suit your fancy. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel-gray, Brown. All sizes. Actual value $2.00. Sent [illegible] of $1.00. Money refunded if not [illegible] for Illustrated Catalogue. Free

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Our Agents Earn Big Money

selling Ann Arbor Lamps and Lighting Systems. Everybody wants this famous [illegible] Show it, it sells itself. No experience [illegible] ry. Besides regular earnings we [illegible] h bonus checks every month to [illegible] agents. Don't delay; [illegible] H. H. Seeley, Pres. Supply Mfg. Co., 275 Second Street, Ann [illegible]

MOVING WEST?

[illegible] Ship them at Reduced Rates [illegible] write today [illegible]

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg. Chicago 29 Broadway New York
1004 Old South Bldg. Boston

"Now," he said, "I've got you where I ought to've had you long ago!"

Then, very calmly, he redeposited the iron flower pot on the firm floor of the balcony.

"If you could only fight!" he said. "If it had only been you that nursed me! But you see it was me that nursed you—an' I've got used to it. I guess I'll have to take my chance at the stairs an' I guess I'll go to the chair for this. I'm a damned fool!"

v

NEVER looking up, Edgar reached the street. He had to drop the last fifteen feet, but he landed in such a manner as just to save his broken leg. Groaning, he approached the two policemen at the corner.

"Now," he thought, "I've got him! He can't be farther away than the nearest lunchroom. I'll just tell these coppers. That's all I've got to do—an' I save my job! I save my family! I get promoted!"

He staggered toward the officers. His usually lax mouth was screwed tight by suffering, determination, hatred. His whole cowardly soul seemed to be converted into malevolence and to shine from his face.

Then, without reason, his vicious little heart failed him.

"Hello!" said one of the policemen. "What's wrong with you?"

Edgar was thinking:

"He nursed me! If it had only been me that nursed him! But you see it was the other way about. He could 'a' killed me—an' he didn't. I'll lose my job for this!"

What he said was:

"Come on round the corner. There ought to be a call-box in the next block. Hurry up an' call me an ambulance, you flatheads! I've had a fall."

They went to the call-box with him. All the while Edgar was thinking:

"I'll lose my job for this. I'm a damned fool!"

He did lose his job. The chief lost his job too. Edgar went back to the pool-rooms, where with difficulty he reëstablished himself, and where he is now making a bad police record and more money than he ever made before. As for George, they have not caught him yet.

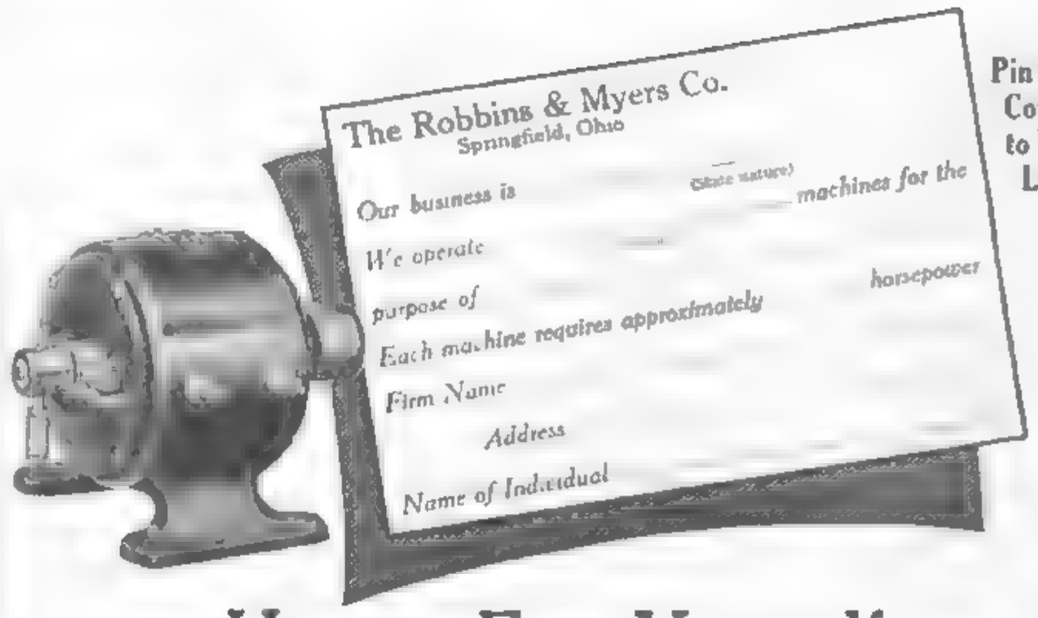
Coming and Going

NOT long ago a man living in a small town called upon a prosperous business man of the community for some advice relative to investing his earnings. In the course of the talk he explained how his last investment had been a total loss. When asked from whom he purchased the stock he told the following tale:

"You know that Sam Jones, superintendent of the local cemetery, has little to do in winter, the same as myself, who—as you know—am a house painter. I suppose people die in winter and need to be buried, but they are not buried in that town.

"Now whether it was for the purpose of helping his own business and the sale of cemetery lots, or for the small commission received on the sale of the stock, I do not know; but winter before last—which, as you know, was a terrible winter down in this vicinity—Sam Jones, superintendent of the cemetery, spent his time in selling the stock of a patent-medicine company that was being promoted! I forget just the combination; but I believe that with each share of stock we had the privilege of receiving so much medicine each year if the company did not pay dividends.

"Anyhow, as I look back upon it, it seems to me that Jones had a pretty good proposition for himself—for those who didn't buy stock almost invariably tried the medicine which he would give away if he could not sell it. Consequently those who did not buy stock were very sure to buy a lot in his cemetery—and thus, whether we bought stock or accepted a trial bottle free, we were pretty sure to help Brother Jones in his business; in fact, though Brother Jones sold copper stock last winter, they say that the winter when he sold the patent-medicine stock, which was so terribly severe for all the rest of us, with no work and lots of sickness, was the most profitable winter that Sam Jones ever experienced. Moreover, as I look back upon it, it seems that the mistake I made was not so much in the purchase of the patent-medicine stock, which was a total loss, as my neglecting to purchase some stock in the cemetery, which immediately entered upon an era of great prosperity—and has been paying good dividends ever since!"



Pin This Coupon to Your Letter

How to Free Yourself from Power Troubles

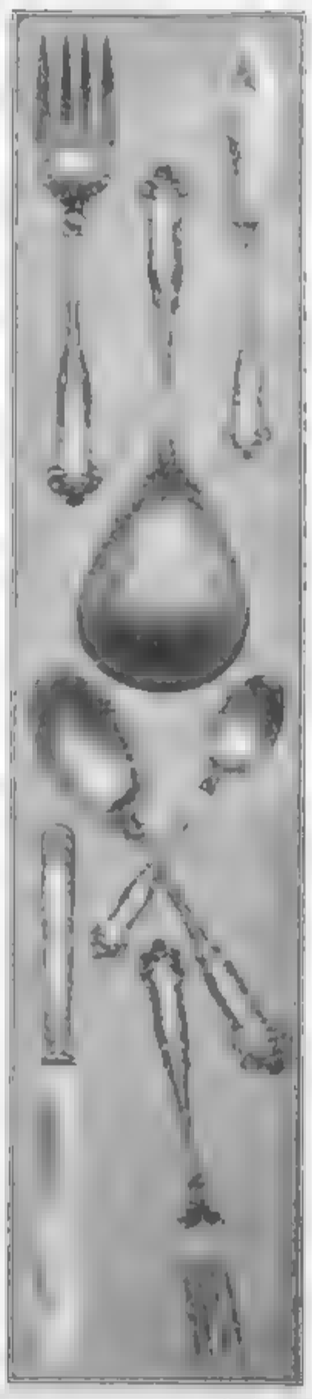
For 18 years we have *specialized* in the small motor field, and we have brought this cleanly, economical source of power to a wonderful state of perfection. 50,000 light-power users have adopted "STANDARD" Motors in preference to any other form of power equipment. We helped them—we can help you. Write us about your needs today. We maintain an expert engineering board to solve just such problems as yours. Their services are available without obligation.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Motors

are preferred in over 2,000 different classes of mechanical work for their greater efficiency, reliability and low operating cost. Wherever ⅛ to 15 horsepower is required "STANDARD" Motors can be used advantageously—*profitably*—either as portable individual power units or as an integral part of the machine. When you write, ask for Free Bulletins and Literature. Clip the coupon and send it today.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio
Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities

[illegible] ture the famous "Standard" line of fans—ceiling, desk, [illegible] and ventilating—for direct or alternating current. (79)



150 Premiums

To the Millions Who Use Mother's Oats

To you who enjoy this ideal oatmeal—
And to you who wish to enjoy it—
We offer a book.

It pictures 150 premiums—useful and beautiful. And whatever you want you can buy with the coupons which come with Mother's Oats.

The coupons come also with Mother's Wheat Hearts—the granulated center of the wheat.

10% in Gifts

These gifts return to you 10 per cent of all you spend for these cereals.

It is our way of winning trade.

Yet Mother's Oats wins more by its richness and flavor than ever was won by these gifts.

Mother's Oats

Standard Size Package, 10c.
Family Size Package, 25c.
Except in Far West and South

Mother's Oats is the richest kernels, prepared in an ideal way.

It is used by the millions who want something better than the usual oatmeal.

Mother's Wheat Hearts looks like granulated sugar. It's a fascinating dish.

A coupon comes in every package of either. And the coupons buy these premiums.

Write for our latest Premium Book—the finest we ever issued. Write a Postal Now

Address MOTHER'S OATS
Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago

NEW CLUB
NITRO CLUB
ARROW
Remington-UMC
NITRO CLUB
LINED
BRASS SHELL
NITRO CLUB
22 LONG
22 W.R.F.
25 AUTO
32 AUTO
32 S. & W. LONG
32 WIN. S.L.
32 WIN. S.L.
32 S. & W. LONG
32 WIN. S.L.
32 S. & W. LONG
32 WIN. S.L.
32 S. & W. LONG

The Big Name in the Ammunition World Today

—you will find that REMINGTON is more and more the word in ammunition, whether shot-shells or metallics—loads not only for REMINGTON shot-guns and rifles, but for every standard make of arm.

Talk to your dealer. See to it that he is able to give you the load you want for the game you are after in the REMINGTON ammunition you ought to have.

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway, New York

One of the unique things about the Cadillac is its freedom from rivalry

And this carries with it an astonishing immunity from criticism.

You can confirm this in your own community—wherever it may be.

Cadillac dealers seldom discuss other cars—they do not find it necessary.

Dealers in other cars do not find it prudent to attempt to disparage the Cadillac.

And its most ardent competitors pay it tribute.

This condition is so unusual in any field of industrial endeavor that it will be well worth your while to study the reasons.

You will find those reasons in the features which characterize the car itself:

An engine of 40-50 horsepower which those who know motor car engines recognize as unsurpassed in fineness of construction and in capabilities commensurate with its proportions.

A cooling system so adequate that overheating is practically unknown.

A lubricating system so competent, so simple, so free from annoyance that you scarce realize its existence.

A carburetor so efficient, so flexible that it needs acknowledge no superior.

A clutch so smooth, so velvety in its action, so simple and so dependable that it leaves nothing to be desired.

A system of electrical cranking, lighting and ignition *(now in its second successful year on the Cadillac)* so nearly 100 per cent efficient that it would be difficult to more nearly approach perfection.

A steering mechanism so steady, so safe, and so sure, possessing none of the attributes which might make it otherwise, that you always feel secure.

Axles so strong, so substantial that they are equal to any reasonable demands.

A spring suspension so soft, so flexible, so yielding that it abundantly justifies the popular saying:—"The Cadillac carries its own good road with it."

A car, in all, designed with such consummate skill and executed with such painstaking care that it will uphold the name of "Cadillac" and all that the name implies,

a name which stands for sturdiness and dependability,

a name which stands for enduring service,

a name which stands for comfort and luxury in motoring,

a name which stands for economy of operation and maintenance,

a name which stands for real and substantial value,

a name which is honored in unstinted measure wherever motor cars are known.

STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Touring Car, five passenger			$1975.00
Six passenger car	$2075.00	Roadster, two passenger	$1975.00
Phaeton, four passenger	1975.00	Coupe, four passenger	2500.00
Torpedo, four passenger	1975.00	Limousine, seven passenger	3250.00

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

THE SULTANA

(Continued from Page 25)

know that Gustav stole the tiara? Even if he meant to return it, the fault was his. Robert—why should you be the one to suffer?"

"Gustav is your brother," said Robert quietly, "and that is reason enough for me."

Basia raised her grateful eyes to meet his, and in answer Robert put his arm round her and kissed her. Tears were gushing from the eyes of both, and absorbed as they were in one another, they failed to perceive the vivid light that illumined their straining bodies and turned the darkening night into noonday; in fact, the glare of the reflectors on their own car would have prevented any such consciousness, while the clinging, murmuring lips and general exaltation of spirit quite deadened their senses to a series of sounds that suggested a broken boiler rolling down a stony hill. Their first realization that they were not alone came when a dry, sardonic voice at their elbows said harshly in French:

"Pardon, monsieur—ma'm'selle! It is extremely unfortunate to disturb such a charming interview—but we have urgent need of your car. Ours has broken down."

The lovers started. A burst of ribald laughter smote their ears. Side by side on the road, two pairs of wide, acetylene eyes fairly smothered them in their searching gaze. And here before them was a tall, somber, sinister figure, his face covered with a black mask and the light glinting evilly from the barrel of a big automatic pistol.

"Who the deuce are you?" gasped Robert. "More bandits? *Sapristi!* Are there ——".

"Enough!" said a harsh voice from under the mask. "Your valuables, if you please!"

"Oh, take them," said Robert. "Take everything—except the lady. *Sapristi!* This thing is getting monotonous. Take my rings—my money—and, for the love of Heaven, get out! I have had enough of bandits for one day."

"Thank you, monsieur," said the strident voice, and a hand that was not clean slipped Robert's wallet from his pocket, then relieved his scarf of a pin that Robert himself had designed. "If everybody was as reasonable as monsieur we poor bandits would have much less trouble; but what we need the most is your car, so we will not detain you any further—beyond asking mademoiselle for that pretty bracelet."

He turned to Basia, who was standing beside Robert on the road, her eyes like saucers. Like a person in a trance she slipped off her emerald bracelet and handed it to the pillager, who took it with a laugh.

"When you have love you have everything!" said he; and Robert noticed a peculiar accent, which sounded like Italian. "*Au revoir*, monsieur—ma'm'selle!"

Robert turned dazedly. A man in a motor coat and a black mask was cranking Fulton's car. Another had got up behind. The two in front of the car mounted. One took the wheel, then said something to the other, who got down again and extinguished the lamps and searchlights. With a clash of machinery they started ahead, rounded the bend and disappeared.

Robert looked at Basia. Basia looked at Robert. Neither spoke. Then Robert walked to the other car, standing in the middle of the road spraying the distance with a wavering light. One of the front wheels was bent in at an angle of almost forty-five degrees.

"The axle is cracked," said Robert, leaning down. It was not an intelligent remark, but he could think of nothing else to say.

A sudden gust of cold air swept across the valley and smote them with a force that made it necessary to resist. Basia looked at the sky.

"It is going to pour!" said she.

They stood and looked at each other. Suddenly Basia burst into a ringing laugh. Robert stepped toward her and opened his arms—and Basia fell into them. A swish of rain swept across such parts of their faces as were exposed to the inclement weather.

"This won't do!" said Robert at length. "There's a storm coming and we've got to wait for Mills and Miss Lowndes. Besides, this thing is not fit to go; but just look at it, Basia, *chérie*—it's got a limousine like an omnibus! Let's roll it to the side of the road and get inside."

This they had no difficulty in doing, as they were on a slight grade; and, with the handbrake released, the car rolled back to the side of the ditch. Helping Basia into the limousine, Robert dismounted one of the side lanterns and stepped in after her. The car had been a handsome, spacious town affair in its day, and the cushions and upholstery, though frayed, were of the best. In the limousine there was room for six or eight people.

"I wonder if it's got a nameplate," said Robert, and stepped out. Turning his petrol lamp on the spot where this designation required by the French law is to be found, he discovered an engraved brass plate, which bore the inscription:

Gaston Durand
456 Rue Etienne Marcel
Paris

Robert crept silently back into the limousine. A gust of wind and rain swept in after him. He closed the door and fastened the window.

"What does it say?" asked Basia.

Robert did not answer.

"What is it?" asked Basia impatiently. "What's the matter?"

Robert gathered her into his arms.

"My dear," said he, "I am afraid that we have wronged the Count Strelitso."

"Oh, Strelitso!" murmured Basia. "I am not thinking about him—my dearest!" She nestled closer. "I am thinking of poor Virginia, out in this terrible storm."

"We needn't worry about Virginia," said Robert. "Mills has certainly found her by this time and taken her to some place of refuge; otherwise he would have come back. I have great confidence in Doctor Mills. I wish I were more like him."

"I'm glad you're not," whispered Basia. "If you were I could not love you so much. Listen to the storm!"

There was a period of silence, which was not devoted entirely to listening to the storm. Presently Basia said

"Brute force is not everything. It is heart and art that make life beautiful whether it be in a garden or in one's soul. I hate violence. Criminals have it, and drunken peasants—and I must have some of it myself, because tonight, when I saw who it was Doctor Mills was choking, I wanted to strike him. Virginia likes it but I don't, because my race has gone through all that and hers is only just beginning. I like fearlessness, of course—every woman does; but men are mistaken when they think women like to see them fight like dogs in a gutter! If a man is strong enough he never needs to fight, because others are afraid of him. You are not afraid of anything—are you? You talked to that masked bandit as though he were a type at the 'Quat'z Arts' ball."

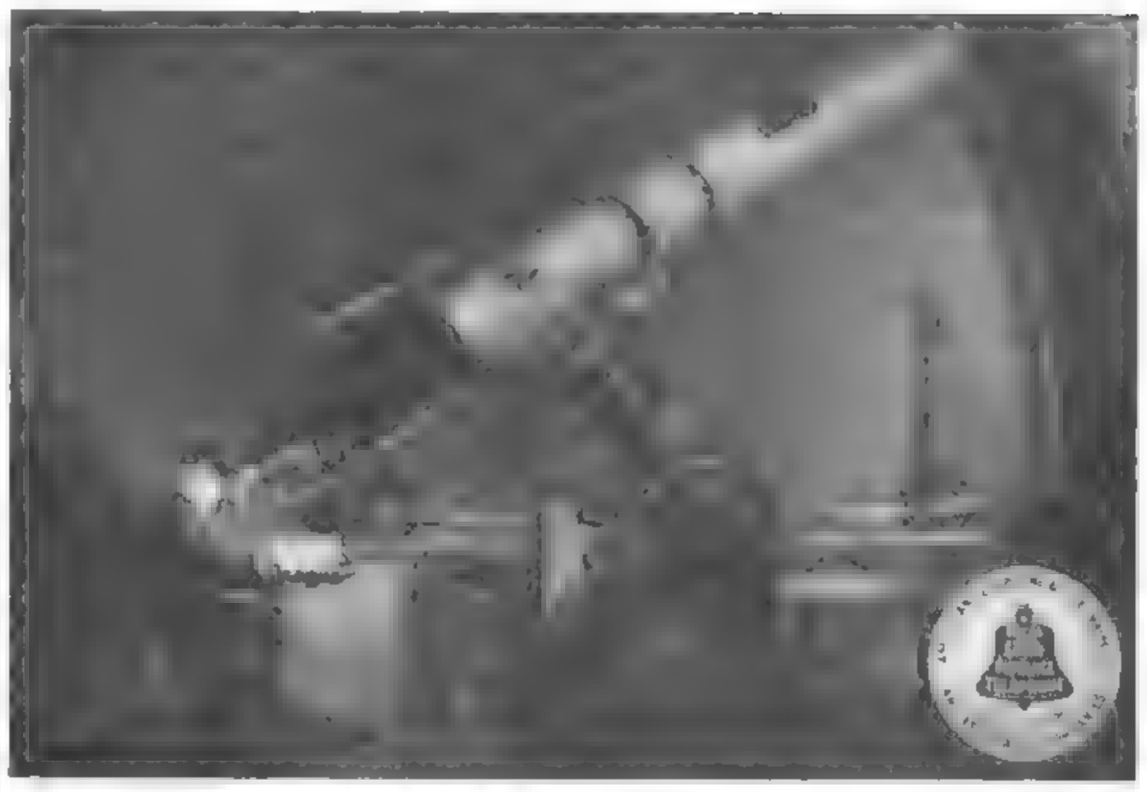
"I hope I am not altogether a coward," said Robert modestly; "but neither am I a swashbuckler—like Mills."

"Of course you're not. There are lots of swashbucklers, but only one great Sautrelle! Do you really love me?"

"I adore you!" said Robert fervently and with perfect truth.

He had always admired Basia tremendously, and it had needed only such romantic circumstances to ripen this respectful admiration into a tender passion. He felt, moreover, that Basia brought out the best and noblest in him, and once having brought it out was able to appreciate it as no other woman he had ever met. Robert was not vain; he had, in fact, rather a poor opinion of himself as a dominant male, and was secretly surprised and delighted to find what a debonair front he could present in the face of danger and as the protector of a damsel in distress. Basia had also inspired him with a really noble spirit of unselfishness; and the thought of how he stood prepared to sacrifice his good name to shield the brother of the girl he loved brought the tears to Robert's eyes, for in France the French side of his nature was always uppermost.

They were snug and warm in the limousine, and the rain driving almost horizontally past the windows gave the effect of their gliding swiftly and silently onward—though not, it is to be hoped, to destruction. Nestled close to Robert, with her dark, curly head against his cheek, Basia presently dropped off to sleep. Robert had already departed to the land



The Telescope of Speech

The astronomer, by the power of his telescope, becomes a reporter of the movements of a hundred worlds greater than ours, and the student of celestial activities millions of miles away.

He points his instrument at any spot in the heavens, and his sight goes rushing through space to discover and inspect a star hitherto unknown.

Up to the power of his lenses, his vision sweeps the universe.

As the telescope may be focused upon any star, so the telephone may be focused upon any person within the range of its carrying power.

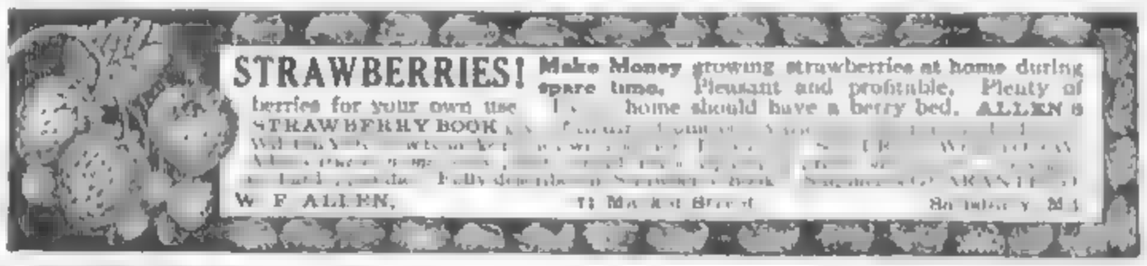
Your voice may be directed anywhere in the Bell System, and it will be carried across country at lightning speed, to be recognized and answered.

The telescope is for a very limited class, the astronomers. The telephone is for everyone.

At the telescope you may see, but cannot be seen. At the telephone you may speak and be spoken to, you may hear and be heard. By means of the Bell System this responsive service is extended to the whole nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



U. S. PARCEL POST RATE FINDER

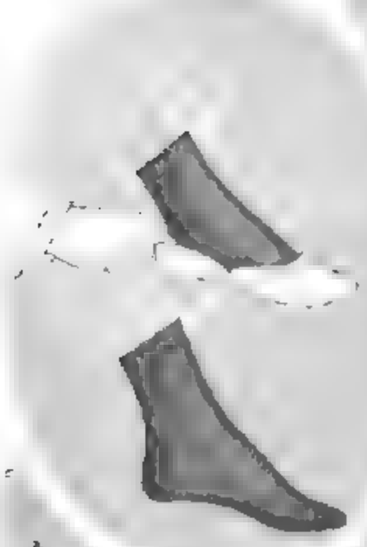
Regulations Governing the Use of the United States Parcel Post
AGENTS MAKE MONEY EASILY
Send for Our Agency Proposition

THE mystery of the zone system is solved by the aluminum zone rate finder. Simply "Tack at Your Town" and swing over the map to find the zone of the point you want to reach. Regulations, tables of rates by weights and zones, all on the map. A complete outfit for Parcel Post shipping; eliminates guide books, readers visits to Post Office for information unnecessary. Wall map, handsomely printed in three colors and mounted on cloth (size 21 x 28 inches), with aluminum zone finder and Moore Push Tack, all complete, mailed for

ONE DOLLAR

Order Now

Parcel Post Rate Finder Co.
123 Liberty Street, New York



PHOENIX
SILK
HOSE

Style comfort
elegance and economy
for well-dressed
Men and
Women.

PHOENIX "PURE SILK"

Quality
at economical
cost, durability un-
surpassed, style beyond re-
proach these are Phoenix
features all of which have hitherto
been confined to the most expensive silk
hose Phoenix Silk Hose is made of absolutely
pure-dye, thread silk entirely free from artificial
"weighting." It gives such exceptional service that it
makes the daily use of silk hose a real economy in the end.

IN DISTINCTIVE 4-PAIR BOXES
All colors and weights

MEN'S
50c., 75c., $1.00 Pair

WOMEN'S
75c., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 Pair

At good Haberdashers, Dry Goods and Dept. Stores

"Made in America" by the
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS, 224 Broadway, Milwaukee

AGENTS BIG PROFITS
R. M. King Made $45 in 6 Days

15 IN ONE.

THOMAS TOOL CO., 2468 West St., Dayton, Ohio

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50
Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3 50
9 x 7½ ft.	4 00
9 x 9 ft.	4 50
9 x 10½ ft.	5 00
9 x 12 ft.	5 50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Send direct to us and save one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 604 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

The Maker's Confidence Proves the Quality

The only man who knows how long a baby carriage will last is the maker. You cannot afford to buy a carriage the manufacturer won't guarantee.

Sidway Collapsible Baby Carriages
are Guaranteed for Two Years

How many baby carriages do you want to buy? One Sidway is enough. *First*

Sidway Exclusive Features

Genuine Fabrikoid Leather

Adjustable Cradle Spring
Sidway Real Rubber Tires

Write to-day for name of local dealer and *free booklet* showing carriages in colors, and containing many valuable hints for the young mother, weight chart, etc.

LOCAL DEALERS: Write for trade proposition on the first line of carriages that assures your profit

SIDWAY MERCANTILE COMPANY
1038 14th Street ELKHART, IND.

of Nod; and so they slept, like two tired children, while the wind whistled round the corners of the old box and the rain drummed overhead, and the two big searchlights blazed with slowly waning force into the dark, storm-swept void.

Robert was awakened by a sudden jarring and thumping. Dazed with sleep and not yet able to locate himself, he sat for a moment trying to remember things. A suffocating weight was on his chest, and he was about to fling it off impatiently when he realized that it was Basia.

As his senses cleared he discovered that the banging and jarring were caused by the decrepit motor, which was actually running. Robert had heard of self-starting motors, but he had yet to hear of one that slammed off on its own account in the gray dawn of a rainy morning. He had drawn down all the curtains, no doubt from an inherited French dread of a current of air, for the sashes had worked loose and there was no danger of suffocation, especially with the high wind.

Basia, accustomed to sleep in her father's limousine on long runs when touring, never flickered a long, curved eyelash. Robert, looking down at her tenderly, pushed aside a wisp of hair that was tickling his chin; and then, as it was absolutely necessary for him to discover what was going on, he wakened her by kissing her softly on her cheek.

"Sh!" whispered Robert. "Somebody is monkeying with the motor."

He did not exaggerate. Somebody was monkeying not only with the motor but with the whole car as well! Groaning and lamenting, then with a crash that told of cogs which touched in spots, the old wagon lurched ahead. Basia looked at Robert with big, startled eyes.

"What is happening?" she gasped.

"That, my dear," said the young man, "is something we must find out."

There was a speaking tube to the chauffeur, but Robert did not avail himself of it. Leaning forward, he drew aside the front curtain slightly. It was still too dark to see much, but the driver's seat in front of him was filled by a large, square bulk.

Robert put his lips to Basia's ear.

"One of the bandits has returned to take the car to some out-of-the-way place," said he.

Basia clutched his arm.

"Oh, Robert!" she gasped. "Can't we open one of the doors and slip out?"

"No. He would be sure to see or hear us, and might turn and murder us both. The best thing for us is to keep quiet. He will leave the car and go off."

Both were silent. The car limped ahead, painfully and protestingly. A series of uneven dips told that the forced front wheel was far from sure of itself and giving fair warning; but the bandit made no attempt at speed. Proceeding at not more than six miles an hour, he held on for about fifteen minutes, then turned sharply to the right. The ancient vehicle gave such a dip that Robert thought the wheel must have given up the struggle; but, with a soul-searching crash, the driver returned to first speed and with an anguished groan the car climbed out of the furrow, and a moment later there was the sound of wet branches brushing against the limousine. Raising the window curtain at his side, Robert saw a gray and misty thicket, and realized that they were mounting a narrow woodroad. They bumped over rough stones, tumbled into ruts, climbed out again, proceeding always at first speed. Weird noises came from the bowels of the car, also what seemed to be growling imprecations from the driver's seat and remarks that must certainly have been unfit for a maiden's ears. Robert reached for the speaking tube, placed the mouthpiece to his ear and had no difficulty in recognizing the words as Italian. His heart sank. There could be no doubt that their chauffeur was the desperado who had held them up two or three hours before.

"If he looks into the limousine before leaving the car," thought Robert, "we are lost!"

Suddenly the car almost stopped, then turned sharply to the right, leaving the trail and plowing directly into the underbrush. It was getting lighter and Robert could see that they were in an overgrown clearing where the charcoal burners had been at work.

"The time has come!" said Robert to himself. "He cannot go much farther. The question is, will he look into the limousine?"

Basia was huddled against him, scared and silent. The sight of her pale, upturned face roused the manhood in Robert, of which, by the way, there was a considerable fund in the depths of his somewhat pampered personality.

"If only I had a weapon!" he thought to himself—and suddenly it flashed into his head that he had Strelitso's unloaded pistol. He reached into the pocket of his ulster and drew it out. Basia caught the glint of the blue-black metal and clapped her hands to her mouth.

"Robert!" she whispered. "But it's not loaded."

"Sh!" answered Robert, who was shaking so he could scarcely articulate, the more so as his mouth was dry and sticky, "Stay where you are. Leave this to me."

The car had almost stopped.

Pistol in hand, Robert flung open the door and leaped out. His knees tottered under him, yet managed to furnish sufficient support. His face was ghastly, but his eyes glowed.

"Bandit!" he cried in a voice like the croak of a raven. "Put up your hands!"

There came from the man a bleat of terror, the last half of which was part snarl. Jammed in behind the wheel, with the muzzle of Robert's pistol two feet from his stomach, there was nothing he could do.

"*Pattes en air!* Quick!—or I fire!" screamed Robert in a terrible voice.

Two wet and grimy hands went promptly over the man's head. His jaw opened and closed, and he licked his lips with a tongue like a parrot's.

The spectacle of the man's fright brought back his strength to Robert.

"Get down!" he roared. "Keep your hands over your head! One move and I will shoot!"

Slowly, and as if afraid of breaking something, the man slid from behind the wheel and stepped to the ground. Robert, a pace away, kept the muzzle of the pistol pointed toward his stomach.

"Basia," called Robert, "step behind this fellow and reach in his pockets!"

Basia, white as a sheet, but with her square little jaw firmly set, got out of the limousine and tottered up close behind the bandit.

"Listen!" said Robert. "I do not desire to arrest you. That is the business of the police. I want only to disarm you and recover our stolen property. But if you try to move I will empty the magazine into your worthless carcass. Do you understand?"

"*Oui*, monsieur."

"Search him, Basia!" said Robert hoarsely.

Basia's slim hands slipped into the pockets of the thief. She drew out a big automatic pistol.

"Give me that!" said Robert chokingly.

She handed him the weapon, which Robert took in his free hand and then directed it toward the highwayman.

"Go on!" said Robert. "Search him!"

Basia obeyed. She drew out a piece of newspaper that appeared to contain something.

"Open it!" said Robert sternly. The sense of being actually armed had brought back his fainting courage. Basia opened the package and gave a little cry.

"My bracelet!" Her voice broke. "And a lot of other things."

"Have you any more plunder?" asked Robert fiercely.

"No, monsieur," answered the man in his thick, Italian accent.

Robert noticed that his black eyes were moving restlessly.

"Then go—and keep on going! I will give you freedom."

"*Merci*, monsieur!"

"Go, then, and don't look back—or I will shoot you. Turn round and go!"

The bandit lost no time. Turning on his heel, he hurried off across the clearing and, striking the lane, disappeared. Robert, swaying slightly, glared after him; but once the bandit was lost to view the pistols dropped from his limp hands and he held out his arms to Basia. With a sob she flung herself into them.

"Robert! Robert—you are a hero!" she sobbed, then went suddenly limp. Robert lowered her to the damp ground. Things were getting dark before his eyes. He dropped to the mold and took Basia's head on his lap.

"It must be that she is right," he thought; "but I certainly feel awfully sick!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Perfectly Stunning"

Isn't that what you want to say of your new gown?

No. 7513

Isn't that what you want "Him" to think about it?

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns will make your clothes produce that comment.

The entire fashionable world is drawn upon both in New York and Paris. These style tendencies are translated into just the gowns that you need and desire, with explicit instructions for making, based on patterns so simple that any woman can cut and put the dress together and have in it the same smartness and effectiveness that she would find in a ready-made gown by one of the best designers.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

Are shown in "Good Dressing." Ask your dealer for your copy. He will give it with the compliments of his store. The April number, presenting the summer styles, is now ready. It is yours for the asking—and it's worth asking for. Aside from showing the newest styles, for every one of which there is a Ladies' Home Journal Pattern, it contains an article on "How I Like to See a Girl Dressed," with selections by Harrison Fisher. There are articles, too, on "What the New York Women are Wearing," "Fashion's Favorite Fabric for Spring," "The Touch That Makes the Plain Frock Smart," and on "Looking Attractive in Your House Dress." These are a few of the many interesting features.

If your merchant can't supply you with a copy, send us his name and we will be glad to send you the April issue free. Or we will send "Good Dressing" for a whole year—12 numbers—if you enclose 25c to pay bare cost of postage.

THE HOME PATTERN COMPANY
629 West Forty-third St., New York

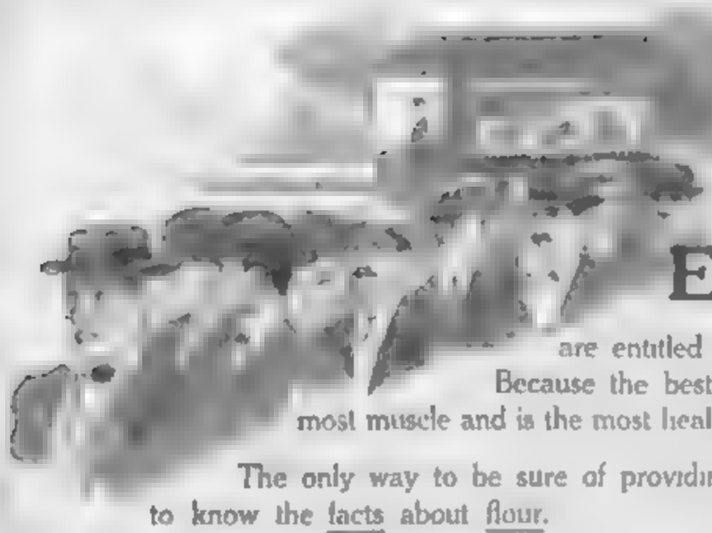
Few Towns Still Open—Dealers Write

Send us this coupon and get a free copy. If you want "Good Dressing" for a year, enclose 25 cents.

Name _____

Address _____

Name of store where you shop



The Bread Earners

are entitled to the best of bread. Because the best bread supplies the most muscle and is the most healthful all around food.

The only way to be sure of providing the best bread is to know the facts about flour.

Strong, glutinous flour contains more protein than ordinary flour. Protein is the property that builds up muscle and tissue and furnishes energy.

It is poor economy to buy flour because it is low-priced. Strong, clean flour is far cheaper in the long run for it makes more nourishing bread, gives you more loaves per sack, and the bread keeps fresh longer.

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

is made wholly from the choicest selection of the strong, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota, the most nourishing bread wheats grown.

And the OCCIDENT way of washing, scouring and purifying the wheat is more thorough and costly than any other in use. The cleaner the flour, the longer the bread keeps sweet and fresh.

Every sack of OCCIDENT Flour is guaranteed to suit you better for all baking than any other flour you have ever used, or your money will be refunded without argument. It will pay you to test it.

Send for our Booklet, "Better Baking," telling the food facts about flour.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Costs More — Worth It

An Ambitious Woman
chose to be independent

She lived in Springfield, Massachusetts. She was not rich — not even well-to-do. The little money she earned brought her bread and butter, but not the amusements and little luxuries she wanted and to which she felt she was entitled. In looking for something to "help out" she read one of our advertisements explaining Curtis work in home towns. The dignity of the work impressed her, also the permanency of the plan. She is now our "part time" representative, a regular member of our pay-roll, and supplements her present income by $10.00 a week.

If your income is limited, and if you will devote your spare time to looking after the subscription work of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* among your friends and neighbors, you can earn all the spending money you need.

AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

THE SPOON TUNE

Continued from Page 7

Little Jane clapped her hands softly, and the next time over she hummed it under her breath. So far this was just the instinctive musician in her. She heard it through once more before she began thinking what it meant.

The first thing she thought was: "How perfectly it would go at the Globe!" She could fairly see the chorus swinging across to that little march, breaking at the rag, and then marching on again. It was exactly what the manager wanted her to dream. And here it was, like a gift!

At that she caught her breath, and a faint flush came up into her cheeks under the bloom of last night's make-up. Why might it not be a gift?

You are to remember that in little Jane's world valuable gifts from strangers were no uncommon phenomena. The strangers did not mean to remain strangers.

That attentions of this sort had not come to little Jane was not, as she supposed, because she was not pretty, but because, even there in the chorus, she was too much of a person. Her impudent, self-reliant little way charmed nearly everybody; but she did not look like easy enough prey, and your rounder is no great sportsman. It is the drooping little rosebud mouths and the washed-out eyes he is looking for. If little Jane could have known this she would have been spared some bitter hours of envy.

Of course she had longed for a romance of her own. There must be a hero somewhere, a dark man with a tragic smile, who would love her in heartbroken silence a long time before he declared himself, and then would turn out to be a duke or something in disguise! She had been reading The First Violin lately, and that had turned her thoughts to the orchestra. None of the violins would do; but there was a cellist, with lank black hair brushed straight back, and melting eyes, who was a potential hero at least. Though, of course, you never could tell! Perhaps he

The tune came in again. She scrambled out of bed, made for the window and knelt there so that nothing but her head showed above the sill. She had always blamed the whole opposite block impartially hitherto for the din of the brass piano. Now she particularized; looked and listened, turning her head this way and that until she settled it. The din came from the third-floor windows in the third house from the corner.

Then she got up, pulled down her blind, a most unusual precaution with her, it must be confessed—and dressed as fast as she could. When she was dressed she went round the corner into the next street and rang the bell of the third house. Not with any real idea that she was going to find her hero then and there! Little Jane might dream romances, but she acted, as a rule, with pretty good common sense. It was more than likely that the man who played the new tune had played the Spoon Tune too. Of course—until she actually heard him play it—she was safe. Still, before matters went any further, she would do well to find out who he was.

The method was easy enough. When the slatternly maid-of-all-work came to the door little Jane asked to look at rooms. A harassed-looking landlady was summoned. Little Jane's chin stood her in good stead here. It looked responsible—like paying the rent. So she was led all over the house. First floor, second floor ——

Yes, she had picked the right house. Just as they reached the third floor a surpassing burst of discords was smashed out of the brass piano. The effect of it at close range like this was almost terrifying!

"He's a fine player!" said the justifiably mendacious landlady; "only it's a shame he don't get time to touch the piano from one week's end to the other."

She waited for no comment from Jane, but rushed to the offending door, knocked loudly and opened it enough to stick her head in.

"Time for your rehearsal, Mr. ——," Jane heard her say, but she could not quite catch the name. "Yes, it is. Your watch must be slow. Oh, that's all right. Glad to remind you!"

There were sounds of upheaval behind the door as the landlady came back. Jane had hardly bargained for this. There was no retreat. Yes, there was! She squeezed into a little alcove niche. If the landlady did not speak to him he would probably go right by without seeing her. There! The door was opening again. He was coming. Romance was in the saddle! Little Jane held her breath.

Poor little Jane! You know who it was she saw. But you probably do not see, just at first, all it meant to her when it was the Slob, looking fatter and untidier than ever, who walked by so close that he almost touched her how she squeezed back into that little alcove!—and began making his clumsy way downstairs.

He would not have seen her if the landlady had not spoken to him after all. It was only some harmless remark about doing up his room, but it brought him back two steps at a time. Under no circumstances except fire was his room to be entered at all! He was in the midst of a very energetic statement of his wishes when suddenly he stopped and looked straight into the alcove.

Little Jane did not meet his eye, but she could feel it going all over her. There was a silence that seemed to last minutes. Then he turned away and went downstairs again.

"You mustn't mind Mr. Stubbs," said the landlady consolingly. "He's very absent-minded."

His name was Stubbs! Alas for romance! Alas for little Jane! Why could it not have been somebody else? Anybody else!

It had been a gift all right—that second little tune. And, for that matter, the Spoon Tune, too, was turned from a find to a gift by the gift of the second. But the giver!

Of course he was in love with her—in love, you are to understand, in the precise sense in which the chorus girls at the Globe habitually made use of the phrase. Little Jane understood well enough.

Little Jane felt pretty sick when she turned up on the stage for rehearsal that morning. All the way downtown she had meant to tell them that she had not dreamed the Spoon Tune after all, and that she knew she could never dream another; but when it came to the point she had not the courage. How should she answer the questions they would be sure to ask? She could not tell them who the author was. Really, she did not know. She had told them the truth before as she had believed it, and she had no real proof to the contrary.

At the other tune, however, she stuck. No, she had not dreamed another, and she was perfectly sure she never could. All through the miserable scene, while the manager threatened in an indirect and terrifying way, and the press agent urged in a way more cynical and terrifying still, her eyes kept straying to the broad, shapeless back of the man the landlady had called Stubbs. He never turned a glance at her. Of course he was only waiting—because he knew she knew! Had he not seen her there, just outside his own door?

She stuck it out for four days. Then they got her—just as, in an unconsciously hopeless way, she had known from the start they would. In a thin, scared little voice, from a throat that was numb with misery, she sang the little march tune that broke into ragtime so alluringly.

And still the Slob never looked at her! Oh, but he'd be waiting after the rehearsal! Well, had he not a right to do so?

And, sure enough, he was! At least, as she emerged from the alley into the little side street, there he stood, his clarinet case under his arm—for there had been an orchestra rehearsal after theirs was over—gazing blankly at one of the bills that was already up announcing the new show.

It would have been easy enough to slip by, but little Jane held her breath and clenched her hands, and went and stood beside him. For a minute he seemed unconscious of her presence there. Then he straightened up and his eyes came round.

Really, if she could have known, it was the catch in her own breathing that did it—the trembling of her indrawn breath and the little choking noise that was almost a sob! And if she could have seen the look that came into his mild, dull eyes as they turned on her and watched her as she fled away down the street ——

Yes, that is what she did. She just could not stand it—that was all. She never tried again after that. And it was pitifully easy to avoid him.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that after the first night little Jane and the Spoon

"Paint It with New-Skin"

—almost any cut, scrape or little hurt.

New-Skin is a liquid that dries and forms a flexible waterproof coating.

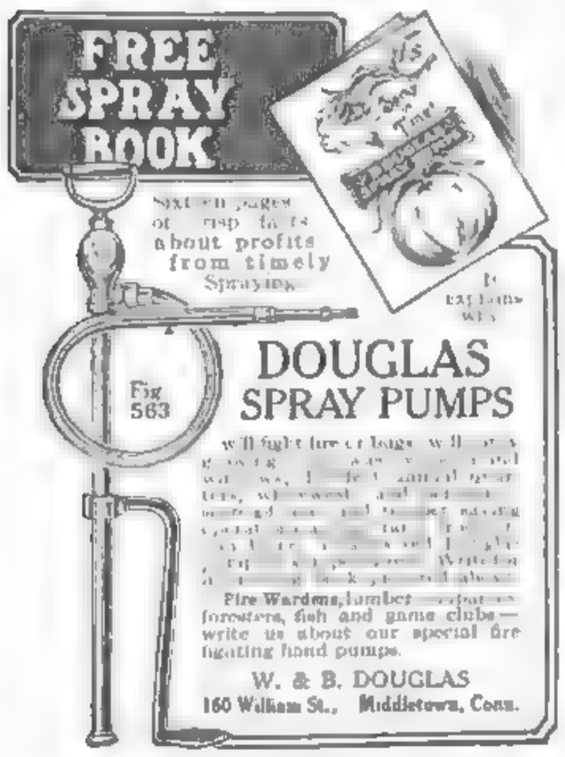
Carry it with you for emergencies. Keep a bottle in the house.

At druggists. Home size 25c; Pocket size 10c; Surgeon's size 50c. See directions and circular, "200 Uses."

If you cannot get New Skin at a store, we will supply one or more bottles of the 25c or 50c size by Parcel Post on receipt of price. Stamps taken.

Caution: There is only one New-Skin. Be very careful not to accept an imitation.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
Dept. A
95-100 Grand Avenue
Brooklyn, New York



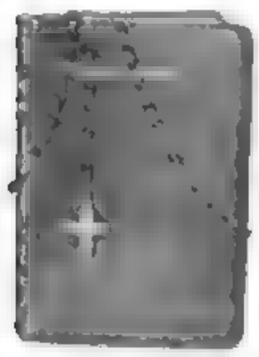
DOUGLAS
SPRAY PUMPS

will fight fire or forge will [illegible]

Fire Wardens, lumber [illegible] foresters, fish and game clubs—write us about our special fire fighting hand pumps.

W. & B. DOUGLAS
160 William St., Middletown, Conn.

Cardinal Gibbons says:—



"I urge upon all Catholics the use of the Manual of Prayers."

A Beautiful Easter Gift for a Catholic Friend or Employee is

MURPHY'S
MANUAL OF PRAYERS

In best Morocco binding, gold edges, with a roped gold chain Rosary (your choice of Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Carnelian, Crystal, Sapphire, Emerald, Turquoise, Opal, Jet or Pearl stones). Value $3.50—Both for $3.00.

WE GIVE a rolled gold Scapular Medal with each order for the Manual. Name in gold letters on book 25c extra.

For Weddings: Manual in white leather $5.00; silk lined $6.00

JOHN MURPHY CO. Baltimore, Md.

Tune owned the show. Nor will it surprise you to be told that, being a natural comedienne as well as a natural singer, she departed when her contract was out for wider fields and larger honors. The next time she appeared in the town that had seen her beginnings she was singing the part that had made her famous in Mary! Mary! And she was getting three-fifty a week!

John Stubbs knew nothing of all this; in fact, on the Sunday when she reached town he did not know much of anything. He had been ill for a good many weeks. On this day he was far enough convalescent to put on his clothes and sit up a little, but that was about all. He lay back weakly in the old Morris chair the landlady had loaned him and stared out at the snow-covered housetops, rather glad, if the truth be told, that nothing more was to be expected of him yet. Of course, when he got a little stronger he would have to go to work again and pay what he owed the landlady.

She was the same landlady who had vainly shown her rooms to little Jane, and his room was still the same one she had come to the very door of, riding the big horse of romance and coming so sad a cropper! But John Stubbs knew nothing of that.

Consequently, when there came a smart little knock at his door and his voice mechanically said, "Come in!"—though he did not much want to see anybody—and the door opened, and he saw standing there a smart little figure in a hemispherical hat down over her ears, and a fur ulster and a big muff, he was about as surprised as a man could be!

"Don't you know me?" she asked, though the look in his face made it plain enough that he did not. "Have you forgotten me?"

Certainly he had never known any one like that! But he smiled—because you had to smile when you looked at her.

"I guess you must have made a mistake," he said.

"I'm Jane Gray."

It is to be doubted whether he had ever noticed what her name was. Certainly it did not help him solve the mystery of her appearance now.

"And I'm John Stubbs," he told her. "Now isn't it a mistake?"

She looked at him for a minute with an odd expression in her piquant little face. Then, instead of going away as he expected her to do, she shut the door behind her.

"I guess there was a mistake, all right," she said enigmatically; "but I'm not making it now."

Then she went over quite close to him and looked very straight into his face.

"Don't you remember the little chorus girl at the Globe who sang the Spoon Tune?"

Musicians nowadays are in the habit of calling John Stubbs the greatest comic genius America has produced since Mark Twain. Of course, since his only form of expression is musical, and since the public that can take a musical joke is small, his fame is not what it might be. So perhaps you will see how this memory of the Spoon Tune struck him. He was not strong enough yet to laugh really; but, as the thought of it came back to him, his grin widened and widened, and a colossal chuckle shook him.

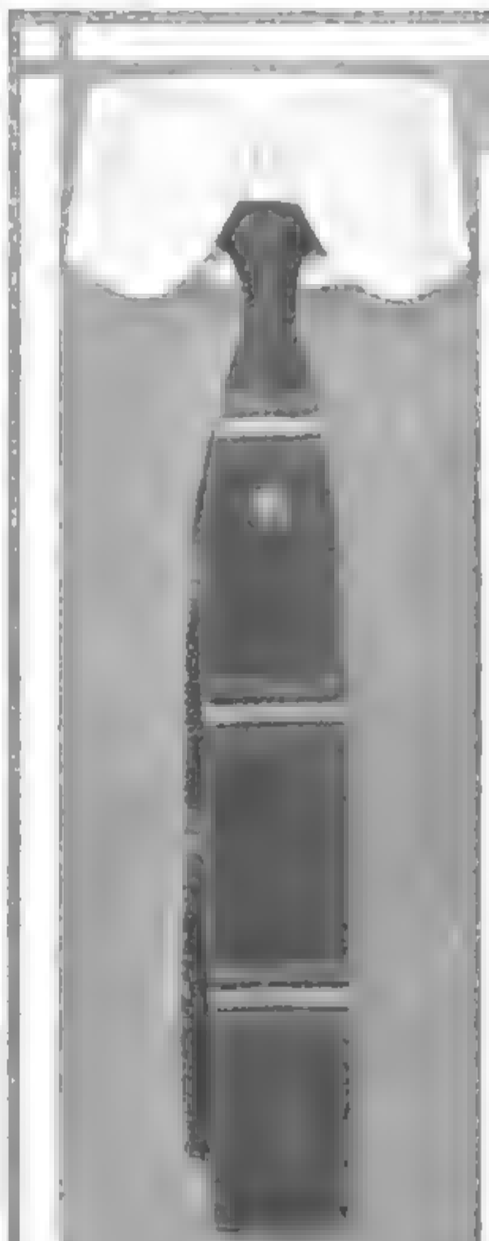
"The Spoon Tune!" he repeated joyously. "Bless you, yes! That was very, very funny."

Perhaps, though, you will also see that it did not strike Jane Gray that way at all, though her comic sense was as good as anybody's. She frowned and asked:

"Why?"

"Well, you see," he told her, "I was sketching up a comic symphony called America. I've only just finished it this winter. I wanted to get everything American into it—the energy and nerve, you see, and the idealism; and along with it the humor—pretty primitive after all, though we're so proud of it. One other thing I wanted to get was the sentimentality—the sappy, sloppy slush that we're so everlastingly hungry for! Well, it struck me that I couldn't do better than take the sort of thing they like at the Globe and burlesque it. So I made up a tune that went the limit—far enough beyond anything they'd done, I thought, to be recognized as funny. But when they heard you singing it—was it really you they brought up on the stage that day?—when they heard it they just ate it up. The thing can't be burlesqued, you see."

That speech did not go so far over little Jane's head as you are likely to think. She had been hard at work getting educated,



Men seeking that rare combination of real worth of material, workmanship, distinctive style and beauty, should inquire of their dealer for

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

Made in exclusive designs that have an instant appeal to men of good taste.

Cheney Silk Cravats for spring wear include new lines of knit and crocheted four-in-hands. Also a beautiful assortment of imperials and four-in-hands made from our well-known silks (Foulards, Bengalines, Poplins, Failles, etc.). Tubular cravats are, of course, to be had in new and unique color combinations.

For your own protection, always see the name Cheney Silk stamped on every cravat. At first-class dealers' everywhere.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St., New York

Jack London

has just finished the best story he ever wrote.

He thinks so himself and those who have read the manuscript agree with him. He has been working on it five years.

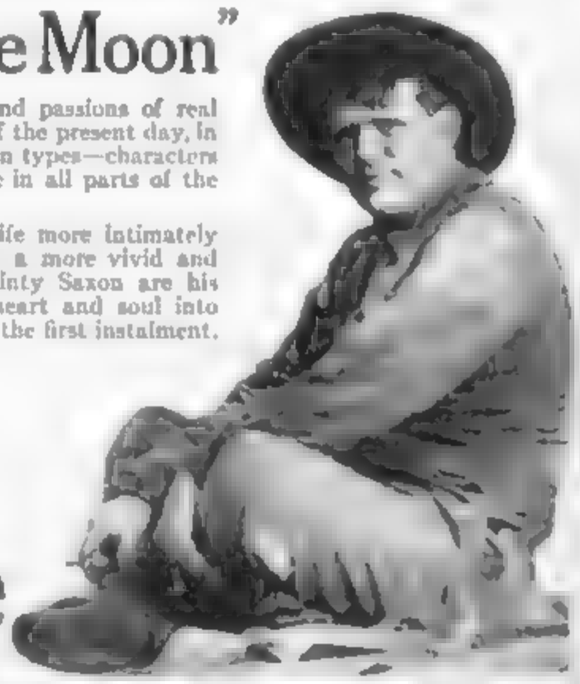
This great novel will begin in the April number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Read it, if you delighted in the red-blooded exploits of Smoke Bellew. Read it for one of the most surprising—most touching—love stories that ever appeared in print. It is superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

Jack London will write exclusively for the Cosmopolitan during the next five years. Another of America's greatest authors—*exclusively*—for "America's Greatest Magazine"; another example of the *Cosmopolitan's* policy: *the best—and only the best—at any price.*

"The Valley of the Moon"

deals with the hopes, ambitions, loves and passions of real Americans; full-blooded, live Americans of the present day, in our big cities. They are true Jack London types—characters that have made his novels go like wild fire in all parts of the country.

No writer living knows unconventional life more intimately than Jack London, or describes it with a more vivid and forceful pen. Big Bill Roberts and dainty Saxon are his latest creations—he has put his own heart and soul into them. Don't miss the dance-hall scene in the first instalment.



The April
Cosmopolitan Magazine

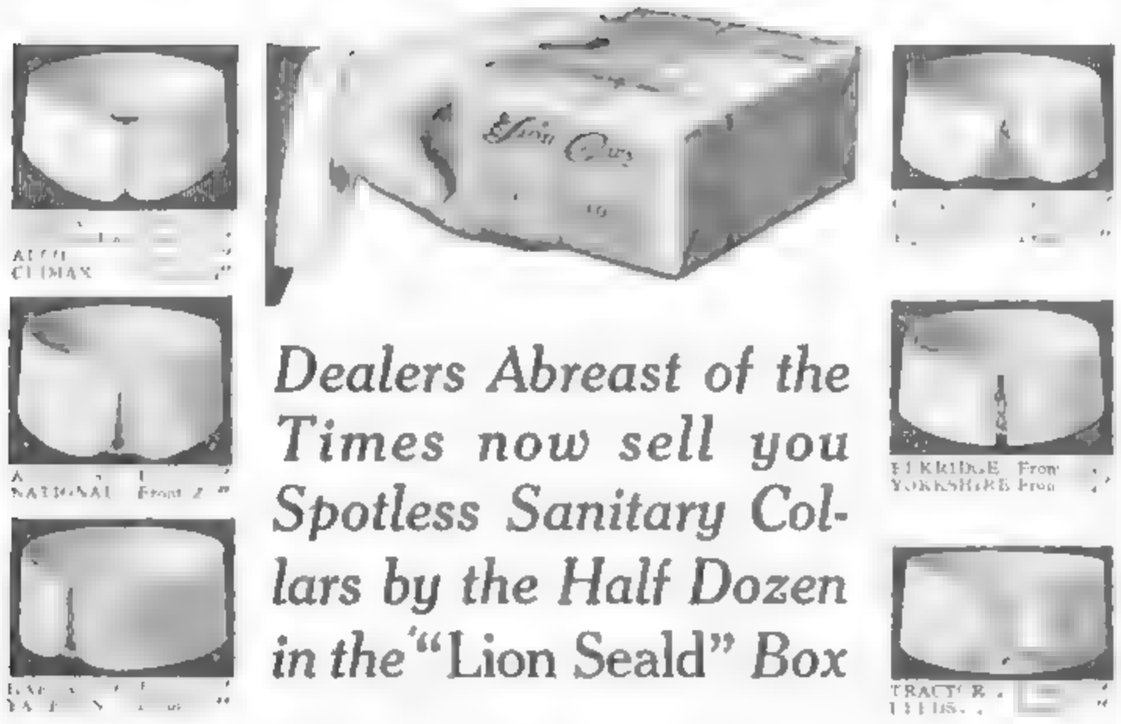
Pin a dollar bill to this coupon, write your name and address, send it to us at our risk, and get the Cosmopolitan with Jack London's story for 8 months. We will gladly give you the dollar back, if you don't think the story alone is worth the price.

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

For one dollar enclosed please enter my trial subscription to the Cosmopolitan Magazine for 8 months, beginning with the April Number, containing the opening chapters of "The Valley of the Moon."

Name_____

Address_____



Dealers Abreast of the Times now sell you Spotless Sanitary Collars by the Half Dozen in the "Lion Seald" Box

The "LION Seald" box means six snowy white LION collars packed and sealed at the factory. No re-wrapping by the salesman—no stains or finger marks—no waiting for the package.

The collars in the "LION Seald" package have the famous exclusive LION features—"Slip-Over" button-hole, "Lock-that-Locks," "Easy-Tie-Slide" space, or "Buttonless Back."

Pick out any of the LION collars shown here. Men who are careful in matters of dress know them as fashion's latest decree.

Raise your standard in collar satisfaction. Buy LION collars in the "LION Seald" box from your good dealer.

In U. S. 75c the six. In Canada six for $1.00. Quarter sizes.

Lion Shirts & Collars

UNITED SHIRT AND COLLAR CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

To the Dealer: "LION Seald" means more sales, quicker sales, fresher stock, less money tied up in collars, and better service to your collar customers. We know so well what this half-dozen package is doing for the best stores in the country that we say to you—Let us send you a round of these styles in the "LION Seald" boxes on 30 days trial. If any remain unsold after 30 days you can return them at our expense and pay only for the goods sold.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllable System—written with only nine characters. No positions, no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs." Speedy, practical system that [illegible]

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
928 Chicago Opera House Block Chicago, Illinois

Cedar Canoes $20 and Up

Detroit Canoes, can't [illegible]

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power [illegible] Write for free catalog, giving prices direct from factory to you. (152)

Detroit Boat Co., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Globe-Wernicke Office Equipment

This Book Will Tell You— how to make your office filing 100% efficient. It describes the Globe-Wernicke Safe Guard method of indexing letters, invoices, bills, etc., so that the important names are conspicuously in sight, while the unimportant and miscellaneous papers are accessible if wanted, but out of the way when not.

It explains practical methods for Sales, Purchasing, Book keeping, Advertising and Mail Order departments, with special chapters pertaining to catalog filing, handling shipping tickets, order blanks, extracts, magazines technical papers, photographs, railroad tariffs, proofs etc. Mailed free on request. Address Dept. D-810

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

[illegible]

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, D. C.

Agencies in principal towns and cities

as her governess-compnnion could testify. And, so far as music went, she was just born that way. She took to symphony concerts like a kitten to milk. Oh, yes; she saw what he meant well enough; but she went on looking at him in silence for a full minute after he had finished.

"You made up another tune for me," she said at last.

"So I did," he assented. "I'd forgotten all about that."

She was sitting sideways in the piano chair, nursing her chin in the crotch of her elbow—her gaze direct as a child's.

"Those two songs of yours made me, you know," she went on rather deliberately after another silence, "from a poor little devil of a chorus girl into whatever I am now. And I'm going to be better than this."

"They just gave you your chance a little sooner," he protested. He turned his head awkwardly away from the penetrating gaze that held him so persistently.

"Lots of people don't ever get their chance—until it's too late," she said. Then for the first time she looked away from him, and as she went on speaking she stammered a little: "And didn't it seem—even queer to you—that I took your two songs—and never offered to—pay?"

"Pay!" he echoed. "How in the world could you have paid?"

At that, to his astonished consternation, her eyes flushed up with tears, not contradicted altogether by the curious and rather shaky smile that bent her lips.

"And you didn't mind," she went on, "that I never even said Thank you!—that time you waited for me after the rehearsal?"

"But I never did," he protested. "And how could you thank me when you didn't know where the tunes came from?"

"But I did know. And you knew I knew. Didn't you see me standing here in the little niche just outside your door that morning? Why, you looked straight at me for about a minute! Stared!"

He shook his head in humorous despair: "I never see anybody when I do that. It's just a horrible, absent-minded habit."

Another silence.

"So," she summed up at last, "you made up that second tune—just to help out a poor, scared little thing who needed it—without any idea of ever being paid or thanked, or even of her knowing who helped her! And you let her keep the one that she'd already—without knowing it—stolen from you! And I suppose you never thought that they must both have been worth a lot of money.

"They wouldn't pay me any royalties on the Spoon Tune. They said I'd contributed that to the show and that I was paid by their letting me sing it. But I held out on the other, and I've always kept the money I got for it separate, so that when I got a chance I could give it back to you."

She broke off there; and while she was fishing her bag out of her muff, and a big roll of something out of the bag, he heard her give a queer little laugh. She was thinking of the speech she had always meant to make when she gave that carefully hoarded money back. The speech she had been rehearsing for two years—a sort of Take-back-your-gold! affair. It was funny even if she did feel more like crying than laughing over it now. When she held the money out to him the speech proved rather a simple matter

"It's yours!" she said. "Yes, of course, it's yours. It's twenty-eight hundred and forty-one dollars and fifty cents. The song really was a hit, you know. But—will it be enough? To get you out of here into a decent room, and buy a proper piano, and publish your symphony? That's what you want to do, isn't it? If if it isn't enough—— This—this isn't anything from me, you see. It's just what has been yours all the time. And—and I wish I could do something too—myself."

He took the two hands she held out to him anyway, and the money all dropped unheeded into the folds of his dressing gown.

Of course they argued about it a good while—at least, he argued. Little Jane did not. And at last his resistance weakened and died.

After that they had a long, cozy talk, interrupted by an excursion by little Jane in search of the landlady—ostensibly, at least, for tea. And after tea she stayed on until it was almost dark. Then she got up to go, telling him that he must go back to bed so as to be strong enough tomorrow to go shopping with her for a piano—in a properly warmed automobile, of course.

Just before she went she did a very mean thing. She sat down at his dreadful little old brass piano and sketched, as lightly as she could, a drippy, sappy little prelude. And then she began to sing.

Oh, it wasn't fair at all! You aren't responsible when you're just getting over a bad attack of double pneumonia. You'll cry over anything. And then that golden voice of hers—warm, tender, poignant as the smell of an April morning!

She turned round and caught him drawing his sleeve across his eyes. Her own were wet; and though her broad smile had more than a hint of mockery in it, it was a bit tremulous about the edges.

"I don't know that it's such a joke after all—that little Spoon Tune!" she said.

The Sixtieth Gray Reserve

HE HAD marched to the note of the fife
and the beat of the battledrum.
With a red cockade in his hat and a heart
for the fate to come.

And the boys of his company trod like a
wave that sets to shore
With irresistible beauty that barriers bow
before.

And the tenderest boy in the ranks was
aflame to take his scars,
And to snatch the flag of freedom from the
hand that tore its stars.

Oh, those were the days to stir the blood
forevermore,
When the sixty boys from home went
swinging out to war!

But here in the Banquet hall of the old
Red Lion Inn,
Who sits tonight, with open book, while the
waiters tiptoe in?

Ancient and bent and gray—but still with
inward fire,
For it sparkles in his eyes, like the embers
of desire.

Alone he is meeting tonight, as the Gray
Reserves have met
For twoscore years and more—how long we
soon forget!

Alone he kneels in prayer; alone he reads
the page;
And alone recalls the story that has withered
into age.

And then, as he straightens back to attention
and salute,
He calls the roll of comrades—of the fifty-
nine of foot.

In a voice that thinly quivers with age and
coming tears
He reads the roll where once were signed
the names of all his peers.

"Jack Harvey!" Then he halted, with eyes
that saw the past.
The musket leveled, the puff of smoke, the
hand relaxed at last.

"Jack Harvey!" once again. Then sadly,
sadly: "Dead!"
The trembling pen recorded on the roll the
word he said.

"George Gregory!" No answer. "Jim
Murray!" Silence. "Dead!"
Down all the roll he faced each empty chair
and answered: "Dead!"

There were sixty souls went swinging with
fife and drum to fight;
But one alone of all the boys is left alive
tonight;

And lifting up his gray hairs, he hailed the
comrade ghosts:
"Election's now in order; who shall fill official
posts?"

No answer. "Then I name for commander,
chaplain, clerk,
Bill Andrews—he will have to shoulder all
the company's work."

He put the vote to silence. He paused. No
answer came.
And then beside each office he recorded his
own name.

—*Harrison S. Morris.*

THE wavy *Metrostyle* line on each music roll for the Pianola Player-Piano is your guide to the master's phrasing and expression. It is *the great dividing line* between mere player-pianos and the genuine

Pianola Player-Piano

This Metrostyle line is a master pianist's phrasing and interpretation of whatever composition you wish to play. Follow it with the Metrostyle pointer by moving the tempo lever to right or left. You have an absolute guide to the *master's* rendition of that composition—whether it be Paderewski, Grieg or Moszkowski.

You have had a *music lesson* from that particular master, as actually and *personally* as if he sat at your side.

Now you have a basis from which to develop *your own* interpretation. You have had the master's suggestion and the benefit of his knowledge of music. You love music—you appreciate music—you want music. That's why you want a player-piano—so that you can *produce* music. But you want to play *well*—you want to produce *real* music. And this means that you want the *genuine Pianola* Player-Piano with its Metrostyle to teach you how.

You will have to be *taught* to play any player-piano. Do you want *only* the instruction of the salesman who sells you your instrument? No!—you *also* want the instruction of the *master pianists* which the Metrostyle brings to you on every composition you play—on the genuine Pianola Player-Piano. The Metrostyle is an *exclusive* Pianola feature.

Go to the store in your city or town that sells the genuine Pianola Player-Piano and take a music lesson from a music master. Also, write for our book, fully describing the wonderful Metrostyle.

J. J. Paderewski

The Aeolian Company *Aeolian Hall* New York

The Aeolian Company maintains its own establishments in the following cities:

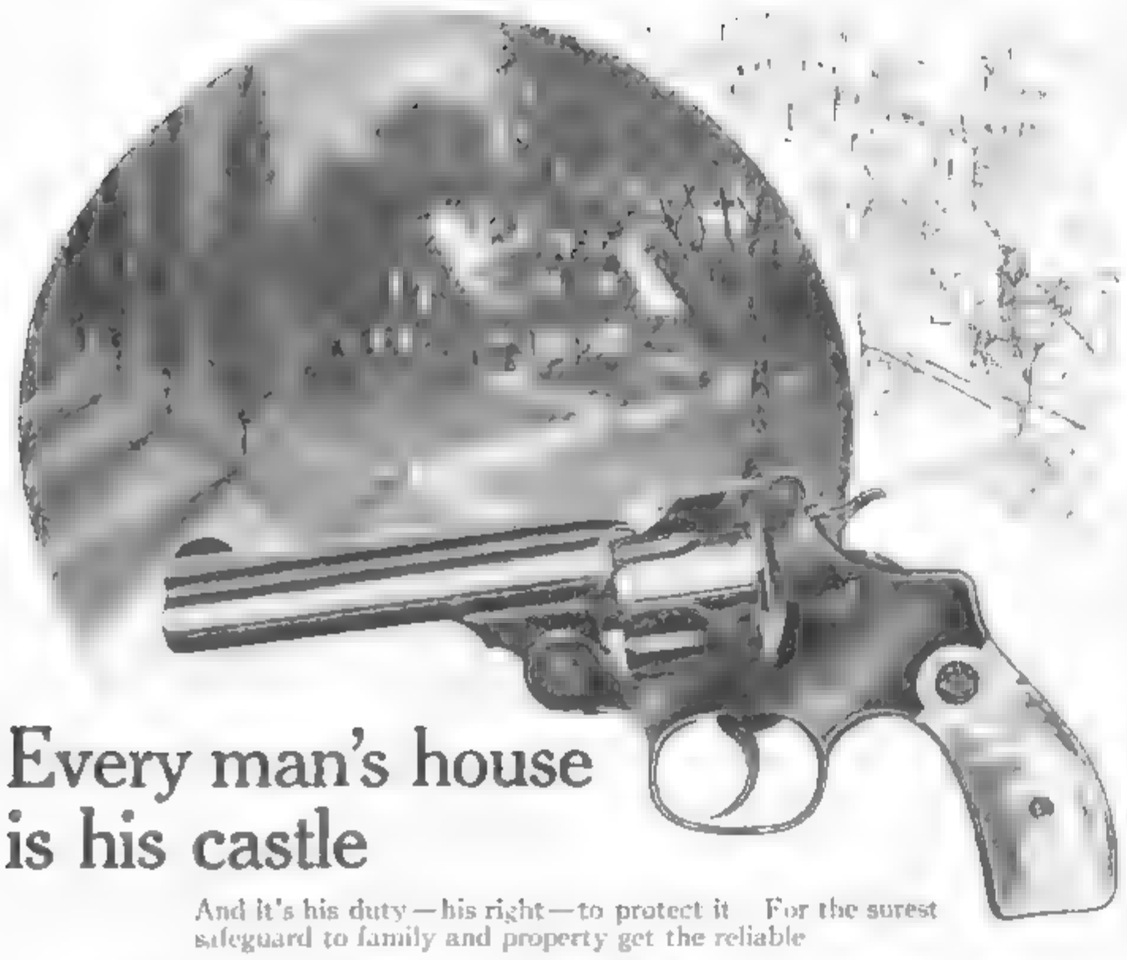
ST. LOUIS . . . . . 1004 Olive Street
CINCINNATI . . . . . 25 W. 4th Street
INDIANAPOLIS . 237 N. Pennsylvania Street
DAYTON . . . . . 131 W. 3d Street
FORT WAYNE . . . 208 W. Berry Street

The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

Dept. A, The Aeolian Company, *Aeolian Hall*, New York
Please send me a copy of your book, The Pianolist, by Gustav Kobbé.

Name

Address



Every man's house is his castle

And it's his duty—his right—to protect it For the surest safeguard to family and property get the reliable

Smith & Wesson

The revolver that you can absolutely depend on in the emergency of the night. The invariable choice of men who know firearms.

Highest grade materials, skilled New England mechanics, greatest care in manufacture, and thorough inspection after each operation produce a gun that for over half a century has been recognized as the standard for all revolvers.

Absolutely safe, in or out of action. Cannot be discharged accidentally. Ask your dealer for a Smith & Wesson today.

Send for free booklet, "The Revolver."

SMITH & WESSON, 471 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

Over 50 years Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers.

TRADE MARK

What he thinks of the *What she thinks of the*

DICTAPHONE

Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago, Ill.

The results obtained from the Dictaphone are very gratifying indeed. Under no circumstances would we think of going back to the old plan.

You have a truly wonderful machine, and it cannot be commended too highly.

C. W. Miller, Mgr. Sales Dept.

The Hettrick Bros. Company, Toledo, Ohio.

I am in favor of the Dictaphone because it enables the operator to turn out more and better work and of course she is of more value to her employer. My work is really a pleasure to me.

Pearl Lunt.

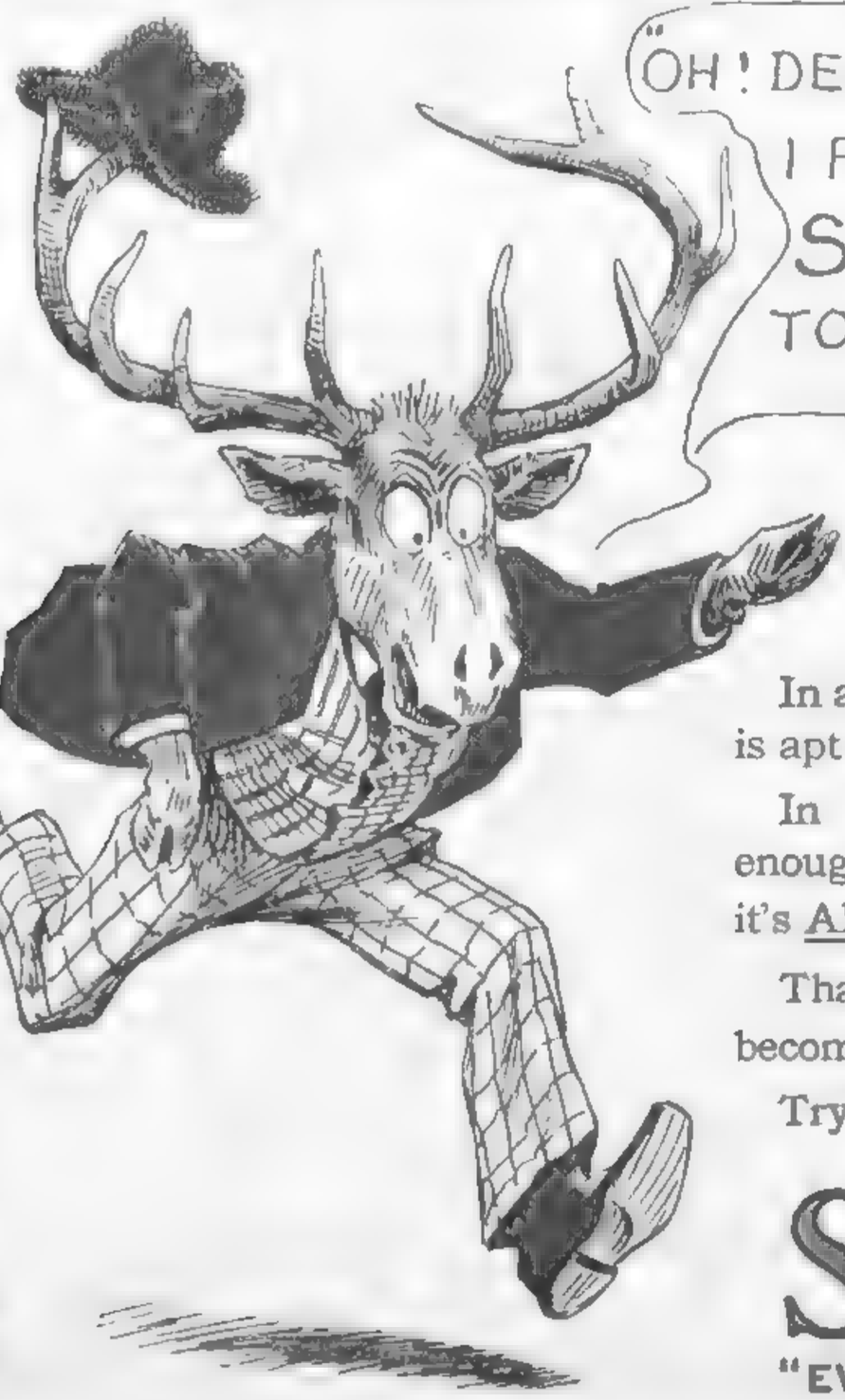
With the Dictaphone you say just what you think, as fast as you like, and whenever you like. Stop, start again, hesitate, wait a minute or a week, correct yourself as often as you have to. Your typist reads your *words*, not her *notes* of your words.

"Your Day's Work"—a book we should like to send you.

THE DICTAPHONE, 155 Tribune Building, NEW YORK

(Columbia Graphophone Company, Sole Distributors)

"Dictaphone Dollars"—a free book for prospective dealers.



In The 5¢ TIN

Don't Forget This—

In a big tin of tobacco the bottom half is apt to dry up before you reach it.

In that little 5c tin you buy just enough at a time to keep FRESH until it's ALL SMOKED!

That's the STAG IDEA that has become famous in a day.

Try it, brothers, try it.

STAG

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

THE KAISER'S DEBATING SOCIETY

Continued from Page 15)

the direct representatives of the people, exactly what to do, and if they do not do exactly that he can send them packing off home by merely putting up the sign, "Get out!" and writing his name beneath it.

To make this clearer, let me say that the ministry or cabinet, as we should call it needn't necessarily and generally doesn't have any members who are members of the Reichstag, and needn't be confined to the membership of any one party. The Kaiser selects the men he wants and tells them they are the government, and that they are to go ahead and govern as he directs. The government originates legislation. It prepares the budget, which comprises the estimates for expenditures and receipts, and it holds supervision of everything. The principal function of the Reichstag is to talk, although there have been times when the government has been obliged to attain its ends and pass its measures by conciliating and dealing and bringing into line, by well-known political methods, including patronage, sufficient of the various parties in the Reichstag to get the required indorsement.

In addition to this domination by the Kaiser, through his government, there is that neat little institution known as the Bundesrat, which has sixty-one members and which does not meet regularly, but which holds the whiphand over the Reichstag and allows the Reichstag to do or not do, as it pleases the Bundesrat. This compact organization is made up of direct representatives of the reigning houses in the principalities that form the German Empire. Prussia has seventeen of the sixty-one, for example, Bavaria six, and so on down to the pocket principalities, where the noble duke who reigns sends in his one.

The Bundesrat is a confirmatory body. If it approves of the measures passed by the Reichstag it confirms them and they become laws by their promulgation by the proper authorities. As can be seen, the Bundesrat, made up of the direct representatives of the rulers of the principalities of Germany, is not likely to confirm any legislation passed by the Reichstag that is not desired by the Kaiser. It works beautifully. All these petty princes are subject to the entire domination of the Kaiser, and said petty princes send to the Bundesrat representatives of themselves who will do exactly what the Kaiser and his government desire. Hence if the Reichstag should, by any chance, pass a law the government does not favor the Bundesrat steps in and rejects that law at the behest of the petty princes who are themselves behested by the Kaiser to have their representatives do that very thing. On occasion the Bundesrat can initiate legislation, but it rarely does this. Instead it stands guard for the government and challenges and turns back anything the Kaiser may not want.

The Divine Right in Germany

The Bundesrat rarely meets, but each of its sixty-one members has the privilege of sitting in the Reichstag, and seats are provided for them. They can take part in debate, if they so desire, when any question concerning their own state is up. What this body actually is, of course, is the safeguard put into the legislative machinery of Germany to make it absolutely certain the government will always have about what it wants. It is the second line of defense for the divine right of the Kaiser to rule.

Citizens of a republic are prone to scoff at the divine-right-to-rule assumption of the Kaiser; but nobody, except the Socialists, scoffs at it in Germany, and, no matter what the fulminations of any collection of German radicals may be, you will find that way down underneath they assent loyally to the doctrine. The old Prussian kings, when they were crowned, crowned themselves. A king newly ascended to the throne took his crown from the altar and placed it on his own head, announcing as he did so that he considered himself, and was in fact, the humblest sort of an instrument of God through which divine right was extended; but that he was that instrument, and thereby attained that right which he proposed to exercise with all the attributes thereto appertaining. There was nothing of sacrilege about it. The king considered himself exactly what he claimed to be. He considered his right to rule was given to him by that direct dispensation from the only Power he acknowledged as superior to his own personal power, and as the possessor of that power he was in the possession of the right that came with it, directly bestowed, and thereby making him superior to all others while inferior in a measure, perhaps, to the Power from above.

The government works independently of any party, or rather belongs specifically to no party. It is the government, and that's all. Normally the Conservatives help the government; but if there is opposition in the Reichstag the government, being made up of politicians, plays politics and gets support wherever it can. If worst comes to worst and the government is defeated or halted it does not resign, nor does it think of resigning. The government is not responsible to the people or to the Reichstag. It is responsible only to the Kaiser. And it goes along on a new tack, and puts on such pressure as is needed and gets what it wants. Back of it all, of course, is the knowledge that if the Reichstag gets too obstreperous the Kaiser can and will dissolve it, and that holds the members of it in line to a large extent.

The Reichstag in the Kaiser's Hand

The government initiates the legislation. Every important measure is a government measure. No law can pass that is not upheld by the government and, therefore, by the Kaiser. In order to have peace the government is willing to dicker at times, to give and take, to negotiate, to get support by patronage and favor. It deals and dickers, but in important matters it generally can rally enough support to do what it wants. The budget is referred to the Budget Committee, which is the only standing committee in the Reichstag and is made up of twenty members, and the Budget Committee does what is required of it. There have been occasions in the history of the Reichstag when the budget was refused, but that meant nothing. The government went along and spent the money, and got it back later when the Reichstag was more amenable. Also, on occasion, the Reichstag has been dissolved for withholding the budget. Generally, however, there is nothing more than talk, and the votes are available when they are wanted.

I have not searched the political history of Germany for instances when the Reichstag proved itself more than a debating society. I am dealing with the body in a general way.

With all these restrictions the Reichstag does the best it can, and in the circumstances it really does very well. It is so limited in its activities that it takes an enormous effort for it to do anything. Those old, wise gentlemen who framed the present constitution of Germany were taking few chances with what the people might do in the way of ruling themselves. They gave them a fine, resonant, mouth-filling government phraseology, but they kept the enacting clauses as their own property. They were lavish with the form, but very penurious with the substance. They allow free speech, almost to license, in the Reichstag, but they look to it carefully that freedom shall not extend in any other direction. The great basic fact of all Germany, legislatively or in any other way, is that the Kaiser is the Boss. He is the Government. He is the Whole Thing.

The Reichstag is merely an imperial concession to the spirit of the times. It has functions, but it cannot functionize. It has rights, but it rarely can exercise them. It has a constitutional standing, but it is hampered in every direction. It represents the people, but the people really have no representation. It talks, and the government acts. It debates, and the government decides. It is the froth on the beer, the band on the cigar. Take that announcement of the chancellor's I have described. There was some grumbling in the press because the government did not let the people further into its confidence, tell them more; but the government smiled pleasantly, told them no more, and if the government decided on war every grumbler would troop loyally to the colors, whether he knew what he was trooping for or not, and nine-tenths of them wouldn't know at that. They may protest,

THIS was the first telegraph — invented by Claude Chappe and adopted by the French government in 1794. The long arm and two short arms moved on pivots, permitting 94 different positions. These immense semaphores were mounted on towers about five miles apart and on clear days it was possible to send a short word in about half an hour. A Russian word took all the morning.

¶ About this period it was the custom, in adding or subtracting, to write down all of the figures and then laboriously foot up each column mentally—a crude, slow and necessarily inaccurate method but the only one available.

¶ The semaphore has been superseded by the modern telegraph (wire and wireless) and by the telephone. No one would think of using it now, but strangely enough it is still a common practice to employ in bookkeeping the faulty old method of mentally adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing, although a marvelous calculating device is obtainable which rivals the telegraph or telephone as a time saver.

¶ The value—Mr. Manufacturer or Merchant—of the Burroughs Adding Machine to *you* is this: your bookkeeper, if given the time and facilities for quickly handling figures, can dig out and analyze those hidden facts on which the success of your business rests. He can show you the relative ability of salesmen, the true cost of manufacture, which goods are selling, what your profits are and hundreds of other vital statistics.

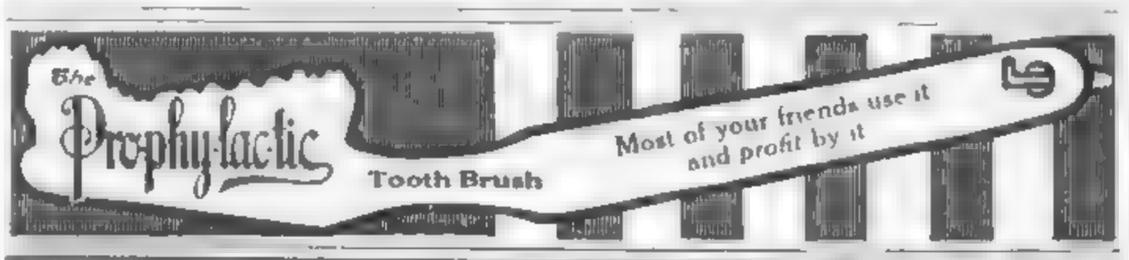
¶ Let the Burroughs man call and talk these matters over with you—he is used to business problems and can help solve yours; or send for our book—"Cost Keeping Short Cuts" for manufacturers, or "Better Day's Profits" for retailers.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

This model capacity $99,999.99

Price $225 IN U. S.



Can You Write a $10,000 Novel?

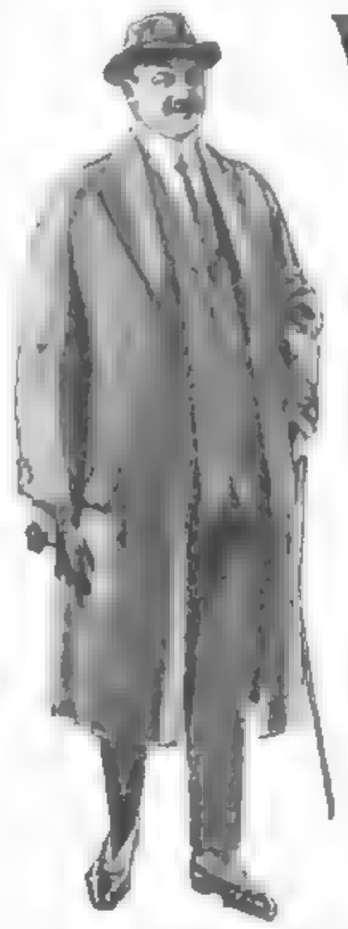
TO secure a new story of such strength and striking originality that it will take rank among next season's best sellers, we will pay

$10,000 CASH

for the best manuscript submitted to us by August 31, 1913. This offer is open to everybody. The excellence of the story alone will decide the winner.

The novel chosen by our committee of judges—all well-known literary men—will be immediately published and extensively advertised. Write today for details of this $10,000 offer.

THE REILLY & BRITTON COMPANY
1006 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago



What's the Matter with This Man?

Ask him, and he would say, "Nothing's the matter with me."

He is a wide-awake, prosperous, American business man—virile, energetic, useful, forceful.

And yet—

He is taking on weight.

He is becoming nervous. He doesn't sleep near as soundly as he used to. He finds it necessary to take longer vacations each year.

Like thousands of other business men, he is dropping off a shade, then just a shade more, from perfect health. *He is shamefully below par.*

Are *you* like this man?

If you are, if you will own up that you are not the man you might be, I can help you to regain a physical and mental snap and fire that you may not have known since a schoolboy.

The Thompson Course puts back in tune the jangled nerves of tired men who now take a car to ride distances that would seem short to younger legs. These men are not really old, but their sedentary life is demanding the same toll that age takes.

The system of movements known as the Thompson Course is merely a brief daily substitute for the forms of exercise that civilization has outgrown. It establishes a healthy balance between the life the business man leads and the life Nature planned him to lead.

The Thompson Course requires about fifteen minutes of your time each day. It will stand the most drastic test to which any set of exercises can be put—you want to keep it up. From the very first you enjoy the feeling of increased health that it brings.

Properly speaking, the Thompson Course is not "exercises." It consists of a series of easy, natural movements that start the circulation and encourage elimination. It develops and strengthens the stomach, lungs, intestines, etc., for these are *muscular organs*. Carried to its conclusion, the Course brings clearness of mind, strength of nerves, decision, hopefulness, courage and joy in living.

Let Me Give You Human Energy

My free book is a real contribution to the science of right living. It has shown men the way to postpone their retirement and increase their capacity for work. It explains why the Thompson Course requires no apparatus and does not force you to leave off your regular habits, yet induces physical condition that you may be well satisfied with—a cheerfulness that is winning and the ability to work, eat, sleep and live in greater comfort. I will give you this book if you will read it.

J. Edmund Thompson Suite 13, Exchange Building Worcester, Mass.

Learn Trapshooting

THE SPORT ALLURING

The Most Fascinating Outdoor Recreation Quickly Develops Amateurs into Experts

TRAPSHOOTING supplies the coveted chance to learn to shoot safely and satisfactorily. It regards no game laws, "closed" seasons nor game preserves. [illegible] at the traps and later, in march or field.

SEND for FREE BOOKLET [illegible] Hints to Beginners

Ask for "Sport Alluring" Booklet No. 814.

DU PONT POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del. PIONEER POWDER MAKERS OF AMERICA

Patent Your Ideas $9,000 OFFERED FOR certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "WHAT TO INVENT" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 16 years. CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Atty's, 1119 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered sent FREE. Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

When You Buy Seamless, Sanitary, Fast-dyed

IPSWICH HOSIERY

You can Depend upon Latest Style and Great Durability

IN THE EVENING. **No. 2000**—Silk-Plaited over Lisle. Silky comfort, reinforced at all wearing points. Black, tan, and colors, 25c. a pair. Box of 6 pairs, $1.50.

AT THE OFFICE. **No. 1650**—Stout-Cotton Half-hose, reinforced with linen heel and toe. Strong, elastic, and comfortable. Black, tan, and colors, 15c. a pair. Box of 6 pairs, 75c.

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You, Send Us His Name

IPSWICH MILLS, 2 River St., Ipswich, Mass.

Many styles for Men, Women, and Children, at 15c. and 25c. a pair

but they like to be governed, these Germans. And they are.

Still when they were given their toy of representative government the Germans went eagerly to playing with it. The result is that the political system of the country, which provides the parties that in turn send men to the Reichstag to do as the government tells them to, is more complicated than that of any other country in Europe. They have a list of parties in Germany that makes it seem as if politics was the end and aim of all the sixty million inhabitants, instead of the diversion of the few. Germans like to talk, to discuss, to analyze, to differentiate, to set things apart into their proper places. It was inevitable, as soon as there was any German political system at all, that it should become abstruse and involved. The nature of the German mind made that imperative. Hence we have in parties these divisions: The Conservatives or Imperialists, or the *Deutsche Reichspartie;* the National Liberal; the Progressives or Radicals; the Clerical or Centerist; and the Social-Democratic or Socialist. In a minor way the German Social party, the German Reform party, the Christian Social or Anti-Semitic party and the Agrarian League or *Bund der Landwirte* are allied with the Conservatives, and the Poles attach themselves to the Clericals.

The Socialists had more than three million votes in the Reichstag election of 1912, the Clericals within a few thousand of two millions, the Conservatives twelve hundred thousand, and so on, there being a total registration of 14,441,436 and a total vote of 12,260,625. In the present Reichstag the Socialists hold 110 seats, the Conservatives 45 seats, the Clericals 90 seats and the other divisions in lesser numbers.

The Conservative groups are to all intents and purposes one party, though they maintain separate organizations. The German Conservatives and the Imperialists constitute what are called the "pillars of the throne and state," and the various other groups work with them. The combined Conservative groups come more nearly to being the government party than any other, and the ministers are nearly always Conservatives; but there have been times when the Conservatives have opposed the Kaiser and the government. The agrarian interests dominate, to a large extent, the Conservative groups, and as protection is largely an agrarian policy in Germany its chief support is found among the Conservatives, although the National Liberals and the Clericals are also protection organizations. The Clericals have an enormous following among the workingmen, and are less united in support of protection than the others, although protection is a party policy and the organization stands for it.

Germany's Conservative Party

The Conservatives and the Clericals, including the minor Conservative groups, form what the politicians call the "black-blue bloc," which means a grouping rather than an alliance of parties. The name refers to the black worn by the priests who sit in the Reichstag and the blue blood of the aristocratic Conservatives. Bethmann-Hollweg had a majority of thirty-three in the "black-blue bloc" when he took office in July, 1909, but it disappeared in the elections of January, 1912.

The Conservatives are for church and state as established by God, exalt the monarchy as ruling by divine right, and are for every sort of an increase in the army and navy. To some extent they indorse the Pangerman idea, which is the annexation of territory anywhere and everywhere and the increase of Germany's imperial power. They clamor for an anti-Socialist law and decry any reform in suffrage. They are hostile to big business; want to tax it heavily; were responsible for the Bourse law of 1896 which forbids trading in futures in agricultural products, and so forth; and are intensely agrarian in their sympathies, representing, as they do, the landed aristocracy. They are for states' rights and are entirely anti-Democratic in their sympathies. They are against adequate parliamentary government, insist the emperor shall conduct foreign affairs independently of the Reichstag, and think there is entirely too much government by the people as it is. They lay great emphasis on all forms of the Protestant religion, some of their groups are anti-Semitic in trend, and they favor the landowner every time they can, and are in general a fine old crusted group of citizens who think the old order is the only order.

The Clericals, who form the Center party and sit in the center of the Reichstag as the Conservatives sit on the right side of the chamber, have for their principal tenet the advancement of the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. This is the uniting bond, for there are divergent views on almost all other economic and political matters. The Center was for many years the opposition party and fought Bismarck bitterly, but it softened gradually after Bismarck's retirement, until in 1898 it came to be relied upon as a government party along with the Conservatives and the National Liberals. They use their positions skillfully to show the government their strength, and have the final voice on most measures. They favor protection and demand church influence in the schools. A good many priests sit in the Reichstag, and they are very skillful politicians and press home their advantage on every occasion, demanding exact repayment from the government for all favors extended in the way of support. At present there is a sort of split in the party, one faction desiring it to become non-denominational and the other thinking it wise to continue its strictly denominational character.

The National Liberals are the Girondists of Germany. They are moderates, moderately protectionist, moderately church and state and moderately everything else. They have a loose creed and are the party of compromise. They favor an inheritance tax and are friends of a great army and navy, favor centralization of power between state and nation, and think the Reichstag might be accorded some rights of parliamentary government without hurting anything or anybody. It favors legislation relating to manufacturing and business, and straddles along pleasantly on various other topics that are of interest to the debaters in the Reichstag.

The Progressives and Socialists

The Progressive People's party, which is the Radical party, is the direct descendant of the Progressive party of 1848, which was active in the revolution. They are mild free-traders, seeking a gradual reduction of the tariff in a general way. They make their appeal to the peasantry as against the big landowners, would gradually abolish grain duties and immediately abolish the duties on feed grains, favor long-term commercial treaties and a policy of conciliation in tariff disputes. Eugen Richter was their former leader, and they fought all increases in the army and navy; but now they have yielded to the national sentiment and vote for dreadnoughts and new army corps with complacency. They favor universal suffrage, especially for Prussia, and local self-government and parliamentary government, and have opposed the government in the legislation against the Poles. They are against the landed aristocracy and against denominational influences in the schools. Also they are for economy in public expenditures.

Then come the Socialists, the strongest party numerically in the Reichstag or in Germany. Their creed is much the same as the Socialist propaganda elsewhere, although under Bebel's leadership they are more radical in Germany than in other countries. They have steadily opposed any increases in the army and navy, and get their strength not so much from their general socialistic belief as for the particular measures they urge. They are out-and-out free-traders, demand all sorts of remedial legislation for the laboring classes, including an eight-hour day; full rights of assembly and association; no child labor under the age of fourteen; free medical attendance to workers by the state, and prohibition of nightwork except where there is actual necessity. They want the land and mines and nationalized public industries operated on public account, and they stand for woman suffrage. They always vote against the budget.

The other parties represent minor shades of political opinion. As can be seen by the general description of the various tenets of the parties in Germany, there is field for almost unlimited debate and discussion. That is what happens in the Reichstag. The members debate these various theories and split hairs over them, and the government goes on and passes what laws it wants. The Kaiser's Debating Society is a good name for the Reichstag. That is what it is—that and not much else.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Two Million

Have Now Told Their Story

Eleven months ago—after 12 years of tire making—we announced that one million Goodyear tires had gone out to tell their story.

Now note what their story did.

In less than one year that number has doubled. *Two* millions have gone into use.

And the evidence is that those two millions will sell two million more this year.

Those are our salesmen—those two million tires, marking their mileage on countless odometers.

They form the sole reason why Goodyear tires now far outsell all others.

"We make the best tire" is a common cry, and very soon forgotten.

But men don't forget big mileage figures, or tire bills that we cut in two.

Here's an Unbiased Verdict

Our claims are biased when we say that Goodyear tires are best.

So are others' claims.

But a million Goodyear tires, within one year, sold a million more.

They brought a demand so sudden and vast that we fell 400,000 tires short of supplying it.

The tires did that, remember. Did it by mileage records. Did it by saving rim-cutting. Did it by their oversize.

There is a verdict entirely unbiased—a verdict concurred in by hundreds of thousands who have actually used these tires.

Can you think that these tires have so raced into favor without giving what other tires don't?

890,680 On New Cars

Here is a fact which is still more convincing.

Our contracts with car makers for the 1913 season call for 890,680 tires. That's enough to equip 222,670 cars. Thus a very large percentage of the new cars of this year will go out with Goodyear equipment.

Consider how these car makers come to know tires. Consider what they have at stake.

The leading makers, in every way, are trying to cut down upkeep. The facts above show what tires help most, in their shrewd estimation.

The Four Main Economies

These four reasons, in their order, have brought men to Goodyear tires.

First, the fact that No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent oversize. That extra air capacity under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Second, No-Rim-Cut tires have ended rim-cutting forever. And we control by patents the means that solved this problem in a satisfactory way.

Statistics show that rim-cutting ruins about 23 per cent of the old-type tires.

Third comes Goodyear quality. We attained it by testing out 240 formulas and fabrics. By wearing out tires under metered mileage, for years and years, to prove which served the best.

Fourth, the Goodyear Non-Skid tread. A double-thick tread, immensely enduring. A tread with a bull dog grip. And a tread that distributes the strain exactly as with smooth-tread tires.

In these four ways we have saved motor car owners a great many million dollars.

Make Your Tests

Now we ask you to make your tests. Make comparisons with others.

Try other tires with them, if you wish. Keep accurate track of the mileage. Keep a record of tire upkeep.

If any other tire serves you one whit better, we have nothing more to say.

But if No-Rim-Cut tires prove the most economical, we do say that you should use them.

The evidence is that these tires excel others, and in a sensational way. If they do, you should find it out.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

These Men Haven't Fooled Themselves

In these days of odometers, as you know, men are not fooled on tires.

The tire that *out*sells excels. There can be no question about it.

Then note these facts:

Today's demand for Goodyear tires is *seven times* larger than two years ago.

Our sales for 12 months past far exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

DO you know who made the telephone that you use every day?

It is the product of the Western Electric Company—for more than 30 years manufacturers of *all* the "Bell" telephones.

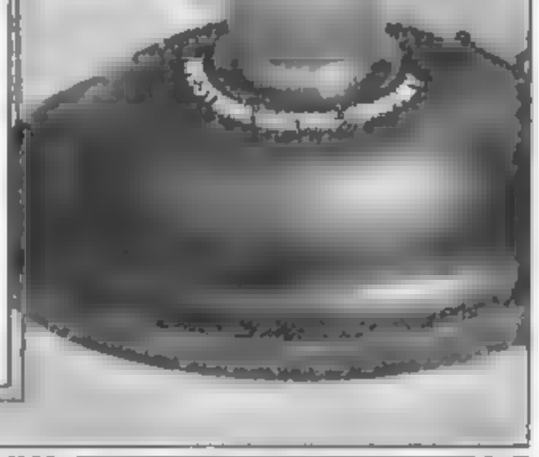
This same company offers, in every piece of electrical equipment bearing its familiar trade mark, the perfect workmanship, the high efficiency and the remarkable reliability of the "Bell" telephone, upon which you depend so absolutely.

So, when you want a vacuum cleaner, a motor or an electric cooking utensil, if you would be sure of its quality, look for the Western Electric name.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Manufacturers of the 7,000,000 "Bell" Telephones in Use
EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED
Main Office: New York City
Branch Houses: All Principal Cities

Your Telephone is proof of Western-Electric Quality



GO SOUTH SIR! Buy Farm Land AND PROSPER

at $10 an acre up along Southern Ry., M. & O. R. R. and Ga., So. and Fla. Ry. Values rapidly advancing. Fine crops, no blizzards. Growing cities demand more farm produce. Beef, poultry and dairying pay handsomely. Big profit in apples, truck, alfalfa, corn, cotton. Great industrial openings in all [illegible]. Write for "Southern Field" magazine, land lists, and state booklets—Free.
M. V. RICHARDS, L. & I. Agt., Room 83, Washington, D. C.

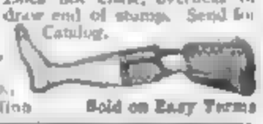
Washburne's Patent "O. K." Paper Fasteners. Brass and nickel-plated Steel. Assorted Bright Metal boxes of 50 and 100 each. At Stationers 10, 15, 20 and 25c. Send 10c for box 50 assorted. Booklet free.
YEARLY SALE 100 MILLION
THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

We Dress You Better

For less money or no charge. Suits made to order $15. Pants $3.50. Express prepaid. No agents. Send for samples stating colors preferred.
PEERLESS TAILORS, 25 East St., Chambersburg, Pa.

Erickson Leg

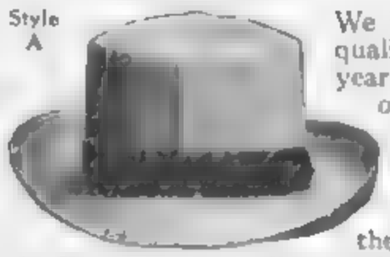
Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump. Send for Catalog.



Arms, Wheel Chairs, Crutches, Stockings.
E. H. Erickson Artificial Limb Co., 30 Wash. Av. No., Minneapolis, Minn.
Sold on Easy Terms

Genuine Panamas Direct from the Importers

Style A



Style B

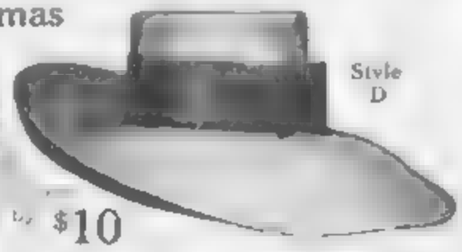
We import thousands of extra quality Panama Hats every year, direct through the Port of Galveston, and personally inspect, block and trim every hat. Through our buying facility, proximity to the point of manufacture and the fact that we sell **direct to the wearer**, we are able to offer exceptional values. **Our binding guarantee protects you. Your money will be refunded promptly without question if the hat is not equal to your expectations.** Our $6.00 Panamas for men are closely woven, beautifully finished and trimmed with neat silk bands and leather sweat bands. State size and style desired; whether style A or B, Fedora or peak style. Sent prepaid by Parcel Post for . . . $6

Style C

Ladies' Panamas

Here are two popular styles of fine w[illegible]

Style D



Sent [illegible] Parcel Post for $10

HOUSTON HAT COMPANY, Dept. A, HOUSTON, TEXAS

BENSINGER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 5)

of the hill. The road turned at right angles down there. The driver had taken the descent without slackening speed. At the sharp turn the car skidded and went into a bog up to its hubs.

It was Peter J. Skellenger's car and Miss Edith Skellenger—just home from graduation at Vassar—was driving it. The passengers were Eddie Skellenger, Miss Elsie Plum, and a young lady and gentleman from the East, guests of Miss Skellenger.

By the time Bensinger reached the scene Eddie Skellenger had leaped from the back of the car to firm ground and stood in the middle of the road, shrieking with laughter. Since the night of the dance Eddie's father had sternly forbidden him to drive the car—had threatened, indeed, to break every bone in his body if he so much as touched it again; but Edith could drive it whenever she liked—Edith, the flower of the family, the dependable, the capable, the upright. Anything whatever might safely be intrusted to Edith. She even had her own checkbook. And here was the incomparable Edith up to her hubs in a bog! Naturally Eddie had never been more thoroughly delighted in his life. As Edith—quite purple in the face, with flashing eyes and grating teeth—vainly plied the lever and opened wide the throttle only to send up geysers of mud from the spinning rear wheels, Eddie weakly doubled up and sat down in the dust, tears streaming from his eyes. The young man from the East, who sat beside Miss Skellenger, was peering anxiously into the mud in a gallant but rather aimless desire to be helpful. The young lady from the East was holding the sixth passenger tightly round the neck, lest he attempt to leap ashore and so get his feet muddy. This sixth passenger was a very beautiful dog, with long, silken white hair and a blue ribbon tied in a bow round his neck.

Such was the scene when Bensinger arrived; but he was looking more particularly at Elsie Plum—in the same bluish dress and bluish straw hat she had worn at the dance. Their eyes met. A decidedly startled expression appeared upon her face. She looked away quickly and turned fire-red. Thereafter Miss Plum looked everywhere except at him.

An exceedingly bitter lump came in Stephen's throat; but he seemed quite composed.

"Guess we can get some planks at this farmhouse up here and put 'em under the rear wheels. Maybe you can back out then," he suggested practically.

"Oh—if you would!" said Miss Skellenger—though what she really yearned for at the moment was to offer him a thousand dollars to strangle her brother!

The young man from the East had a suggestion: "If you could get a plank alongside the car, you know," he said, peering dubiously at the mud, "we could get out—and help you," he added by a happy afterthought.

Getting a plank alongside the car was comparatively simple. All that was necessary was for Steve to climb up the hillside to the barnyard of the farm he had mentioned, find a plank and carry it down on his shoulder; then go back to the barnyard and fetch two armloads of shorter boards for blocking; then wade out in the knee-deep mud and arrange the blocks under the plank so as to make a secure little footbridge to dry land. The prisoners watched him with friendly interest—except Elsie Plum, who gazed fixedly at the horizon as long as he was near; except, also, the beautiful dog, which growled every time he came close to the car.

The young man from the East gallantly assisted Miss Skellenger to alight upon the plank and led the way for her across it. Returning, he gave his hand to Miss Plum. Elsie needed guidance, for she kept looking straight up at the apple tree on top of the hill. The dog came last, daintily avoiding a muddy spot where Steve had stepped. Springing up to the road the animal sniffed once or twice at Steve's muddy calf and growled again.

The young man from the East was then at his helpful best. He got the cushions and robes out of the car, carried them to a shady spot on the hillside, and saw that the ladies were comfortably disposed—while Steve was getting another plank and more blocking from the barnyard. As for Eddie Skellenger—recognizing that a state of belligerency existed between himself and his sister—he betook himself to a neutral but pleasantly shaded spot on the hillside and watched the proceedings with frank amusement.

For half an hour Steve labored in vain to get the planks under the rear wheels. He could lift a wheel bodily, but he could not at the same time get a plank under it. Internally his temperature rose steadily, but it took a most illogical direction. He would have got that car out of that bog or died in the attempt!

The young man from the East then came down and really helped as much as he could. He was wearing a lovely suit of flannels and white shoes and silk socks. Of course it was impossible for him to get into the mud. Standing as far down on the grassy bank as possible, he attempted to shove the plank under the wheel when Steve lifted the car; but the long-range attempt was not successful.

Steve paused. He wished very much to wipe his perspiring face, but both arms were mud up to the elbows. He was wondering with a kind of desperation whether an indulgent Providence would permit him to finish the job without throwing the young man from the East into the bog.

"We gotta get a lever under it," he announced crossly. A rail fence bounded the farm where he had been helping himself to lumber. He threw down a length of the fence and, with two rails for a lever and his blocking for a fulcrum, raised the wheels one after another so high the young man from the East could push the plank under them; but here another difficulty rose. Both planks were under the car. There was no bridge. At length, when Miss Skellenger—her heart bursting with wrath—very respectfully asked him to do so, Eddie consented to clamber into the rear of the car, with Steve's help, and man the wheel. Nothing remained but for Steve to wade round in front and crank the car, Eddie backing it out of the bog.

An hour and a half had elapsed since the accident. Steve was decidedly tired. Nevertheless, he went to assist the young man from the East in fetching the robes and cushions; in fact, he had determined to do so a long while before.

The ladies had risen and the young lady from the East was saying enthusiastically that she would not have missed having the car go into the bog for anything, because the view from where they had been sitting was perfectly enchanting! Elsie Plum hastily turned her back as Bensinger approached, but one of the cushions lay at her feet. Steve stooped to reach it—and sprang upright with a sharp little yelp. As his hand neared the cushion the beautiful dog had bitten his leg!

Miss Skellenger and the young lady from the East exclaimed together.

"Why, he didn't bite you—did he?" the former asked incredulously, addressing Bensinger. "Why, Freddie! You didn't bite the good man who helped us—did you?" the latter inquired reproachfully, addressing the dog.

"Tore my pants maybe," said Steve; "'twon't hurt 'em any." He had a wild feeling that Providence was on the very point of deserting him.

Miss Skellenger glanced at the garments mentioned and dropped the subject. Elsie Plum, her cheeks crimson, started down toward the car.

Miss Skellenger tarried a moment.

"It was very good of you to help us. We're very much obliged," she said calmly. "I have no money with me, but please send the bill to my father—Mr. Skellenger, you know."

"No charge," said Steve ungraciously, taking up his express package.

A minute later as he stood waiting for them to start he heard Miss Skellenger inquire: "Do you know that young man's name, Eddie? Or do you, Miss Plum?" He heard Eddie say "Nope!" promptly, but his attentive ear caught no sound from Miss Plum. He considered it very improbable that Eddie Skellenger did know his name, but Elsie knew. He had told her as they were driving home from the dance.

As the car started away—along the road that he was to tramp for a mile and a half—he noted that the seat beside Elsie would have been vacant if the dog had not occupied it. The young lady from the East had her arm round the animal's neck and

The Florsheim SHOE

CONSIDER THE WEAR

in a pair of $5.00 shoes—the style and fit—*Less* will not buy equal comfort and satisfactory service.

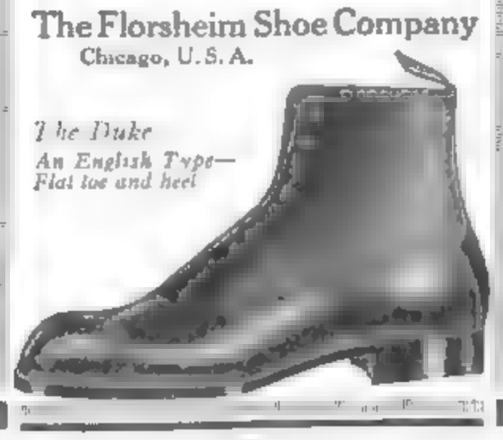
Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Style Book FREE upon request

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.



was remarking in fond reproof: "Naughty doggie—to bite the good man!" The car rushed forward and its dust filled Steve's eyes.

His thoughts at the moment were bitter and unjust. He did not realize that George W. Plum was not the leading druggist of Three Falls, or even second best. His establishment was decidedly third-class. Also, he was coroner—third-class in politics. Naturally then, Elsie, in the presence of Edith Skellenger and her swell friends from the East, was as one at the edge of a precipice. Moreover, at the dance he had worn his best clothes—a neat business suit, white shirt and collar, and black bow tie; he had been freshly shaved and his curly hair was carefully combed. When the car overtook him at the top of the hill he was wearing a cheap straw hat with a chunk gone out of the brim, a collarless calico shirt, patched and shapeless trousers and rusty brogans, while his face was decidedly grimy from dust and perspiration. At this moment he was plastered with mud from top to toe and even had a ludicrous smear of it across his forehead, where he had absent-mindedly wiped his brow. He did not realize what a tremendous difference that would have made to a young lady under any circumstances. And in the presence of the Skellengers—why, Elsie might as well have dropped over the precipice at once! He did not realize until a long time afterward that not only was she entirely justified, but that the beautiful dog had been quite right in biting him.

He tucked the heavy, inconvenient express package under his arm and started down the road; but he had taken only a few steps when a shrill voice hailed him:

"Here, you Steve Bensinger! You put every one of them boards right back in the barnyard where you found 'em, and you fix that fence just exactly the way it was before! I been watchin' you, young man! I seen you take them boards and I seen you throw down the fence! You put things back the way you found 'em!"

The voice proceeded from Mrs. Wesley Prothroe. The farm belonged to her husband, as Steve very well knew. Meeting no opposition when he appropriated the timber, he supposed nobody was at home. He now perceived that he had been mistaken. Mrs. Prothroe, having issued from her coign of vantage behind a dining-room window, was sweeping down the hillside in wiry bounds, shouting as she came—like the battle charge of a solitary and withered valkyr.

Under the circumstances Steve felt that her command was intolerable.

"Go tell the Skellengers to put 'em back! 'Twasn't my automobile," he retorted, trudging on.

Mrs. Prothroe leaped along the inner side of the fence, however, flanking him, her visage distorted with just wrath.

"Skellengers nothin'!" she shrilled. "They never touched a thing! I seen you take them boards and I seen you throw down the fence! If you don't put 'em back this minute I'll have a warrant out for you 'fore sundown, sure's you're a foot high!"

Technically, of course, she was correct. The Skellengers and their guests really had touched nothing, the boards being both heavy and dirty.

"Aw, you didn't dare open your head to the Skellengers, did you!" Steve taunted back. "You'd sit still and see 'em tear the house down, and you wouldn't 'a' dared to open your head! Skellenger's got a mortgage on your farm! You wait till they're out of sight and then you jump on me!" The rank injustice threw Steve quite out of mental balance, in fact, and for a few moments he stood in the road "jawing" at her like an angry youngster.

Even when angry he was no match for Mrs. Prothroe at jawing, however, and technically she was right. He had committed trespass and depredation. A warrant—with costs certainly, and maybe with a round fine—was a fearsome thing. The Bensinger exchequer contained no surplus for such luxuries. Once more putting down the express package, Steve laboriously dug the boards out of the mud, replaced them in the barnyard and restored the fence—Mrs. Prothroe grimly overseeing the job and heartening him from time to time by such insults as occurred to her.

The sun was getting low when he finally started homeward for the last time. He was consumed with thirst, and turned in at Jeb Miller's for a drink from the well. Apparently nobody was at home; but the

1913 Atlas with New Parcel Post Map and Guide will be Given

to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who take advantage of the special offer now made in connection with the

India Paper Edition

(Just Published) or the regular paper edition of

Webster's New International

Think of the advantages of having

The *Merriam* Webster

With Atlas of the World embracing the Complete Circle of human knowledge for easy reference

The Publishers, therefore, now offer a large 1913 Atlas **Free** to readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* who take advantage of the opportunity of securing the NEWEST and Most COMPLETE REFERENCE WORK on the following remarkably easy terms. The entire work in full leather (with 1913 Atlas)

Delivered for $1.00

and easy payments thereafter of only a few cents a week

India Paper Edition—Printed on *thin, opaque, tough,* expensive India Paper just imported for this edition. It has an excellent printing surface, resulting in remarkably clear impressions of type and illustrations. What a satisfaction to own the new *Merriam Webster* in a form so [illegible] This edition is *one half* the thickness, and weight of the regular edition. Size 12 [illegible] x 9¼ in. x 2¾ in. *Weight* [illegible] lbs.

Regular Paper Edition—Printed on strong book paper of the highest quality. Size 12¾ in. x 9¾ in. x 5¼ in. Weight 16 lbs. Both Editions are printed from the same plates and Indexed.

400,000 Words Defined. Nearly 3,000 Pages. 6,000 Illustrations. Cost $400,000

The only dictionary with the NEW DIVIDED PAGE, characterized as "A Stroke of Genius"

"To have this work in the home is like sending the whole family to college"

TO THOSE WHO RESPOND AT ONCE we will send a copy of an amusing "Test in Pronunciation" (with key), entitled the "Americanization of Carver," and also a "Red Facsimile Booklet" of interesting questions with references to their answers.

The ATLAS

is the New Census 1913 "New Reference Atlas of the World," containing nearly 200 pages, with 128 pages of maps beautifully printed in colors with marginal reference indexes, besides illustrated description of PANAMA CANAL, all handsomely bound in red cloth, size 10¾ x 13¾. Mail this coupon at once to

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.
Publishers of GENUINE Webster Dictionaries for nearly 70 Years

(Coupon)

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

[illegible] me, free of all obligation or expense, a copy of [illegible] tation" also "Red Facsimile Booklet," with [illegible] ist paper, and special terms [illegible] free Atlas offer on the en[illegible]

Name ____

[illegible]

Copy This Sketch

[illegible] talent. Fifteen years [illegible] magazines qualifies [illegible] send me your sketch and 4 cents in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also cable [illegible] of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1434 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

120 PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

Tells how to succeed with poultry on the ordinary farm. How to make a first-class brooder out of an old piano box. What breeds lay best. Plans for poultry houses [illegible]

PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

It's free. Write a postal for a copy today.
Prairie State Incubator Co., 434 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

YOUR HENS YOUR FARM YOUR MONEY

Farmers and Fanciers should get the Fanx Poultry Book and Catalogue written by ROBERT ESSEX, well known throughout America. After 25 Years With Poultry. It tells How to Make Most From Eggs and Hens for Market or Show, contains Pictures of 30 Poultry Houses, tells cost to [illegible] ESSEX INCUBATORS AND BROODERS [illegible] $2.25 to $48 each. Write today.

Robert Essex Incubator Co., 95 Henry Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Shoemaker's Book on POULTRY

[illegible] Almanac for 1913 [illegible] many [illegible] Incubators, [illegible] houses and [illegible] pedia of chickendom. You need [illegible] Only 15c

O. O. SHOEMAKER, Box 913, Freeport, Ill.

Best Birds, Best Eggs Lowest Prices All leading varieties [illegible] Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Eggs, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. It's FREE, send for it.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 13, Rockford, Ill.

Greider's Fine Catalogue

[illegible] poultry farm, different breeds in [illegible] varieties illustrated and described. [illegible] eders, low price of stock and [illegible] A perfect guide to all poultry [illegible] and its for this noted book.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 83, Rheems, Pa.

MONEY MAKING POULTRY

Our specialty. Leading varieties pure bred chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Prize winners [illegible] eggs. Lowest prices, oldest farm, [illegible]

FREE. H. M. JONES CO. Box 95 Des Moines, Ia.

SHIPPERS RECORD BOOK Or PARCEL [illegible] 10c POST PAID

The Frank G. Bhuman Co. 903 Federal Life Bldg. Chicago

Here is Real Worth

A Pittsburgh Visible at $65, we believe, is the greatest value ever offered. A highly efficient organization, together with small branch-office and low overhead expense, make possible this exceptional price. Our co-operative sales plan will interest you. It tells how you can save money and at the same time own this typewriter. Write for details.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

A Standard Machine for Twenty Years

Has all the newest improvements. Removable key board for cleaning and repairing. Back spacer. Tabulator. Two-color ribbon. Perfect [illegible] Quick action. Absolute alignment. Universal keyboard.

PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Easy to Have Beautiful Floors

A rag and a can of Old English Floor Wax are all you need, and if you follow directions you can get that soft lustre which has made "Old English" finish famous for centuries.

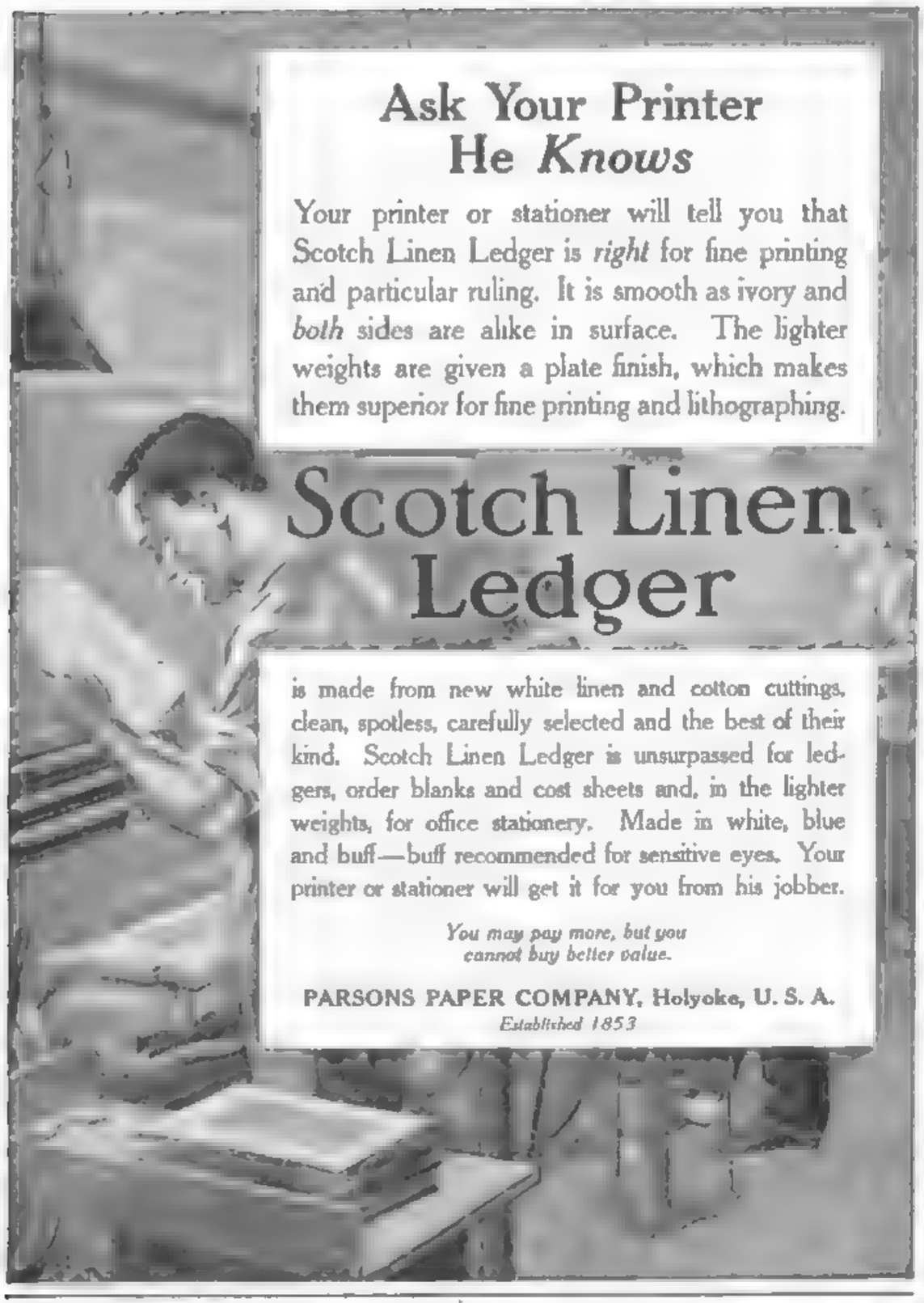
Never gets sticky, doesn't show scratches. Is most economical because it spreads farther and wears longer

Send for Free Sample and Book

Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care

Convince yourself [illegible]

The A. S. BOYLE CO.
1907 W. 8th Street
Cincinnati, O.


Ask Your Printer
He Knows
Your printer or stationer will tell you that Scotch Linen Ledger is right for fine printing and particular ruling. It is smooth as ivory and both sides are alike in surface. The lighter weights are given a plate finish, which makes them superior for fine printing and lithographing.
Scotch Linen Ledger
is made from new white linen and cotton cuttings, clean, spotless, carefully selected and the best of their kind. Scotch Linen Ledger is unsurpassed for ledgers, order blanks and cost sheets and, in the lighter weights, for office stationery. Made in white, blue and buff—buff recommended for sensitive eyes. Your printer or stationer will get it for you from his jobber.
You may pay more, but you cannot buy better value.
PARSONS PAPER COMPANY, Holyoke, U. S. A.
Established 1853

The "BEST" LIGHT
MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS
Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Cheaper than kerosene. No dirt, grease nor odor. Over 200 styles. Agents Wanted. Write for catalog.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
325 E. 5th St., Canton, O
300 CANDLE POWER

APPLE TREES FOR TESTING FREE
Our "BLIZZARD BELT," Found mother root Apple Grafts make vigorous, long lived, heavily fruiting trees, because they grow their own hardy roots. To prove their worth we will send you two GRAFTS (rooted ready for planting) FREE, or if you send 10c. for packing, will send you six grafts. Write today.
THE GARDNER NURSERY CO., Box 517 Osage, Iowa

Your College Expenses

THROUGH *The Saturday Evening Post* plan hundreds of young people have secured full or partial courses in the foremost colleges, conservatories, business colleges, correspondence schools, etc., throughout the country. These scholarships have been awarded without one cent of expense to the scholars. We paid all the bills and asked nothing in return except some work in leisure hours in looking after our subscriptions and renewals.

We are willing to pay all the expenses of any young man or young woman desiring to enter any educational institution in the United States, or we will pay the money to you and you can pay your own bills.

Write to us, telling us what you desire. We will send all the details, including a booklet in which some of our scholarship workers tell how they made successes.

Address
The Educational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

dog ran at him, barking. Steve paused, calculating the distance with a wary eye, and caught the beast neatly in the ribs with the toe of his brogan. The astonished animal picked itself up and streaked away howling. Looking after it, Bensinger observed aloud: "Naughty doggie!" But his heart at once reproached him, for it was a perfectly harmless dog.

. . . . . .

Little River wound a southerly course half a mile to the east of the Bensinger farm. Formerly a wagon-road along the bank had led to a gristmill; but the mill had long been unused, and all that remained of the road was a footpath through the underbrush. Steve turned into this path, following it some thirty yards to the old mill.

The building was dilapidated and the dam rotting away. It still held water, however, and under certain circumstances the wheel would turn and the old millstones go round; in fact, the wheel was to have turned that afternoon. Steve himself was to have been there to fix it more than two hours before. That was the enterprise which he and Uncle Jud had in hand. Uncle Jud lived in the old mill.

There was a big door in the east wall, where farmers' wagons had formerly delivered grain; but this door was too much for Uncle Judson's one puny arm, so he had cut a smaller door in it. The smaller door stood wide open, which rather surprised Steve, for Uncle Jud usually kept his domicile securely locked. His nephew's wife, Mrs. Wesley Prothroe, had an insatiable curiosity concerning his premises that annoyed him exceedingly.

Stepping into the old millroom, Steve looked round and called: "Uncle Jud! Oh, Uncle Jud!" There was no answer.

It was an odd place. All the windows except two had been tightly boarded up for protection against cold. Even then it was freely predicted the old man would be found frozen to death some winter morning. Midway in the south wall stood a very large kitchen range, nearly new. Three big porcelain-lined kettles and half a dozen smaller culinary utensils stood on the floor beside the range. A visitor who was unacquainted with the common opinion that Uncle Judson was "nutty" might have supposed the old gentleman was cooking for a boarding house. Beyond the range, against the south wall, was a desk and a long slanting table of smooth pine, such as a draftsman might have used. Above the table were two long rows of books—possessions which in themselves raised a suspicion of mental unsoundness. There was a cot to sleep on, two plain kitchen chairs, and in the southwest corner a heap of coal for the range. In the southeast corner Uncle Jud had partitioned off with rough pine boards a little room, or big cupboard, as one chose. Steve glanced in there, but it was empty.

To pass the time until Uncle Judson should return, Steve removed the wrappings from the express package and placed it on the desk. He knew what to expect, for Uncle Jud had told him a fine steel strong-box, two feet long and a foot in the other dimensions. There was a bright, nickel-plated combination lock, with a tag attached giving directions for operating it. Steve amused himself applying the directions and presently had the box open. He admired its empty, varnished interior and the little mat on the bottom, then wondered again where Uncle Jud could possibly be.

Going over to the west wall, he lifted a ponderous trap door that looked down upon the ancient wheel; but it was now five minutes past six by his big silver watch—too late to do anything with the wheel that afternoon. Besides, there were chores at home. He went outside, walked round the mill and called a couple of times. Evidently Uncle Jud had gone somewhere. Steve closed the small door to the mill and slipped the padlock through the staple without locking it, then went home.

Another just cause for the misfortunes of the Bensingers was that they frequently worked on Sunday. This Sunday, in fact, Steve was up by daylight. He proposed to get a consignment of lettuce over to Three Falls early enough so that Simon Felder, the commission merchant, could put it in with a shipment going to Chicago by the twelve-thirty fast freight. He did not tell anybody—not even himself—why he put on his best clothes for the purpose of driving a load of lettuce to Three Falls, or why he loitered round town all the afternoon, even in desperation walking down the side street past George W. Plum's residence.

It was dusk when he turned in by the little smithy. As he climbed from the wagon Maggie came running from the house to meet him. She was a well-grown girl for her twelve years, sturdy like Steve, and with brown eyes and brown curly hair like his.

"Oh, Steve! Steve!" she cried, and flung her arms round him. "Uncle Jud's drowned!, They've found his body in the river!" Her eyes were already red, but she began to weep again. Like Steve, she was very fond of the old man.

Steve's mother and father were coming from the house. They told the story very gravely. The Miller boys had found the body that morning and notified the relatives.

Uncle Jud was no real relative to the Bensingers. The only person to whom he was really uncle was Wesley Prothroe; but as Steve realized the main fact—rather slowly—his heart swelled and strained, and his eyeballs began to feel hot at the back. He could not have said a word.

He and Uncle Jud—from the time he was a small shaver right on down to day before yesterday, whenever Uncle Jud talked to him about the importance of education and wheedled him into reading a book, and corrected his grammar and pointed out defects in his penmanship—at all those times Uncle Jud was the man and he was the boy. Then at so many other times—generally whenever there was anything of a practical nature to be done—he was the man and Uncle Jud was the boy. He bent his arm on the top of the wagon-box and put his face on his arm for a full minute; then he raised his head, wiped his eyes on his knuckles and said huskily: "I'll go down there."

Maggie went along, holding his hand in silent sympathy. Two buggies were hitched to trees where the footpath branched off from the main road; and as they approached through the underbrush they saw that somebody was in the mill and had lighted Uncle Jud's big kerosene lamp. Its ruddy rays streamed from the small open door.

Several people were in the old millroom. One of them was Wesley Prothroe, nephew and heir—sitting in a formal manner on the edge of a kitchen chair, stroking his slim, dust-colored beard and funereally chewing tobacco. Another was Mrs. Wesley Prothroe. Still another was George W. Plum, druggist and coroner. When Steve and Maggie stepped in everybody seemed startled. An indistinct woman in the corner gave a little shriek and Mrs. Wesley Prothroe seized the iron lid-lifter on the kitchen range; but Mr. Plum rose calmly and buttoned his coat, conscious that he was armed with the law.

"Step this way!" he said, lifting a bony and authoritative forefinger.

Steve mechanically followed him into the little room that Uncle Jud had partitioned off. It contained no furniture except a three-legged stool; but some rough shelves held an assortment of cast-off vessels—tin lard-pails, earthen crocks, bottles of various sizes and glass fruit-jars. On the floor was a shoe-box half full of jumbled papers. Steve noted that somebody had pried the lid off the box. He himself had nailed it on only two days before, at Uncle Jud's request.

Mr. Plum shut the door, folded his arms, then turned and addressed Steve with an official air:

"I'm going to ask you some questions; but I warn you that you're not bound to answer any question that will incriminate you, and anything you say to me now may be used against you at the trial."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Will Payne. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Export Car

Chosen by Experts from Eleven Foreign Realms

Here is one of the cars which is winning today a world-wide respect for American engineering.

Among the most critical, artistic, exacting—right in the birthplaces of this wonderful industry—this car has won its way.

The Michigan will be running, when our orders are filled, on about half the roads of the world.

Foreign Requirements

The foreign experts who come here look first at engineering. Then at features, finish, price.

The main fact which brought them is that W. H. Cameron is the chief engineer of this car. And Cameron-built cars—100,000 of them—are known on both sides the Atlantic.

Another attraction was John A. Campbell, who is now our body designer. The stables of kings, for years and years, have had Campbell bodies in them.

Most Exacting Men

These European experts are exacting men. Some of them spent weeks here to watch and test these cars.

They come from countries where engineering practice has reached its highest development. In their native cars, many features new here are almost universal.

The four-forward-speed transmission—
Long-stroke motor—oversize tires—
Large overcapacity—big brakes and springs—
Adjustable steering post—left side drive—
Deep cushions—costly finish.

All of these things are demanded in Europe in cars of the Michigan grade.

Careful on Price

Then these men, with all the world's cars to choose from, are competent judges of value.

In most of these countries duties must be considered. And local makers are paying wages far below American scales.

To meet this competition, in the higher grade cars, requires wonderful factory efficiency.

The Michigan Did It

The Michigan met these requirements. Our export business this year takes a considerable part of our output.

This car won in America the war of the Forties, with 72 makers competing. It has also won this world-wide competition.

It will win with you if you make fair comparisons. If you make them even one-tenth as complete as the hundreds of experts who bought thousands of these cars.

These men who know all cars—men who live in this line—are not apt to be mistaken. And the more you learn about this year's cars the less you'll differ with them.

Compare features and prices and finish. Compare the experience, the standing, the skill of the men who create the cars.

Find another car, if you can, among all of the "40's," which offers so much for so little. If you cannot find it, then choose the car which outbids others this year.

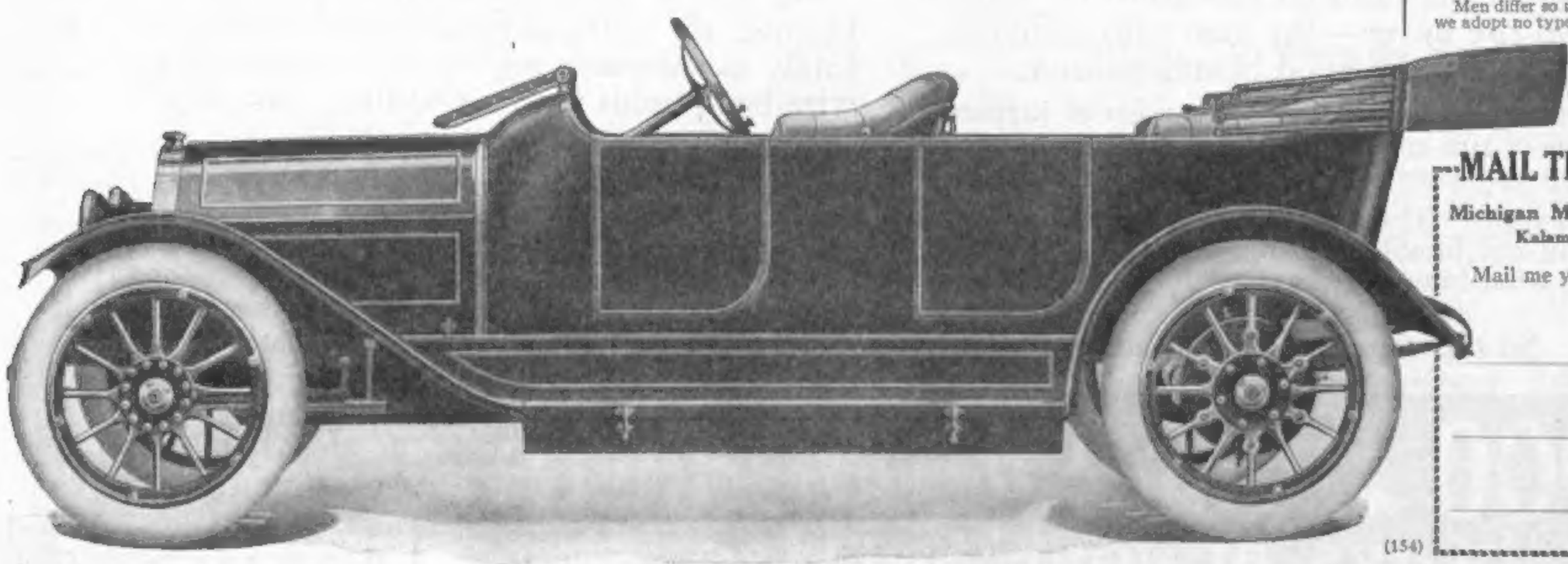
And make your decision soon. Now, in midwinter, there are 600 men on the waiting list for Michigan "40's." And the list is sure to grow.

Don't delay your conclusions until it's too late to get the one car you want.

Write for our catalog and we will direct you to the nearest Michigan show-rooms. They are almost everywhere.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



(154)

Michigan "40"

$1,585

Special Features

Four forward speeds, as used today on all the best foreign cars.

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—wider, we think, than on any equal-weight car.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left-side drive, to which all the best cars are coming.

40 to 46 horsepower.

Long-stroke motor.

Brake drums, 16 x 2¼ inches, making them extra efficient.

Springs 2¼ inches wide—50 inches long in the rear.

Shortsville wheels, with 1¾-inch spokes—12 to each wheel.

Demountable rims—Firestone quick-detachable, with extra rim.

Steering post adjustable. Also brake and clutch pedals, insuring perfect comfort and fit to every driver.

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside—22 inches deep. Doors 20 inches wide. Tonneau room 50 inches either way.

Straight-line body, with 22 coats, designed by John A. Campbell.

14-inch Turkish cushions. More depth and comfort, we believe, than in any other car.

Nickel mountings.

Electric headlights, extra powerful—12½ inches in diameter.

Sidelights set in dash—flush with it.

Windshield built as part of body, easily inclined to any angle.

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope.

Electric horn.

$50.00 Speedometer—4-inch face.

Over-capacity averaging 50 per cent. Each driving part sufficient for a 60-horsepower motor.

Foot rail, robe rail, rear tire irons, tool chest completely equipped, under running board out of way.

Self-Starter

Men differ so about self-starters that we adopt no type as regular equipment. Either a gas starter, or an unfailing electric starter, will be added at moderate extra price. The car has a dynamo lighting system.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Michigan Motor Car Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mail me your 1913 Catalog.

_____

_____

_____

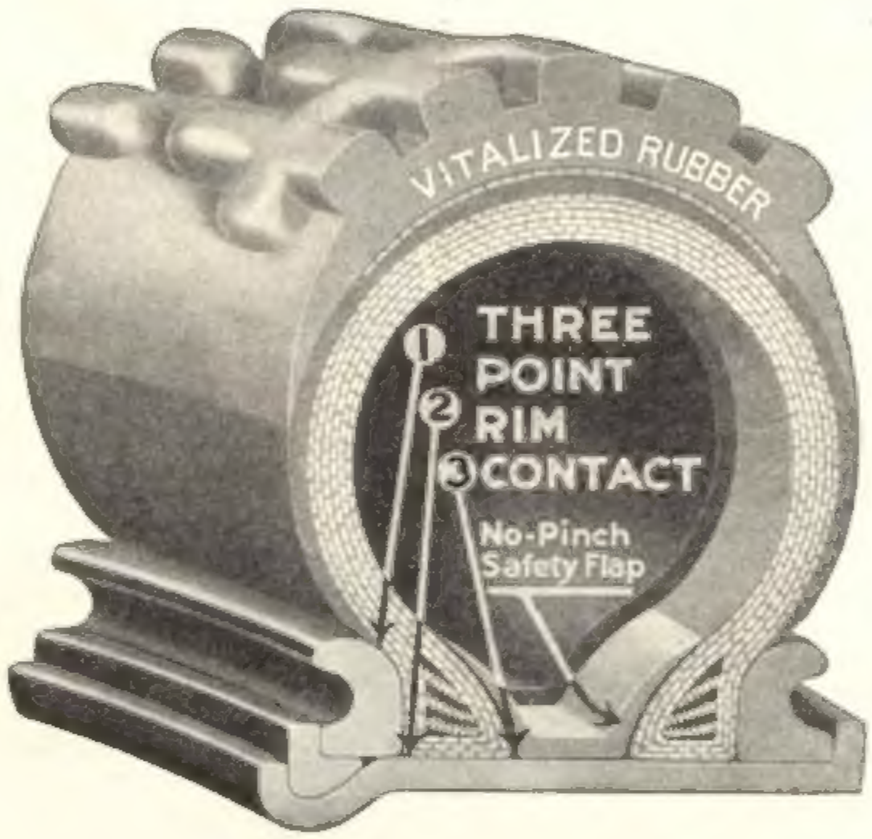
You - as a tire bill payer – now demand a vise-like rim grip-with no cutting or breaking above the rim- and here it is

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires.

So we said to our Engineers:

"You must build us a tire with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact."

They did—and they also added the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection in



Then we called in our Chemists and said:

"Tire buyers are demanding a tough, flint-like, but resilient tread—a tire made of lusty young rubber—a tire giving the utmost mileage at no additional expense."

And the answer is

Vitalized Rubber

Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact

Here is a No-Clinch tire that appeals to the hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—the man who insists on easy riding comfort and a good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of rim contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens? The result is a terrific strain on the tire that results in rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the Diamond No-Clinch because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cable wire bead holds with a vise-like, rim-grip.

Add to this the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, the Vitalized Rubber advantage, the famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee Tread) and you have bought rubber shod mileage that has no equal at any price.

So this time specify Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

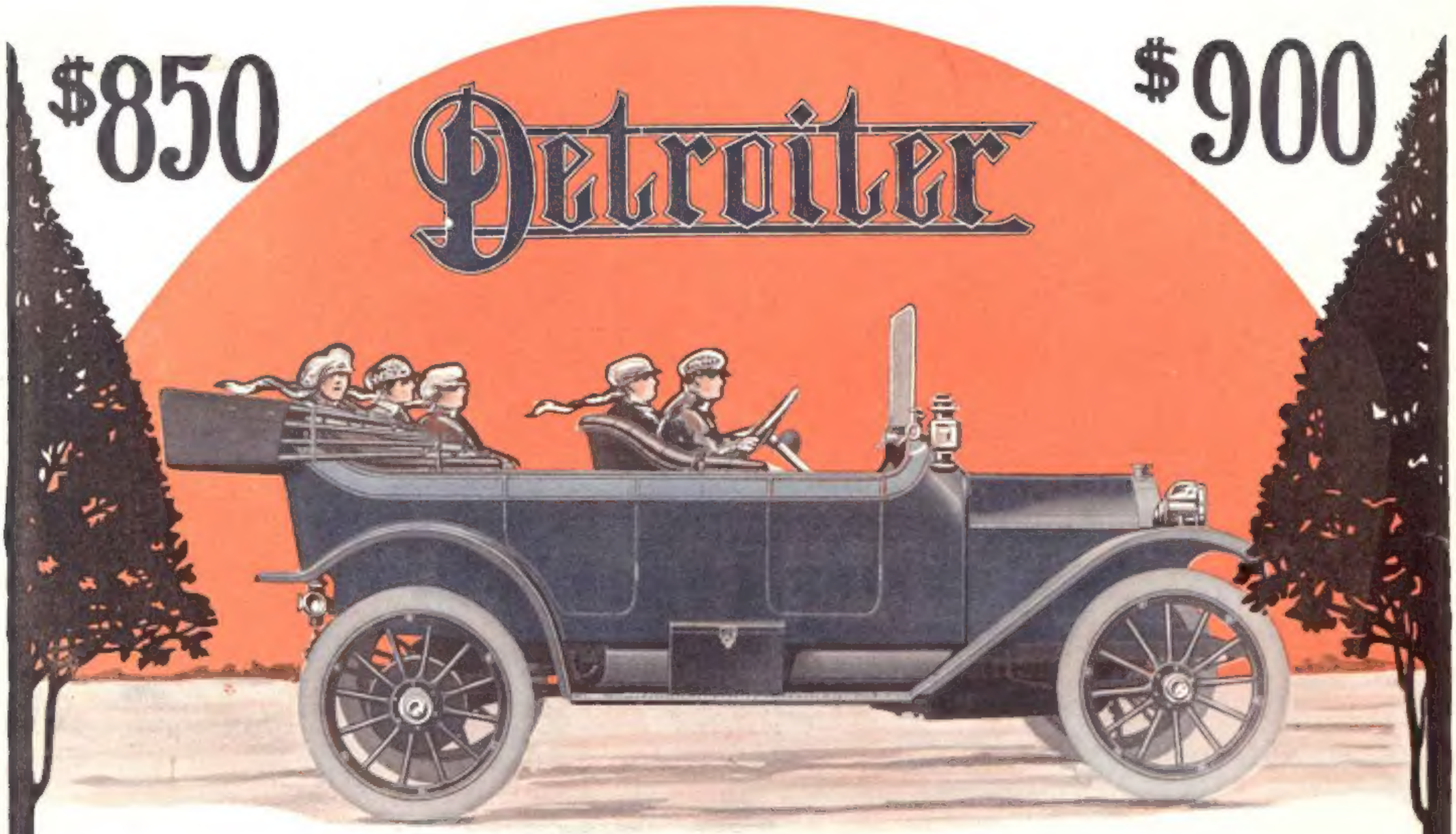
Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Bicycles

The guarantee on Goodrich Tires becomes null and void when used in connection with any substitute for air, or when fitted to rims not bearing one of these inspection stamps or having had its serial number removed in whole or part

$850

Detroiter

$900



IN BOLD RELIEF

The Detroiter Stands Out in Construction, Running Economy and Price

The Nine Big Features

1—Full Floating Rear Axle.
2—Platform Rear Spring.
3—Multiple Disc Clutch.
4—Long Stroke Motor.
5—Enclosed Valves all on one side.
6—Extra Capacity Radiator.
7—Left Hand Drive, Center Control.
8—Extraordinary Braking Surface.
9—Ball Bearing Throughout.

The first Detroiter, a year and a half ago, was designed as a summing up of all that was best in automobile practice. It rose to fame and popularity in a month.

Never before had the motoring public seen a medium-priced car embracing all the high grade Detroiter features—features which a hundred makes had shown to be the standard of construction.

Only in the costly cars can most of these be found.

Consider the nine big points of superior construction in the Detroiter—remember that they are built from material and with workmanship unexcelled—then consider the price.

How the Price Compares

Claims, without proof, are empty. The Detroiter claims much but proves more. Statistics tell us that the average price of all cars made in this country is $2419.93—the Detroiter is $850.

The average price of cars with full floating rear axle is $3447.32—$850 buys the Detroiter.

Cars with the platform rear spring average $3977.50—the Detroiter has it.

The long stroke motor is found on cars averaging $3596.19—it is a Detroiter feature.

The multiple disc clutch is found on an average of cars costing $3151.46—it serves the Detroiter.

Internal expanding brakes of surplus braking surface are found on cars averaging $4519—the Detroiter costs one-fifth as much.

All these leading features of construction found in cars averaging $3888.79 are found in the Detroiter at $850—and the Detroiter has four more.

They prove the Detroiter claim that in high grade construction and genuine motor value it gives the buyer the utmost for his investment.

The Detroiter enables the average man to own a car with all that is best in motor practice at a price well within his reach.

The Low After Cost

In direct proportion to the first cost of the Detroiter—the low after cost is exceptional.

Gasoline is soaring in price. It will affect many—but not the Detroiter owner. 20 to 25 miles per gallon is the usual Detroiter mileage—1 cent per mile for five passengers—⅕ of a cent per passenger. And 100 miles on a quart of oil.—All this without sacrificing a single factor of safety to gain light weight.

Again, oversized tires give long life to the rubber casings and keep this item exceptionally low.

Depreciation in value works slowly with the Detroiter. It is built so strongly, it has such big factors of safety that it is practically as good the second season as the first. It stays new.

There are Five Models for Your Selection

The same standard 25 H. P. motor, 104 in. wheel base, 32 x 3½ in. tires are used in Roadsters and Touring cars. Top with side curtains and dust cover; windshield; kits; lamps; generator; horn and jack—with $850 model. In addition—Speedometer; Prest-O-Lite or electric outfit; quick demountable, detachable rims; tire irons, etc., with all $900 models. Everything but the license.

A remarkable car—in construction, operation, economy—at a remarkable price

BRIGGS-DETROITER COMPANY, 501 Holbrook Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

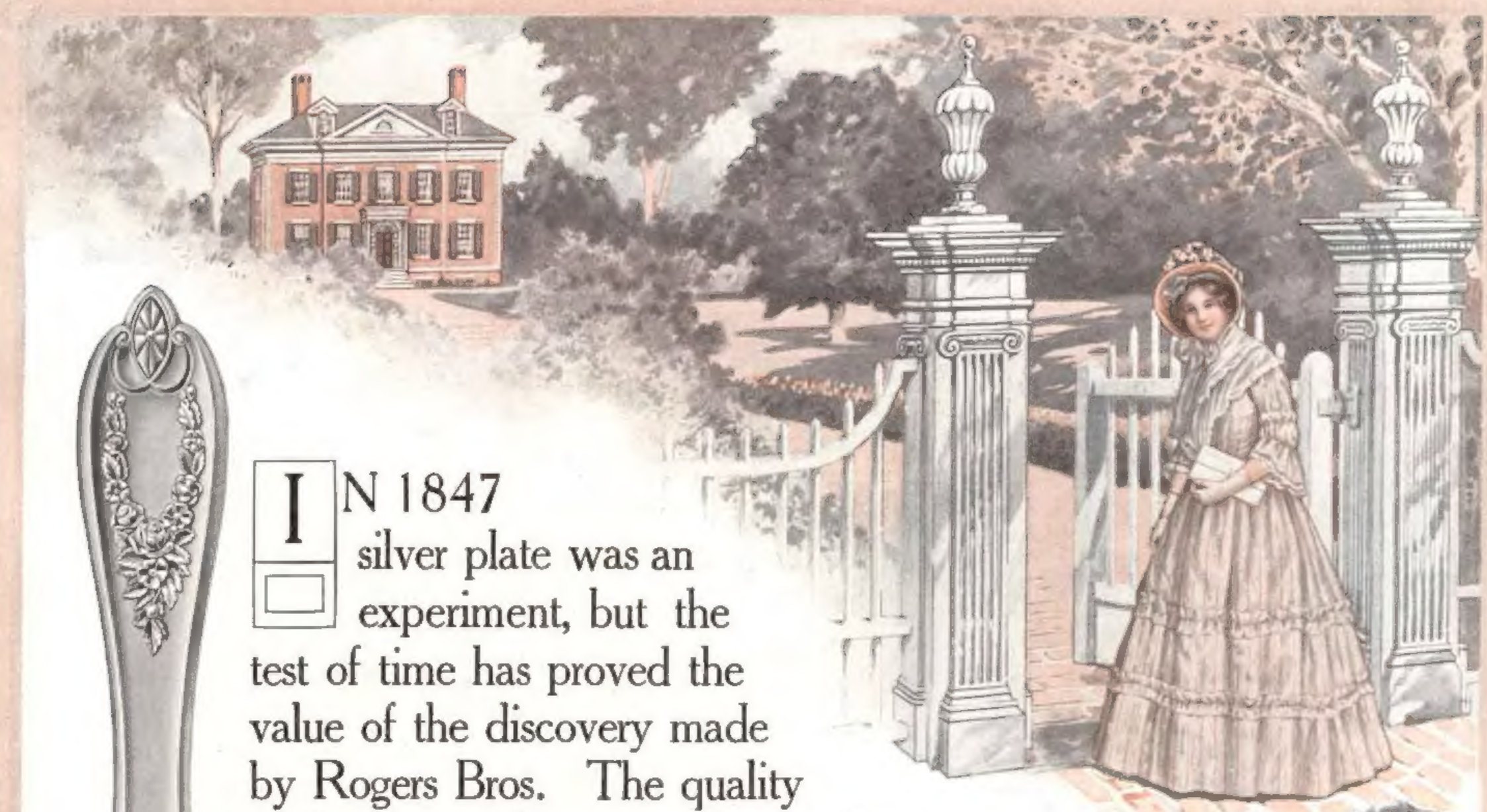
Send for the Detroiter Catalog

THE PRINCIPAL DETROITER DISTRIBUTORS

Know more about it

Baltimore, Md., Detroiter-Baltimore Co.
Boston, Mass., Andrews-Dykeman Company
Buffalo, N. Y., Delaware Avenue Garage
Chicago, Ill., Illinois Automobile Company
Clyde, Ohio, Clyde Auto Sales Company
Columbus, Ohio, F. P. Corbett
Detroit, Mich., Barber Motor Sales Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, J. R. Overstreet
Indianapolis, Ind., E. M. Holmes
Jacksonville, Fla., Dixie-Detroiter Co.
Kansas City, Mo., Southwest Motor Co.
Los Angeles, Cal., Y. R. Del Valle
Louisville, Ky., Inter-State Motor Car Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Oakland-Wisconsin Motor Company
Minneapolis, Minn., Brice Auto Company
New York City, K. C. Pardee
Omaha, Neb., T. G. Northwall Company
Philadelphia, Pa., Detroiter-Philadelphia Company
Portland, Maine, Spear Auto Company
Portland, Ore., H. L. Keats Auto Co.
Rochester, N. Y., F. R. Luescher, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo., Brown Automobile Company
San Francisco, Cal., Carl Christensen
Shreveport, La., Wray-Dickinson Sales and Garage Co.
Webster, S. D., South Dakota Motor Car Company

(Dealers in unoccupied territory should write at once for particulars)



IN 1847 silver plate was an experiment, but the test of time has proved the value of the discovery made by Rogers Bros. The quality of this first and genuine electro-silver plate is still to be found in the original brand

1847 ROGERS BROS.

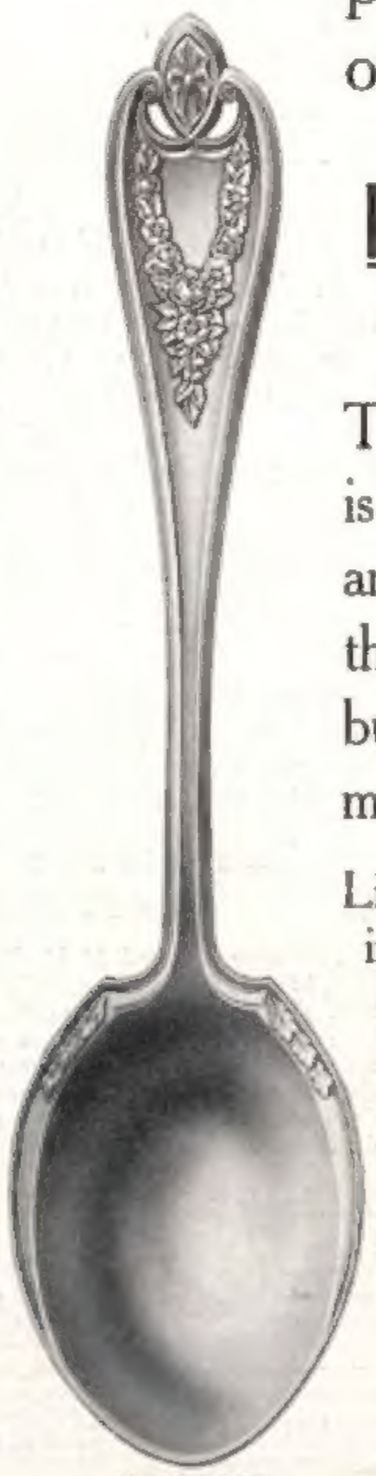
"Silver Plate that Wears"

The characteristic beauty of this ware is well illustrated in the "Old Colony" and "Cromwell" patterns, which preserve the charm and simplicity of early designs, but are rich and refined in the finish that modern craftsmanship supplies.

Like all **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware, they are made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and are backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue "C-90."

OLD COLONY KNIFE



OLD COLONY SUGAR SHELL

CROMWELL TEA SPOON

CROMWELL FORK

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

SUCCESSOR TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate